

THE
BOOK
OF
GEORGIAN
VERSE

4/-

(5)

45

4/6

The Book of Georgian Verse

Chosen and Edited with Notes by
WILLIAM STANLEY BRATHWORTH
Editor of
"The Book of Elizabethan Verse," etc.

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
1899

34135

The Book of Georgian Verse

The Book of Georgian Verse

Chosen and Edited with Notes by
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE
Editor of
"The Book of Elizabethan Verse," etc.



Holland House

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
1909

94135



*Printed in the United States of America at the
Colonial Press : C. H. Simonds & Co., Boston, Mass.*

Reference

PR

1173

B73

1909

DEDICATED

TO MY FRIEND

Marcus F. Wheatland M.D.

IN GRATITUDE FOR

FAITH COUNSEL AND FRIENDSHIP

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Ref

PREFACE

THIS anthology is the second to appear in a series of four volumes designed to cover the entire range of British poetry from the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, to the end of the Victorian epoch. The Book of Elizabethan Verse, issued in 1906, was the first published in this series, of which the present volume in chronological order is the third; — the second to be the Book of Restoration Verse; the fourth, and conclusion of the series, the Book of Victorian Verse.

30/19/27

2 50
Hovers

This grouping of British poetry seems, to the present editor, to furnish a very definite classification. With the first and fourth books in the design stated, there seems little or no difference from the accepted classification of literary history; the division between the second and third books, he realizes, suggests the acceptance, on his part, of a theory in literary interpretation about which many are certain to discover matter for discussion. Some critics are likely to find fault with the scope of a period to which he has applied the designation 'Georgian,' beginning with the work of Ramsay and Gray and reaching its climax and close in Wordsworth, Keats.

This anthology, according to the editor's intention, includes those poets born under the four Georges, who seem to represent the rise and development of a distinct poetical epoch. It does not include such poets as Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, and Arnold (born under George IV.), who formed by the growth of a new temper in their work from 1840 onwards, the Victorian School. It is commonly a literary

PREFACE

tenet that the publication of Lyrical Ballads in 1798, was the beginning of a new note which fulfilled its wonderful promise in the work of Wordsworth's contemporaries. The splendid period of song which followed still remains unmatched in any equal, indeed in any much longer count of the calendar in any country or century, except at the ending of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. Early in the eighteenth century, the germ of modern romanticism in poetry began in the Scottish capital; a little later Gray and Collins, in England, were writing odes, and Thomson had constructed a theology in nature, the freshness and the artistic finish of which failed for a time to make any appeal against the fetich of Pope. But this, indeed, was the faint spark of new life in British poetry that slowly but surely burned its way through the formalism, artifice, and 'elegance' of Pope's influence, flaming into pure and unobstructed radiance in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Scott. In parallel channels, the English and Scotch poets developed their particular virtues and qualities until merged into one broad common stream of humanity and mysticism in Burns and Blake.

The selections have been divided into four books, each quite similar in the general grouping of poems associated in feeling. While there has been an effort to prevent any strict formality, which seems to the editor more or less distasteful in any spontaneous expression of poetic utterance, he has attempted to give some real coherency in their arrangement. Thus, the poems on Spring and morning, youth, delight, and hope, are the opening invitations to each book, graduating through the months and hours to winter and midnight, supplemented by each shade and aspiration of human emotion, and contrasted at intervals with objective

PREFACE

verses which afford pleasure because of their action or locality.

Included are many poems hitherto omitted from anthologies because of their length. Smart's Song to David, and Blair's Grave, are conspicuous examples, being moreover poems not easily accessible in ordinary editions; others such as Chatterton's Bristowe Tragedie, Keats' Eve of St. Agnes and Isabella, Wordsworth's Michael, Crabbe's Sir Eustace Gray, Coleridge's Christabel, Burns' Tam o' Shanter, and Scott's Eve of Saint John, comprise some of the very finest narrative poems in our literature. To add Shelley's Adonais and Epipsychidion, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Byron's Prisoner of Chillon, Landor's Hamadryad, and Hogg's Kilmeny, gives further evidence of the wealth of selections which conform to Poe's requirement of being readable within the limits of half an hour. The poems, with two exceptions, are given in their entirety, and, as near as possible, with the titles given them by their authors; where they have been without titles the first line is used to designate the verse.

I wish to tender my thanks to Mr. Burton Kline, Mr. Laurens Maynard, and Mr. Edwin F. Edgett who have been helpful to me with suggestions in various ways.

W. S. B.

Twelfth Night, 1908.

The Book of Georgian Verse
Book First

The Book of Georgian Verse

I. *On the Spring*

L O! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

THE BOOK OF

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

GEORGIAN VERSE

2.

Ode: To the Cuckoo

HAIL! beauteous Stranger of the wood!
Attendant on the Spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

The schoolboy wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

THE BOOK OF

Alas! sweet bird! not so my fate,
Dark scowling skies I see
Fast gathering round, and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

M. Bruce

3. *Ode to the Gowdspink*

FRAE fields whare Spring her sweets has blawn
Wi' caller verdure o'er the lawn,
The gowdspink comes in new attire,
The brawest 'mang the whistling choir,
That, ere the sun can clear his ein,
Wi' glib notes sane the simmer's green.

Sure Nature herried mony a tree,
For sprains and bonny spats to thee;
Nae mair the rainbow can impart
Sic glowing ferlies o' her art,
Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will
On thee the sey-piece o' her skill.
Nae mair through straths in simmer dight
We seek the rose to bless our sight;
Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers blaw
Whare yonder Ruin's crumblin' fa':
Thy shining garments far outstrip
The cherries upo' Hebe's lip,
And fool the tints that Nature chose

GEORGIAN VERSE

To busk and paint the crimson rose.

'Mang men, wae's-heart! we aften find
The brawest drest want peace of mind,
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat
Is weil contentit wi' his lot.

Whan wand wi' glewy birdlime's set,
To steal far aff your dautit mate,
Blyth wad ye change your cleething gay
In lieu of lav'rock's sober grey.

In vain thro' woods you sair may ban
Th' envious treachery of man,

That, wi' your gowden glister ta'en,
Still haunts you on the simmer's plain,
And traps you 'mang the sudden fa's
O' winter's dreary dreepin' snaws.

Now steekit frae the gowany field,
Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield,
But mergh, alas! to disengage

Your bonny bouck frae fettering cage,
Your free-born bosom beats in vain
For darling liberty again.

In window hung, how aft we see
Thee keek around at warblers free.

That carrol saft, and sweetly sing
Wi' a' the blythness of the spring?

Like Tantalus they hing you here
To spy the glories o' the year;
And tho' you're at the burnie's brink,
They douna suffer you to drink.

Ah, Liberty! thou bonny dame,
How wildly wanton is thy stream,
Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,

THE BOOK OF

An' hail you wi' a grateful voice.
The gowdspink chatters joyous here,
And courts wi' gleesome sangs his peer:
The mavis frae the new-bloom'd thorn
Begins his lauds at earest morn;
And herd lowns loupin' o'er the grass,
Need far less fleetching till their lass,
Than paughty damsels bred at courts,
Wha thraw their mou's and take the dorts:
But, reft of thee, fient flee we care
For a' that life ahint can spare.
The gowdspink, that sae lang has kand
Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend),
Her sad confinement ill can brook
In some dark chamber's dowy nook;
Tho' Mary's hand his nebb supplies,
Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,
Ev'n beauty canna cheer the heart
Frae life, frae liberty apart;
For now we tyne its wonted lay,
Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythely gay.
Thus Fortune aft a curse can gie,
To wyle us far frae liberty;
Then tent her syren smiles wha list,
I'll ne'er envy your giral's grist;
For whan fair freedom smiles nae mair,
Care I for life? Shame fa' the hair:
A field o'ergrown wi' rankest stubble,
The essence of a paltry bubble.

R. Fergusson

GEORGIAN VERSE

4.

The Enthusiast: An Ode

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drunk its fill
Of sunshine and of dews.

'Twas that sweet season's loveliest prime
When Spring gives up the reins of time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then beside a green-wood shade
Which cloth'd a lawn's aspiring head
I urg'd my devious way,
With loitering steps, regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expansive grove,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where, winding through the deep-green grass,
A full-brimm'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude
To thee, serenest Solitude,
Burst forth th' unbidden lay:

THE BOOK OF

Begone, vile world; the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise,
And pity e'en the gay.

These, these are joys alone, I cry,
'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here, contemplation points the road
Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God!
These, these, are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain, low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleasures, and ye pains! —
While thus I spake, o'er all the soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A Stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
No more my bosom move.
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains:
What mean'st thou, man? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains?

GEORGIAN VERSE

The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To Contemplation's eye:
Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destined goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe:
Till from dissensions concord rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

Art thou not man? and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?
Presumptuous thought and vein!
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

Some light, and shade, and warmth, and air,
With those exalted joys compare
Which active virtue feels.
When on she drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds,
To man, while Virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day,

THE BOOK OF

This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreshing springs
To soothe him on his way.

Enthusiast, go, unstring the lyre;
In vain thou sing'st if none admire,
How sweet soe'er the strain;
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast, go, try every sense;
If not thy bliss, thy excellence
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan;
At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
And see them all uniting show,
That man was made for man.

W. Whitehead

5.

A Satire

LONG - EXPECTED one-and-twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great (Sir John), are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirits of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly,
Joy to see their quarry fly;
There the gamester, light and jolly,
There the lender, grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high —
What are acres? What are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian, friend, or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother, —
You can hang or drown at last!

S. Johnson

6.

To Mrs. Thrale

On her completing her Thirty-Fifth Year

OFt in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,

THE BOOK OF

Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five;
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin at thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

S. Johnson

7. *An Ode on Miss Harriet Hanbury, Six Years Old*

WHY should I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
Why should I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue?

The power as yet is all in vain,
Thy numerous charms, and various graces
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel;
Those charms their powerful sway shall find:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms;
My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the victories of your charms.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
At least while verse like mine endures,
And future Hanburys shall boast,
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

A little vain we both may be,
Since scarce another house can show,
A poet, that can sing like me;
A beauty, that can charm like you.

Sir C. H. Williams

8. *To Charlotte Pulteney*

TIMELY blossom, Infant fair,
Fondly of a happy pair.
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease.
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,

THE BOOK OF

Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest: —
This thy present happy lot
This, in time will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

A. Philips

9. *To the Honourable Miss Carteret*

BLOOM of beauty, early flower
Of the blissful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents' pride and care,
Fairest offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel seeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Dost thy very sex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,

GEORGIAN VERSE

How to speak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be seen)
How shall I, or shall the Muse,
Language of resemblance choose,
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of sweetness, full of grace?

By the next returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green,
And the year in fresh attire
Welcomes every gay desire,
Blooming on shalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows:
Yet another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime:
And beneath the vernal skies
Yet a verdure more shall rise,
Ere thy beauties, kindling slow,
In each finished feature glow,
Ere in smiles and in disdain
Thou exert thy maiden reign.
Absolute to save, or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,

THE BOOK OF

Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,
Bears the virgin prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day:
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing,
And the smoothly penciled brow,
Mild to him in every vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow,
And the hazely-lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erspread
With soft-blended white and red,
And the witching smiles which break
Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
And thy gentleness of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind,
These endowments, heavenly dower!
Brought him in the promised hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him still to woo thee.

A. Philips

10. *To Miss Georgiana Carteret*

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
Miniature of Beauty's Queen,
Numbering years, a scanty nine,
Stealing hearts without design,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
Yet a novice in disdain,
Pleasure giving without pain,
Still caressing, still caressed,
Thou and all thy lovers blessed,
Never teased, and never teasing,
Oh for ever pleased and pleasing!
Hither, British Muse of mine,
Hither, all the Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your promised nursling see:
Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refined;
Make it as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought display,
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture shall appear,
Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
All to human sense surprising.

Is the silken web so thin
As the texture of her skin?
Can the lily and the rose
Such unsullied hue disclose?
Are the violets so blue
As her veins exposed to view?
Do the stars in wintry sky
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding sweeter than her note?
Who e'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the nymph that bore thee.

THE BOOK OF

From thy pastime and thy toys,
From thy harmless cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time:
When thou shalt attain thy prime,
And thy bosom feel desire,
Love the likeness of thy sire,
One ordained through life to prove
Still thy glory, still thy love.
Like thy sister, and like thee,
Let thy nurtured daughters be:
Semblance of the fair who bore thee.
Trace the pattern set before thee,
Where the Liffy meets the main,
Has thy sister heard my strain;
From the Liffy to the Thames,
Minstrel echoes, sing their names,
Wafting to the willing ear
Many a cadence sweet to hear,
Smooth as gently breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales,
While the vessel calmly glides
O'er the level glassy tides,
While the summer flowers are springing,
And the new-fledged birds are singing.

A. Philips

II.

Ode to Leven Water

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave,
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That warbles sweetly o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread,
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood —
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthless pike intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds, piping in the dale,
And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
And Industry, embrowned with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

T. Smollett

12. *Fati Valet Hora Benigni*

IN myriad swarms, each summer sun
An insect nation shows;
Whose being, since he rose begun,
And e'er he sets will close.

THE BOOK OF

Brief is their date, confin'd their powers,
The fluttering of a day; —
Yet life's worth living, e'en for hours,
When all those hours — are play.

S. Bishop

13.

Song

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh:
Where wit and sense like hers agree,
One may be pleased, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love — averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel — it is not love —

O! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is — it is love's subtile fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

W. Shenstone

14.

Mira's Song

SEE those cheeks of beauteous dye,
Lovely as the dawning sky,
Innocence that ne'er beguiles,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Lips that wear eternal smiles:
Beauties to the rest unknown,
Shine in her and her alone.

Now the rivers smother flow,
Now the op'ning roses glow,
The woodbine twines her odorous charms
Round the oak's supporting arms:
Lilies paint the dewy ground
And ambrosia breathes around.

Come, ye gales that fan the spring,
Zephyr, with thy downy wing,
Gently waft to Mira's breast
Health, Content, and balmy Rest.
Far, O far from hence remain
Sorrow, Care, and sickly Pain.

Thus sung Mira to her lyre,
Till the idle numbers tire:
'Ah! Sappho sweeter sings,' I cry,
And the spiteful rocks reply,
(Responsive to the jarring strings)
'Sweeter — Sappho sweeter sings.'

M. Leapor

15.

Patie's Song

MY Peggy is a young thing
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May —
Fair as the day, and always gay.

THE BOOK OF

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm na very auld;
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care —
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars o' my spirits glow
At waukin o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look doun on a' the toun —
That I look doun upon a croun.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly
It mak's me blythe and bauld;
And naething gie's me sic delight
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confessed —
By a' the rest — that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

A. Ramsay

GEORGIAN VERSE

16.

To Her I Love

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

O! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

J. Thomson

17. *The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katie*

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress, in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my jo.
'My dear,' quoth I, 'thanks to the night
That never wished a lover ill;
Since ye're out o' your mither's sight,
Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

THE BOOK OF

'O Katie, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaen to smile.
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health and glad ye'r mind.

'Soon as the clear guidman o' day
Does bend his morning draught o' dew,
We'll gae to some burn side and play,
And gather flowers to busk your brow.
We'll pu' the daisies on the green,
The lucken-gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upon the velvet fog.

'There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft, and flowery den,
Which circling birks ha'e formed a bower;
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove;
There will I lock thee in my arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.'

A. Ramsay

18.

Flavia

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I loved became unkind;
She heard and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress:
This, too, she heard, and smiled to hear;
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go, shear your flocks, ye jovial swains!
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

W. Shenstone

19.

Fair Hebe

FAIR Hebe I left, with a cautious design
To escape from her charms, and to drown them in
wine,

I tried it; but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repaired to my Reason, intreated her aid;
Who paused on my case, and each circumstance weighed,
Then gravely pronounced, in return to my prayer,
'That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair!'

THE BOOK OF

'That's a truth,' replied I, 'I've no need to be taught;
I came for your counsel to find out a fault.'
'If that's all,' quoth Reason, 'return as you came;
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.'

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain;
While, like lightning, she darts through each throbbing vein.
My Senses surprised, in her favour took arms;
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

J. West, Earl De la Warr

20. *The Je Ne Sais Quoi*

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet I swear I can't tell how
The pleasing pain stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Celia altogether.

W. Whitehead

GEORGIAN VERSE

21.

To Celia

I HATE the town and all its ways;
Ridottos, operas, and plays;
The ball, the ring, the mall, the court;
Wherever the beau-monde resort;
Where beauties lie in ambush for folks,
Earl *Straffords*, and the Duke of *Norfolks*;
All coffee-houses, and their praters;
All courts of justice, and debaters;
All taverns, and the sots within 'em;
All bubbles and the rogues that skin 'em.
I hate all critics; may they burn all,
From *Bentley* to the *Grub-Street Journal*.
All bards, as *Dennis* hates a pun:
Those who have wit, and who have none,
All nobles, of whatever station;
And all the parsons in the nation.
All quacks and doctors read in physic,
Who kill or cure a man that is sick.
All authors that were ever heard on,
From *Bavius* up to *Tommy Gordon*;
Tradesmen with cringes ever stealing,
And merchants, whatsoe'er they deal in
I hate the blades professing slaughter,
More than the devil holy water.
I hate all scholars, beaus, and squires;
Pimps, puppies, parasites, and liars.
All courtiers, with their looks so smooth;
And players, from *Boheme* to *Booth*.
I hate the world, cramm'd all together,
From beggars, up the Lord knows whither.

THE BOOK OF

Ask you then, *Celia*, if there be
The thing I love? my charmer, thee.
Thee more than light, than life adore,
Thou dearest, sweetest creature more
Than wildest raptures can express;
Than I can tell, — or thou canst guess.
Then tho' I bear a gentle mind,
Let not my hatred of mankind
Wonder within my *Celia* move,
Since she possesses all my love.

H. Fielding

22. *Written Extempore on a Halfpenny*

DEAR little, pretty, favourite ore,
That once increas'd *Gloriana's* store
That lay within her bosom bless'd,
Gods might have envied thee thy nest.
I've read, imperial *Jove* of old
For love transform'd himself to gold:
And why, for a more lovely lass,
May he not now have lurk'd in brass;
Oh! rather than from her he'd part,
He'd shut that charitable heart,
That heart whose goodness nothing less
Than his vast power, could dispossess.

From *Gloriana's* gentle touch
Thy mighty value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his medals are to *Sloan*.

Not for the silver and the gold
Which *Corinth* lost should'st thou be sold:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Not for the envied mighty mass
Which misers wish, or *M—b* has:
Not for what *India* sends to *Spain*,
Nor all the riches of the Main.

While I possess thy little store,
Let no man call, or think, me poor;
Thee, while alive, my breast shall have,
My hand shall grasp thee in the grave:
Nor shalt thou be to *Peter* given
Tho' he should keep me out of heaven.

H. Fielding

23. *O Merry May the Maid Be*

O MERRY may the maid be
That marries wi' the miller,
For, foul day and fair day,
He's aye bringing till her, —
Has aye a penny in his purse
For dinner or for supper;
And, gin she please, a good fat cheese
And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me
I speir'd what was his calling;
'Fair maid,' says he, 'O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling,'
Though I was shy, yet could I spy
The truth o' what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

THE BOOK OF

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
And in the kist was plenty
O' guid hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks werena scanty.
A guid fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standing in the byre,
Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse
Was playing at the fire.

Guid signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak' the miller;
For, foul day and fair day,
He's aye bringing till her:
For meal and maut she doesna want,
Nor anything that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen,
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth-stane,
Before a rousing fire:
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fu' nappy:—
Wha'd be a king—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy?

Sir J. Clerk

24.

The Happy Swain

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,
When the dawn prevails on high,
When, anon, some purple ray

GEORGIAN VERSE

Gives a sample of the day,
When, anon, the lark, on wing,
Strives to soar, and strains to sing?

Have ye seen the ethereal blue
Gently shedding silvery dew,
Spangling o'er the silent green,
While the nightingale, unseen,
To the moon and stars, full bright,
Lonesome chants the hymn of night?

Have ye seen the broider'd May
All her scented bloom display,
Breezes opening, every hour,
This, and that, expecting flower,
While the mingling birds prolong,
From each bush, the vernal song?

Have ye seen the damask rose
Her unsully'd blush disclose,
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her glossy white, excell,
Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,
Morning, evening, night, or day;
By the pleasures these excite,
Endless sources of delight!
Judge, by them, the joys I find,
Since my Rosalind was kind,
Since she did herself resign
To my vows, for ever mine.

A. Philips

THE BOOK OF

25. *The Touch Stone*

A FOOL and knave with different views
For Julia's hand apply;
The knave to mend his fortune sues,
The fool to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave,
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave —
If she's a knave, the fool.

S. Bishop

26. *O Memory! Thou Fond Deceiver*

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing
In thee must ever find a foe.

O. Goldsmith

27. *When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly*

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

GEORGIAN VERSE

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom — is, to die.

O. Goldsmith

28. *Come, Come, My Good Shepherds*

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear,

In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear;
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes;
For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we, as the children of nature are bred;
By her hand alone, we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

That giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal:
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple, we sport, and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

D. Garrick

THE BOOK OF

29. *Doun the Burn, Davie*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloomed fair to see,
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laughed in her e'e,
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
'Gang doun the burn, Davie love,
And I shall follow thee.'

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burnside.
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her e'en were bonnie blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay
And with her bosom played.
Till baith at length impatient grown
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they leaned them down —
Love only saw the rest.

What passed, I guess was harmless play,
And naething, sure, unmeet,
For ganging hame I heard him say
They liked a walk sae sweet,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And that they often should return

Sic pleasures to renew.

Quoth Mary, 'Love, I like the burn,

And aye shall follow you.'

R. Crawford

30.

Song

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice than hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before —
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

G. Lyttelton, Lord Lyttelton

THE BOOK OF

31. *Anna Grenville, Countess Temple Appointed Poet Laureate to the King of the Fairies*

BY these presents, be it known
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and Fairies, Elves and Sprites,
Beauteous Dames and gallant Knights,
That We, Oberon the Grand,
Emperor of Fairy Land,
King of Moonshine, Prince of Dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maiden's smiles,
Arch-Treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the Flipper's Order
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the Sylphic Faith,
Declare — and thus your Monarch saith.

Whereas there is a noble dame
Whom mortals, Countess Temple name,
To whom Ourselves didst erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence
Which, scorning Art and veiling Sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains; and never Art.

This Lady, 'tis our Royal Will
Our Laureate's vacant seat should fill.

GEORGIAN VERSE

A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brows, and guard her Lays.
Of Nectar-Sack an acorn cup
Be, at her board, each year, filled up.
And as each Quarter Feast comes round,
A Silver Penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe;
And so We bid you all, Adieu!

Given at our Palace of Cowslip Castle,
The shortest night of the year.

Oberon.

H. Walpole, Earl of Orford

32. *If Rightly Tuneful Bards Decide*

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in Love's decrees,
That Beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excel?

Behold that bright unsullied smile,
And wisdom speaking in her mien:
Yet (she so artless all the while,
So little studious to be seen)
We nought but instant gladness know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

But neither music, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,

THE BOOK OF

Add half that sunshine to the hours,
Or make life's prospect half so clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanour shows.

This sure is Beauty's happiest part:
This gives the most unbounded sway:
This shall enchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

M. Akenside

33.

Kate of Aberdeen

THE silver moon's enamoured beam,
Steals softly thro' the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep
('Tis where you've seldom been),
May's Vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid of love;
And see — the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks, —
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin Queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

J. Cunningham

34. *When I Upon Thy Bosom Lean*

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain.

THE BOOK OF

A mutual flame inspires us baith —
The tender look, the melting kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? it's a' for thee,
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away
That numbers on us look and gaze.
Weel pleased, they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear.
Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain.
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

J. Lapraik

35

Tweedside

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead;
Let us see how the primroses spring!
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgin excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh, tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?
R. Crawford

THE BOOK OF

36. *Absence*

WITH leaden foot Time creeps along
While Delia is away:
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah, envious Power! reverse my doom;
Now double thy career,
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
And rest them when she's here!

R. Jago

37. *Too Plain, Dear Youth, These Tell-tale Eyes*

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for love's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Resolve not then to do an ill;
Because perhaps you may;
But rather us your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

S. Jenyns

38.

Song

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meres,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine,
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone — on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye;
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Nor steal one thought from thee.

W. Shenstone

THE BOOK OF

39.

Woood and Married and A'

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,
And O, as she dighted her cheeks,
'Sirs, I'm to be married the-night,
And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets —
Ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado!'

Woood and married and a'!
Married and woood and a'!
And was she na very weel aff
That was woood and married and a'?

Out spake the bride's father
As he cam' in frae the pleugh,
'O haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye'se get gear eneugh.
The stirk stands i' the tether,
And our braw bawsint yade
Will carry hame your corn: —
What wad ye be at, ye jade?'

Out spake the bride's mither:
'What, deil, needs a' this pride?
I hadna a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride.
My gown was linsey-wolsey,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye ha'e ribbons and buskin's
Mae than ane or twa.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

Out spake the bride's brither
As he cam' in wi' the kye:
'Puir Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I.
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a puir man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life!'

Out spake the bride's sister
As she cam' in frae the byre;
'Oh, gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire!
But we puir folk maun live,
And do the best we can;
I dinna ken what I should want
If I could get but a man!'

A. Ross

40. *For Ever, Fortune, Wilt Thou Prove*

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,

THE BOOK OF

The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
To make us Nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And puts the golden fetter on!

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

J. Thomson

41. *The Second Marriage*

'THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,'
So, fourteen years ago, I said —
Behold another ring! — 'For what?'
'To wed thee o'er again — why not?'

With that first ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,

GEORGIAN VERSE

As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine),
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token, and a pledge, I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For Conscience's sake, as well as Love's.

For why? — They show me every hour,
Honour's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things — but Repentance.

S. Bishop

42.

The Sailor's Wife

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel!
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak — I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

For there's no luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava',

THE BOOK OF

There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my bigonet,
My bishop's saint gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat.
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

There is twa hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about
That Colin weel may fare!
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;

GEORGIAN VERSE

His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

Since Colin's weel, and weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest abune the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

W. J. Mickle

43.

The Complaint

AWAY! away!
Tempt me no more, insidious love:
Thy soothing sway
Long did my youthful bosom prove:
At length thy treason is discern'd,
At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

I know, I see
Her merit. Needs it now be shown,

THE BOOK OF

Alas, to me?
How often to myself unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like hers one's own!

But, flattering God,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Will care's rude lesson learn to please?
O say, deceiver, hast thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?
M. Akenside

44.

Song

OH! forbear to bid me slight her,
Soul and senses take her part;
Could my death itself delight her,
Life should leap to leave my heart.
Strong, though soft, a lover's chain,
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
Love would light it at her eyes;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
Through my ear my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun;
Blind, I hear I am undone.

A. Hill

GEORGIAN VERSE

45. *To Fix Her, — 'Twere a Task as Vain*

TO fix her, — 'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil, —
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare,
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too, in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolved no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend! 'tis but a short-lived trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse, or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure, something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forged the chain.

T. Smollett

THE BOOK OF

46. *The Ewe-Buchtin's Bonnie*

THE ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'enin' and morn,
When our blithe shepherds play on the bog-reed and
horn;
While we're milking, they're liling, baith pleasant and
clear;
But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear.

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn;
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free,
But alas, my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee!

Lady G. Baillie

47. *For Lack of Gold*

FOR lack of gold she's left me, O,
And of all that's dear bereft me, O;
She me forsook for Athole's duke,
And to endless woe she has left me, O.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part,
And for glittering show she's left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me, O.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Ye powers above, I to your care
Give up my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she's for ever left me, O!

A. Austin

48.

Femmy Dawson

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And 'thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd—
O had he never seen that day!

THE BOOK OF

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she, weeping, said,
'O Dawson! monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee,
My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

'But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel Fate's decree.'

O then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I'll follow thee.

'My death, my death alone can show
The pure, and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.'

THE BOOK OF

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

W. Shenstone

49.

Song from Aella

O SING unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holyday,
Like a running river be:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his rode as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
O he lies by the willow-tree!
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares, as they go:
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud:
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud:
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid:
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll dent the briers
Round his holy corse to gre:

THE BOOK OF

Elfin fairies, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

T. Chatterton

50.

Tweedside

WHEN Maggie and I were acquaint
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nae gowdspink sae happy as me.
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed,
I wooed, but I cam' nae great speed;
So now I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggie my love I did tell,
Saut tears did my passion express;
Alas! for I lo'ed her o'erweel,
And the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Therefore I will wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.
Lord Yester

51. *Dirge in Cymbeline*

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;

THE BOOK OF

Beloved, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

W. Collins

52.

Eclogue

Elinoure and Juga

ON Rudborne bank two pining maidens sat,
Their tears fast dripping to the water clear;
Each one lamenting for her absent mate,
Who at Saint Alban's shook the murdering spear.
The nut-brown Elinoure to Juga fair
Did speak acroole, with languishment of eyne,
Like drops of pearly dew, glistened the quivering brine.

Elin. O gentle Juga! hear my sad complaint,
To fight for York, my love is dight in steel;
O may no sanguine stain the white rose paint,
May good Saint Cuthbert watch Sir Robert
wele;
Much more than death in phantasy I feel;
See, see! upon the ground he bleeding lies;
Infuse some juice of life, or else my dear love dies.

Juga. Sisters in sorrow, on this daisied bank,
Where melancholy broods, we will lament,
Be wet with morning dew and even dank;
Like levin'd oaks in each the other bent,
Or like forsaken halls of merriment,
Whose ghastly ruins hold the train of fright,
Where deadly ravens bark, and owlets wake the
night.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Elin. No more the bagpipe shall awake the morn,
The minstrel-dance, good cheer, and morris-
play;
No more the ambling palfrey and the horn
Shall from the lessel rouse the fox away.
I'll seek the forest all the livelong day;
All night among the graved churchyard will go,
And to the passing sprites relate my tale of woe.

Juga. When murky clouds do hang upon the leme
Of leden moon, in silver mantles dight;
The tripping fairies weave the golden dream
Of happiness, which flieth with the night.
Then (but the saints forbid!) if to a sprite
Sir Richard's form is lyped, I'll hold distraught,
His bleeding clay-cold corse, and die each day in
thought.

Elin. Ah! woe-lamenting words! what words can
shew?
Thou glassy river, on thy bank may bleed
Champions, whose blood will with thy waters
flow,
And Rudborne stream be Rudborne stream
indeed!
Haste, gentle Juga, trip it o'er the mead
To know, or whether we must wail again,
Or with our fallen knights be mingled on the plain.

So saying, like two lightning-blasted trees,
Or twain of clouds that holdeth stormy rain,

THE BOOK OF

They movèd gently o'er the dewy mees,
To where Saint Alban's holy shrines remain.
There did they find that both their knights were
slain.

Distraught, they wandered to swoll'n Rudborne's
side,

Yellèd their deadly knell, sank in the waves, and
died.

T. Chatterton

53. *Werena My Heart Licht I Wad Dee*

THERE was ance a may, and she lo'ed na men;
See biggit her bonnie bouir down i' yon glen;
But now she cries Dule and a well-a-day!
Come down the green gate and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea
He said he saw naething sae bonnie as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee tittie that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She raised sic a pothier 'twixt him and his mother,
That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set and the bridal to be —
The wife took a dwam and lay down to dee;
She maned, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vowed that he ne'er wad see me again.

GEORGIAN VERSE

His kin was for ane o' a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do wi' the like o' me?
Albeit I was bonnie I wasna for Johnnie:
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

His tittie she was baith wily and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea,
And then she ran in and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bannet stood aye fu' round on his brow —
His auld ane looked aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes;
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee as I ha'e been
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on the lily-white lea;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!

Lady G. Baillie

THE BOOK OF

54.

Bothwell Bank

ON the blithe Beltane, as I went
By mysel' out o'er the green bent,
Whereby the crystal waves of Clyde
Through saughs and hanging hazels glide,
There, sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

'O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair!
For a' beneath thy holts sae green
My love and I wad sit at e'en,
While primroses and daisies, mixed
Wi' blue-bells, in my locks he fixed.

'But he left me ae dreary day,
And haply now sleeps in the clay,
Without ae sigh his death to rune,
Without ae flower his grave to croun.
O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.'

J. Pinkerton

55.

Leith Races

IN July month, ae bonny morn,
Whan Nature's rokelay green
Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn,
To charm our roving een;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Glouring about I saw a quean,
The fairest 'neath the lift;
Her een ware o' the siller sheen,
Her skin like snawy drift,
Sae white that day.

Quod she, 'I ferly unco sair,
That ye sud musand gae,
Ye wha hae sung o' Hallow-fair,
Her winter's pranks and play:
Whan on Leith-Sands the racers rare,
Wi' Jocky louns are met,
Their orrow pennies there to ware,
And drown themsel's in debt
Fu' deep that day.'

And wha are ye, my winsome dear,
That takes the gate sae early?
Whare do ye win, gin ane may spier,
For I right meikle ferly,
That sic braw buskit laughing lass
Thir bonny blinks shou'd gi'e,
An' loup like Hebe o'er the grass,
As wanton and as free,
Frae dule this day.

'I dwell amang the caller springs
That weet the Land o' Cakes,
And aften tune my canty strings
At bridals and late-wakes:

THE BOOK OF

They ca' me Mirth; I ne'er was kend
To grumble or look sour,
But blyth wad be a lift to lend,
Gif ye wad sey my pow'r
An' pith this day.'

A bargain be't, and, by my feggs,
Gif ye will be my mate,
Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs,
Ye shanna find me blate;
We'll reel an' ramble thro' the sands,
And jeer wi' a' we meet;
Nor hip the daft and glesome bands
That fill Edina's street
Sae thrang this day.

Ere servant maids had wont to rise
To seeth the breakfast kettle,
Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,
To put her on her mettle,
Wi' wiles some silly chiel to trap,
(And troth he's fain to get her,)
But she'll crawl kniefly in his crap,
Whan wow! he canna flit her
Frae hame that day.

Now, mony a scaw'd and bare-ars'd lown
Rise early to their wark,
Enough to fley a muckle town,
Wi' dinsome squeel and bark.

GEORGIAN VERSE

' Here is the true an' faithfu' list
O' Noblemen and Horses;
Their eild, their weicht, their height, their grist,
That rin for Plates or Purses
Fu' fleet this day.'

To whisky plooks that brunt for wooks
On town-guard soldiers' faces,
Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,
An' scrapes them for the races:
Their stumps erst us'd to filipeg,
Are dight in spaterdashes
Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs
Frae weet and weary plashes
O' dirt that day.

' Come, hafe a care (the captain cries),
On guns your bagnets thraw;
Now mind your manual exercise,
An' marsh down raw by raw.'
And as they march he'll glowr about,
Tent a' their cuts and scars:
'Mang them fell mony a gausy snout
Has gusht in birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day.

Her nanesel maun be carefu' now,
Nor maun she pe misleard,
Sin baxter lads hae seal'd a vow
To skelp and clout the guard;

THE BOOK OF

I'm sure Auld Reikie kens o' nane
That wou'd be sorry at it,
Tho' they should dearly pay the kane,
An' get their tails weel sautit
And sair thir days.

The tinkler billies i' the Bow
Are now less eidant clinking,
As lang's their pith or siller dow,
They're daffin', and they're drinking.
Bedown Leith Walk what burrochs reel
Of ilka trade and station,
That gar their wives an' childer feel
Toom weyms for their libation
O' drink thir days.

The browster wives thegither harl
A' trash that they can fa' on;
They rake the grounds o' ilka barrel,
To profit by the lawen:
For weel wat they a skin leal het
For drinking needs nae hire;
At drumbly gear they take nae pet;
Foul water slöckens fire
And drouth thir days.

They say, ill ale has been the deid
O' mony a beirdly lown;
Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed
To sweel hail bickers down:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,
They'll ban fu' sair the time
That e'er they toutit aff the horn
Which wambles thro' their weym
Wi' pain that day.

The Buchan bodies thro' the beech
Their bunch of Findrums cry,
An' skirl out baul', in Norland speech,
'Gueed speldings, fa' will buy.'
An', by my saul, they're nae wrang gear
To gust a stirrah's mow;
Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never spear
The price of being fu'
Wi' drink that day.

Now wyly wights at rowdy powl,
An' flingin' o' the dice,
Here brake the banes o' mony a soul,
Wi' fa's upo' the ice:
At first the gate seems fair an' straught,
So they had fairly till her;
But wow! in spite o' a' their maught,
They're rookit o' their siller
An' goud that day.

Around whare'er ye fling your een,
The haiks like wind are scourin'.
Some chaises honest folk contain,
An' some hae mony a whore in;

THE BOOK OF

Wi' rose and lily, red and white,
They gie themselves sic fit airs,
Like Dian, they will seem perfite;
But it's nae goud that glitters
Wi' them thir days.

The lyon here, wi' open paw,
May cleek in mony hunder,
Wha geck at Scotland and her law,
His wyly talons under;
For ken, tho' Jamie's laws are auld,
(Thanks to the wise recorder),
His lyon yet roars loud and bauld,
To had the Whigs in order
Sae prime this day.

To town-guard drum of clangor clear,
Baith men and steeds are raingit;
Some liveries red or yellow wear,
And some are tartan spraingit:
And now the red, the blue e'en-now
Bids fairest for the market;
But, ere the sport be done, I trow
Their skins are gayly yarkit
And peel'd thir days.

Siclike in Robinhood debates,
Whan twa chiels hae a pingle;
E'en-now some couli gets his aits,
An' dirt wi' words they mingle,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Till up louns he, wi' diction fu',
There's lang and dreech contesting;
For now they're near the point in view;
Now ten miles frae the question
In hand that night.

The races o'er, they hale the dools,
Wi' drink o' a' kin-kind;
Great feck gae hirpling hame like fools,
The cripple lead the blind.
May ne'er the canker o' the drink
E'er make our spirits thrawart,
'Case we git wharewitha' to wink
Wi' een as blue's a blawart
Wi' straits thir days!

R. Fergusson

56.

The Daft Days

NOW mirk December's dowie face
Glowrs ovr the rigs wi' sour grimace,
While, thro' his *minimum* of space,
The bleer-ey'd sun,
Wi' blinkin' light and stealing pace,
His race doth run.

From naked groves nae birdie sings;
To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings;
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
From Borean cave;
And dwyning Nature droops her wings,
Wi' visage grave.

THE BOOK OF

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,
 Wi' frozen spear,
Sends drift owr a' his bleak domain,
 And guides the weir.

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony a caldrife soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
 Baith warm and couth;
While round they gar the bicker roll
 To weet their mouth.

When merry Yule-day comes, I trow,
You'll scantlins find a hungry mou;
Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fou
 O' gusty gear,
And kickshaws, strangers to our view,
 Sin' fairn-year.

Ye browster wives! now busk ye bra,
And fling your sorrows far awa';
Then, come and gie's the tither blaw
 O' reaming ale,
Mair precious than the Well of Spa,
 Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
Amang oursells we'll never quarrel;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Tho' Discord gie a canker'd snarl
 To spoil our glee,
As lang's there's pith into the barrel
 We'll drink and 'gree.

Fiddlers! your pins in temper fix,
And roset weel your fiddlesticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
 From out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix —
 Gie's Tullochgorum.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel
As can a canty Highland reel;
It even vivifies the heel
 To skip and dance:
Lifeless is he wha canna feel
 Its influence.

Let mirth abound; let social cheer
Invest the dawning of the year;
Let blithesome innocence appear
 To crown our joy;
Nor envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,
 Our bliss destroy.

And thou, great god of *aqua vitae*!
Wha sways the empire of this city —
When fou we're sometimes capernoity —
 Be thou prepar'd
To hedge us frae that black banditti,
 The City Guard.

R. Fergusson

THE BOOK OF

57.

Braid Claith

YE wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote in the bonny book of fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurel'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
An' slae black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
Whan bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck for him wha has nae fek o't!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at.
A chield that ne'er will be respekit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadows or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair,
 Wud be right laith,
Whan pacing wi' a gawsy air
 In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah grien
For favour frae a lady's ein,
He mauna care for being seen
 Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
 O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bony mou' fu' sair,
 An' scald him baith.
Wooers shou'd ay their travel spare
 Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk an unco heese,
Makes mony kail-worms butter-flees,
Gies mony a doctor his degrees
 For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please
 Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For thof ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk wud hae a doubt on,
 I'll tak' my aith,
Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
 O' gude Braid Claith.

R. Fergusson

THE BOOK OF

58. *An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*

GOOD people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short, —
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran, —
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad, —
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends:
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And, while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied:
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

O. Goldsmith

59. *Elegy on Madam Blaize*

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew —
But when she shut her eyes.

THE BOOK OF

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her —
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead —
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more, —
She had not died to-day.

O. Goldsmith

60. *Elegy on the Death of Scots Music*

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
When lads and lasses tartan wore,
Saft Music rang on ilka shore,
In hamely weid;
But Harmony is now no more,
And Music dead.

Round her the feather'd choir would wing,
Sae bonnily she wont to sing,
And sleely wake the sleeping string,
Their sang to lead,
Sweet as the zephyrs of the spring;
But now she's dead.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Mourn ilka nymph and ilka swain,
Ilk sunny hill and dowie glen;
Let weeping streams and Naiads drain
 Their fountain head;
Let echo swell the dolefu' strain,
 Since Music's dead.

Whan the saft vernal breezes ca'
The grey-hair'd Winter's fogs awa',
Naebody then is heard to blaw,
 Near hill or mead,
On chaunter or on aiten straw,
 Since Music's dead.

Nae lasses now, on simmer days,
Will lilt at bleaching of their claes;
Nae herds on Yarrow's bonny braes,
 Or banks of Tweed,
Delight to chant their hameil lays,
 Since Music's dead.

At gloamin', now, the bagpipe's dumb
Whan weary owsen hameward come;
Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,
 And pibrachs skreed;
We never hear its warlike hum,
 For Music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane: Ah! waes my heart!
The man in music maist expert,

THE BOOK OF

Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,
And tune the reed,
Wi' sic a slee and pawky art;
But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt and grane,
Ilk bonny lassie make great mane;
Since he's awa', I trow there's nane
Can fill his stead;
The blythest sangster on the plain!
Alake, he's dead!

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,
And crabbit queer variety
Of sounds fresh sprung frae Italy,
A bastard breed!
Unlike that saft-tongu'd melody
Which now lies dead.

Can lav'rocks at the dawning day,
Can linties chirring frae the spray,
Or todling burns that smoothly play
O'er gowden bed,
Compare wi' Birks of Indermay?
But now they're dead.

O Scotland! that cou'd yence afford
To bang the pith of Roman sword,
Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
To battle speed,
And fight till Music be restor'd,
Which now lies dead?

R. Fergusson

GEORGIAN VERSE

61. *Elegy on Maggie Johnston*

AULD Reekie, mourn in sable hue,
Let forth o' tears dreep like May-dew:
To braw tippeny bid adieu,
Which we wi' greed
Bended as fast as she could brew,
But, ah! she's dead.

To tell the truth now, Maggie dang,
O' customers she had a bang;
For lairds and souters a' did gang
To drink bedeen;
The barn and yard was aft sae thrang,
We took the green;

And there by dizzens we lay down;
Syn e sweetly ca'd the healths aroun',
To bonny lasses, black or brown,
As we lo'ed best:
In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
And took our rest.

When in our pouch we fand some clinks,
And took a turn o'er Bruntfield Links,
Aften in Maggie's, at high-jinks,
We guzzled scuds,
Till we could scarce, wi' hale-out drinks,
Cast aff our duds.

We drank and drew, and filled again,
O wow, but we were blythe and fain!

THE BOOK OF

When ony had their count mistane,
O it was nice!
To hear us a' cry, 'Pike ye'r bane
And spell ye'r dice.'

Fu' close we used to drink and rant
Until we did baith glower and guant,
. . . and yesk, and maunt,
Right swash I trow;
Then of auld stories we did cant
When we were fou.

Whan we were wearied at the gowff,
Then Maggie Johnston's was our howff;
Now a' our gamesters may sit dowff,
Wi' hearts like lead;
Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff,
And sae she's dead.

Maun we be forced thy skill to tine,
For which we will right sair rapine?
Or hast thou left to bairns o' thine
The pawky knack
O' brewing ale a'maist like wine,
That gar'd us crack.

Sae brawly did a pease-scone toast
Biz i' the queff, and fley and frost:
There we got fou wi' little cost,
And meikle speed;
Now, wae worth Death! our sport's a' lost,
Since Maggie's dead.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Ae summer nicht I was sae fou,
Amang the rigs I gaed to spue,
Syne down on a green bawk, I trow,
 I took a nap,
And soucht a' night balillilow,
 As sound's a tap.

And when the dawn begoud to glow,
I hirsled up my dizzy pow,
Frae 'mang the corn, like wirricow,
 Wi' banes sae sair,
And kenn'd nae mair than if a ewe
 How I cam' there.

Some said it was the pith o' broom
That she stow'd in her masking-loom,
Which in our heads raised sic a foun;
 Or some wild seed,
Which aft the chappin-stoup did toom,
 But filled our head.

But now since it's sae that we must
Not in the best ale put our trust,
But whan we're auld return to dust,
 Without remead,
Why should we tak' it in disgust
 That Maggie's dead?

O' warldly comforts she was rife,
And lived a lang and hearty life,

THE BOOK OF

Right free o' care, or toil, or strife,
Till she was stale,
And kenn'd to be a canny wife,
At brewing ale.

Then fareweel, Maggie, douce and fell,
O' brewers a' thou boor the bell:
Let a' thy gossips yelp and yell,
And, without feid,
Guess whether ye're in heaven or hell.
They're sure ye're dead.

A. Ramsay

62. *The Sitting of the Session*

PHOEBUS, sair cow'd wi' simmer's hight,
Cours near the yird wi' blinking light;
Cauld shaw the haughs, nae mair bedight
Wi' simmer's claes.
They heeze the heart o' dowy wight
That thro' them gaes.

Weel lo'es me o' you, business, now;
For ye'll weet mony a drouthy mou';
That's lang a eisning gane for you.
Withouten fill
O' dribbles frae the gude brown cow,
Or Highland gill.

The Court o' Session, weel wat I,
Pitts ilk chiel's whittle i' the pye,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Can criesh the slaw-gaun wheels whan dry,
Till Session's done,
Tho' they'll gie mony a cheep and cry
Or twalt o' June.

Ye benders a', that dwell in joot,
You'll tak your liquor clean cap out,
Synd your mouse-wabbs wi' reaming stout,
While ye ha'e cash,
And gar your cares a' tak the rout,
An' thumb ne'er fash.

Rob Gibb's grey gizz, new frizzl'd fine,
Will white as ony snaw-ba' shine;
Weel does he lo'e the lawen coin
Whan dossied down,
For whisky gills or dribbs of wine
In cauld forenoon.

Bar-keepers now, at outer door,
Tak tent as fock gang back and fore;
The fient ane there but pays his score,
Nane wins toll-free,
Tho' ye've a cause the house before,
Or agent be.

Gin ony here wi' canker knocks,
And has na lous'd his siller pocks,
Ye need na think to fleetch or cox;
'Come, shaw's your gear;
Ae scabbit yew spills twenty flocks,
Ye's no be here.'

THE BOOK OF

Now at the door they'll raise a plea;
Crack on, my lads! — for flyting's free;
For gin ye shou'd tongue-tacket be,
 The mair's the pity,
Whan scalding but and ben we see
 Pendente lite.

The lawyer's skelfs, and printer's presses,
Grain unco sair wi' weighty cases;
The clark in toil his pleasure places,
 To thrive bedeen;
At five-hour's bell scribes shaw their faces,
 And rake their ein.

The country fock to lawyers crook,
'Ah! Weels me on your bonny buik!
The benmost part o' my kist nook
 I'll ripe for thee,
And willing ware my hindmost rook
 For my decree.'

But Law's a draw-well unco deep,
Withouten rim fock out to keep;
A donnart chiel, whan drunk, may dreep
 Fu' sleely in,
But finds the gate baith stay and steep,
 Ere out he win.

R. Fergusson

63.

Tullochgorum

COME, gi'es sang, Montgom'rie cried,
And lay your disputes a' aside;
What signifies for folks to chide

GEORGIAN VERSE

For what was done before them?
Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory a' agree
To drap their whigmigorum;
Let Whig and Tory a' agree
To spend this night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing, alang wi' me,
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we'll be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we'll be a'
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
For blithe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringin', dull Italian lays?
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.

THE BOOK OF

They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest;
They canna-please a Scottish taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsel's distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like auld philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's gude watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by ony vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

GEORGIAN VERSE

But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him!
May dule and sorrow be his chance,
Dule and sorrow, dule and sorrow,
Dule and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say 'Wae's me for him!'
May dule and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The reel o' Tullochgorum!

J. Skinner

64.

Caller Water

WHAN father Adie first pat spade in
 The bonny yeard of antient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in,
 To fire his mou',
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'
 For being fou.

A caller burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out o'er the green,
And whan our gutcher's drouth had been
 To bide right sair,
He loutit down and drank bedeen
 A dainty skair.

His bairns a' before the flood
Had langer tack o' flesh and blood,

THE BOOK OF

And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line
Wha still hae been a feckless brood
Wi' drinking wine.

The fuddlin' Bardies now-a-days
Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise,
And limp and stoiter thro' their lays
Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays
As big's the Pontic.

My muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth, the jillet ye might blame
For thinking on't,
Whan eithly she can find the theme
Of *aqua font*.

This is the name that doctors use
Their patient noddles to confuse;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still,
In kittle words to gar you roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sick clitter-clatter,
And briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd good Caller Water,
Than whilk, I trow,
Few drops in doctors' shops are better
For me or you.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Tho' joints are stiff as ony rung,
Your pith wi' pain be fairly dung,
Be you in Caller Water flung
 Out o'er the lugs,
'Twill mak you souple, swack and young,
 Withouten drugs.

Tho' cholic or the heart-scad tease us,
Or ony inward pain should seize us,
It masters a' sic fell diseases
 That would ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis
 Wi' little tulzie.

Wer't na for it the bonny lasses
Would glowr nae mair in keeking glasses,
And soon tine dint o' a' the graces
 That aft convey
In gleefu' looks and bonny faces,
 To catch our ein.

The fairest then might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his shooting trade,
For wha thro' clarty masquerade
 Could than discover,
Whether the features under shade
 Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer flow'rs
And leaves to cleed the birken bowers,

THE BOOK OF

Sae beauty gets by caller show'rs,
Sae rich a bloom
As for estate, or heavy dow'rs
Aft stands in room.

What makes Auld Reikie's dames sae fair,
It canna be the halesome air,
But caller burn beyond compare,
The best of ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
And blink sae bonny.

On May-day in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St. Anthon's spring,
Frae grass the caller dew draps wring,
To weet their ein,
And water clear as chrystal spring,
To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay!
Then shall their beauties glance like May,
And, like her, be
The goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse, and me.

R. Fergusson

65. *An Ode to the Earl of Bath*

GREAT Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er,
The Tories trust your word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear you;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No crowd of coaches fills your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near you.

Few now aspire to your good graces,
Scarce any sue to you for places,
Or come with their petition,
To tell how well they have deserved,
How long, how steadily they starved
For you, in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
Since all mankind perceive that power
Is lodged in other hands:
Sooner to Carteret now they'll go,
Or even (tho' that's excessive low)
To Wilmington or Sandys'.

With your obedient wife retire,
And sitting silent by the fire,
A sullen tête-à-tête.
Think over all you've done or said
And curse the hour that you were made
Unprofitably great.

With vapours there, and spleen o'ercast,
Reflect on all your actions past
With sorrow and contrition:
And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
From disappointed avarice,
From frustrated ambition.

THE BOOK OF

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting friends complain,
That visit you no more:
For in this country, 'tis a truth,
As known, as that love follows youth,
That friendship follows power.

Such is the calm of your retreat?
You thro' the dregs of life must sweat
Beneath this heavy load;
And I'll attend you as I've done,
Only to help reflection on,
With now and then an ode.

Sir C. H. Williams

66. *Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole*

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I.

The family that dines the latest,
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
Before him who ne'er dines at all.

Your taste in architect, you know,
Hath been admir'd by friend and foe:
But can your earthly domes compare
To all my castles — in the air?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us.
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you twice two story,
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of Arlington.

Greatness by poets still is painted
With many followers acquainted;
This too doth in my favour speak,
Your levée is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a Sunday.

Nor in the manner of attendance
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance.
Familiar you to admiration,
May be approach'd by all the nation:
While I, like the Mogul *in Indo*,
Am never seen but at my window.
If with my greatness you're offended,
The fault is easily amended,
For I'll come down with wondrous ease,
Into whatever place you please.

THE BOOK OF

I'm not ambitious; little matters
Will serve us great, but humble creatures.
Suppose a secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with a while;
Admired, gen'ral, judge, or bishop;
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negotiation;
Tuscan and French are in my head;
Latin I write, and Greek I — read.

If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least;
What fittest for? — you know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for a — *sinecure*.

H. Fielding

67.

Another to the Same

GREAT sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you — still you say
I'm busy now, to-morrow come;
To-morrow, sir, you're not at home,
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie?

In imitation, sir, of you,
I keep a mighty levée too;
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
And then like you, sir, I'm gone out.
So says my maid — but they, less civil,
Give maid and master to the devil;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And then with menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your heart.
Good sir, or make my levée fly me,
Or lend your porter to deny me.

H. Fielding

68. *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*

HOME, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads
long

Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.

Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth

Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Levant's side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,

And joy untainted with his destined bride.

Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast

My short-lived bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,

I met thy friendship with an equal flame!

Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale

Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;

Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;

'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;

Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.

THE BOOK OF

There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe the untutor'd swains;
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.

E'en yet preserved, how often mayst thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his listening son,
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
Whether thou bidst the well taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave!
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

GEORGIAN VERSE

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard seer,
Lodged in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:

How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,

When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.

Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destined glance some fated youth descry,

Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.

For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair:

They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And, heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

(To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,

Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!

The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!

As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,

In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles raged in welkin of the North,

They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!

And, as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,

Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!

They raved! divining, through their second sight,

Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!

Illustrious William! Britain's guardian name!

One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke;

THE BOOK OF

He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose;
Let not dank Will mislead you to the heath;
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!)
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid the unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then?
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
On him, enraged, the fiend in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,

GEORGIAN VERSE

To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.

Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!

What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;

For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at the unclosing gate!

Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
Her travel'd limbs in broken slumber steep,

With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:

Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,

And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak;

'Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;

Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee
more!'

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill

Thy muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing

THE BOOK OF

Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile which still its ruins shows:
In those small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither, where, beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid;
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But O, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along the Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.
Thus, blest in primal innocence, they live
Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, the historic page.
There, Shakespeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour, his wayward Sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colours bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
The heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!

THE BOOK OF

Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!

Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills the impassion'd heart, and wins the harmonious
ear!

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!

Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan fill'd, or pastoral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs; at distance, hail!

The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or, o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;

Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,

Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop, from Tiviot's dale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid;
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore.

The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains, attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent
friend!

W. Collins

69

To The Tron-Kirk Bell

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing
They ken themsel',
But weel wat I they couldna bring
War sounds frae hell.

GEORGIAN VERSE

What de'il are ye? that I should bann,
Your neither kin to pat nor pan;
Nor ugly pig, nor maister-cann,
 But weel may gie
Mair pleasure to the ear o' man
 Than stroke o' thee.

Fleece merchants may look bald, I trow,
Since a' Auld Reikie's childer now
Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
 Thy sound to bang,
And keep it frae gawn thro' and thro'
 Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abideint:
Like scalding wife's, there is nae guideint:
Whan I'm 'bout ony bus'ness eident,
 It's sair to thole;
To deave me, than, ye tak' a pride in't
 Wi' senseless knoll.

O! war I provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the pow'rs aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down;
 Nor shud you think
(Sae sair I'd crack and clour your crown)
 Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the muckle cap,
An' fain wad fa' ower in a nap,
Troth I could doze as soun's a tap,
 Wer't na for thee,

THE BOOK OF

That gies the tither weary chap
To waukin me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick;
Quo he, 'this bell o' mine's a trick,
A wylie piece o' politic,
A cunnin' snare
To trap fock in a cloven stick,
Ere they're aware.

'As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
A' body at the kirk will skair;
Quo they, gif he that preaches there
Like it can wound,
We douna care a single hair
For joyfu' sound.'

If magistrates wi' me wud' gree,
For ay tongue-tackit shud you be,
Nor fleg wi' anti-melody
Sic honest fock,
Whase lugs were never made to dree
Thy doolfu' shock.

But far frae thee the bailies dwell,
Or they wud scunner at your knell,
Gie the foul thief his riven bell,
And than, I trow,
The by-word hads, 'the de'il himsel'
Has got his due.'

R. Fergusson

GEORGIAN VERSE

70.

The Passions

An Ode for Music

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;

THE BOOK OF

A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder down;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address:

THE BOOK OF

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age:

GEORGIAN VERSE

E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—
O bid our vain endeavours cease:
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

W. Collins

71. *Prayer for Indifference*

OF T I've implored the Gods in vain,
And prayed till I've been weary!
For once, I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the Fairy!

Sweet airy Being, wanton Spright!
Who liv'st in woods unseen;
And oft, by Cynthia's silver light,
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green:

If e'er thy pitying heart was moved,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian Maid who loved,
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell;

O, deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply, some herb, or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in Love;
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease.

THE BOOK OF

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
Beyond — is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O, haste to shed the sovereign balm,
My shattered nerves new-string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach see hope, see fear,
See expectation fly;
And disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purposed joy.

The tears which pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then discern;
The heart that throbbed at others' woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O, Fairy Elf! but grant me this;
This one kind comfort send;
And so may never-fading bliss,
Thy flowery paths attend.

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light,
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet filled
With heaven's ambrosial dew:
From sweetest, freshest flowers distilled,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleased, contented will I be —
Content, but half to please.

F. Greville

72.

The Progress of Poesy

A PINDARIC ODE

A WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

THE BOOK OF

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:

GEORGIAN VERSE

To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, and racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet

THE BOOK OF

Their feathered-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy:
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more —
O Lyre divine! what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of Air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,

THE BOOK OF

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the Great.
T. Gray

73. *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race

GEORGIAN VERSE

Disporting on thy margin green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bright constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

THE BOOK OF

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
The moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

T. Gray

74.

The Bard

'**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'

THE BOOK OF

Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering
lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
Mountains, ye mourn in vain,
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

'Weave and warp, and weave and woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs,
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

THE BOOK OF

Is the sable Warrior fled?

Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?

Gone to salute the rising morn.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

' Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare,

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:

Close by the regal chair

Fell thirst and famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their destined course,

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head.

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:

The bristled boar in infant gore

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘Edward, lo! to sudden fate

(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove. The work is done.)

‘Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn:

In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height

Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.

All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s issue, hail!

‘Girt with many a Baron bold

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,

Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round her play!

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

‘The verse adorn again

Fierce war, and faithful love,

THE BOOK OF

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

In buskin'd measures move

Pale grief, and pleasing pain,

With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice as of the cherub-choir,

Gales from blooming Eden bear;

And distant warblings lessen on my ear,

That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me: with joy I see

The different doom our fates assign.

Be thine despair, and sceptred care,

To triumph, and to die, are mine.'

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

T. Gray

75.

Retaliation

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.

If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,

Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:

Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains,

Our Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains,

Our Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,

And Dick with his pepper, shall heighten the savour:

Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,

And Douglas is pudding substantial and plain:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner full certain I am,
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb:
That Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

THE BOOK OF

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine:
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kendricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings — a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:

THE BOOK OF

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kendricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worse foe can't accus: him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye, —
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.

GEORGIAN VERSE

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk of their Raphaels, Coreggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

O. Goldsmith

76.

Prologue

*Spoken by Mr. Garrick at the Opening of the Theatre-
Royal, Drury Lane, 1747*

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
By regular approach, assay'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame;
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

THE BOOK OF

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And pantomine and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;

GEORGIAN VERSE

The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

S. Johnson

77.

Song

*In Connection with the Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford
upon Avon, September 7, 1769*

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses!
See what at our Jubilee passes!
Come, revel away! Rejoice, and be glad;
For the Lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire Lad;
Warwickshire Lad!
All be glad,
For the Lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire Lad!

Be proud of the charms of your County;
Where Nature has lavished her bounty.
Where much she has given, and some to be spared;
For the Bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire Bard;
Warwickshire Bard:
Never paired;
For the Bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire Bard!

THE BOOK OF

Each shire has its different pleasures,
Each shire has its different treasures:
But to rare Warwickshire all must submit;
For the Wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire Wit;
Warwickshire Wit:
How he writ!
For the Wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire Wit!

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden;
And half a score more, we take pride in.
Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill;
But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will;
Warwickshire Will;
Matchless still!
For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will!

Our Shakespeare compared is to no man;
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman.
Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet Swan;
And the Man of all men, was a Warwickshire Man;
Warwickshire Man;
Avon's Swan!
And the Man of all men, was a Warwickshire Man!

As ven'son is very inviting,
To steal it our Bard took delight in;
To make his friends merry he never was lag;
And the Wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire Wag;
Warwickshire Wag;
Ever brag!
For the Wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire Wag!

GEORGIAN VERSE

There never was seen such a creature;
Of all she was worth, he robbed nature;
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief;
And the Thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire Thief!
Warwickshire Thief;
He's the chief!
For the Thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire Thief!
D. Garrick

78. *Song to Ælla Lord of the Castle of Bristol in the Days of Yore*

O thou, or what remains of thee,
Ælla, the darling of futurity,
Let this my song bold as thy courage be,
As everlasting to posterity.

When Dacia's sons, whose hairs of blood-red hue,
Like king-cups bursting with the morning dew,
Arranged in drear array,
Upon the deadly day,
Spread far and wide on Watchet's shore;
Then didst thou furious stand,
And by thy valiant hand
Besprenged all the mees with gore.

Drawn by thine anlace fell,
Down to the depth of hell
Thousands of Dacians went;
Brystowans, men of might,
Y-dared the bloody fight,
And acted deeds full quent.

THE BOOK OF

Oh thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood-embued plain,
Or where thou know'st from far
The dismal cry of war,
Or seest some mountain made of corse of slain;

Or seest the hatchèd steed
Y-prancing o'er the mead,
And neigh to be among the pointed spears;
Or, in black armour stalk'st around
Embattled Bristol, once thy ground,
And glow, arduous, on the castle-stairs;

Or fiery round the minster glare,
Let Bristol still be made thy care;
Guard it from foemen and consuming fire.
Like Avon's stream, ensyrke it round,
Nor let a flame enharm the ground,
Till in one flame all the whole world expire.

T. Chatterton

79. *Chorus from Goddwyn*

WHEN freedom, dress'd in bloodstained vest,
To every knight her warsong sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
A gory anlace by her hung.
She dancèd on the heath,
She heard the voice of death.

Pale-eyed affright, his heart of silver hue,
In vain essayed her bosom to scale.

GEORGIAN VERSE

She heard, onflemed, the shricking voice of woe,
And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.

She shook the armèd spear,
On high she raised her shield,
Her foemen all appear,
And fly along the field.

Power, with his heasod straught into the skies,
His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star;
Alyche two flaming meteors rolls his eyes,
Stamps with his iron feet, and sounds to war.
She sits upon a rock,
She bends before his spear,
She rises from the shock,
Wielding her own in air.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
Wit, closely mantled, guides it to his crown;
His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone,
He falls, and falling, rolleth thousands down.
War, gore-faced war, by envy armed, arist,
His fiery helmet nodding to the air,
Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist . . .

T. Chatterton

80.

Rule Britannia

WHEN Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain.
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.'

THE BOOK OF

The nations, not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame —
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

J. Thomson

81. *Ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost*

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet.

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd.
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their watery grave.

THE BOOK OF

O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold:
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

GEORGIAN VERSE

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.

THE BOOK OF

Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

R. Glover

82.

Logie O'Buchan

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the yaird,
Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma',
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'!

He said, 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa'!'
He said, 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa'!
For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'!'

Though Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye;
Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' the houses and land.

GEORGIAN VERSE

My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks sour;
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
Though I lo'e them as weel as a dochter should do,
They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel:
He had but a sixpence, he brak' it in twa,
And gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'!
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'!
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

G. Halket

83. *Johnnie Cope*

COPE sent a letter frae Dunbar:—
'Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.'

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking I wad wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
'Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning!

THE BOOK OF

'Now Johnnie Cope, be as good's your word;
Come, let us try both fire and sword;
And dinna flee away like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.'

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this
He thought it wadna be amiss
To ha'e a horse in readiness
To flee awa' in the morning.

Fye now, Johnnie, get up and rin;
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came
They speered at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.'

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning.

'Oh, faith,' quo' Johnnie, 'I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a gude morning.'

A. Skirving

GEORGIAN VERSE

84. *Inscription on a Fountain*

O YOU, who mark what flowrets gay,
What gales, what odours breathing near,
What sheltering shades from summer's ray
Allure my spring to linger here.

You see me quit this margin green,
Yet see me deaf to pleasure's call,
Explore the thirsty haunts of men,
Yet see my bounty flow for all.

O learn of me — no partial rill,
No slumbering selfish pool be you;
But social laws alike fulfil;
O flow for all creation too! *E. Lovibond*

85. *To the River Lodon*

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!

While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure

No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains: that nor obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

T. Warton

THE BOOK OF

86. *After Seeing the Collection of Pictures at Wilton House*

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start —
How to life's humbler scene can I depart,
My breast all glowing from these gorgeous towers?
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint; for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall.
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

T. Warton

87. *Written at an Inn at Henley*

TO thee, fair freedom! I retire,
From flattery, feasting, dice and din;
Nor art thou found in domes much higher
Than the lone cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
For Freedom crowns it, at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys what Courts have not in store,
It buys me Freedom, at an Inn.

And now once more I shape my way
Through rain or shine, through thick or thin,
Secure to meet, at close of day,
With kind reception at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think how oft he found
The warmest welcome — at an Inn.

W. Shenstone

88. *Hymn to Adversity*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,

THE BOOK OF

To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe:
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thy form benign, Oh Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.
T. Gray

89. *Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude*

NOW the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;

THE BOOK OF

Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

T. Gray

90. *An Excelente Balade of Charitie*

IN Virginè the sweltry sun 'gan sheene,
And hot upon the mees did cast his ray;
The apple ripened from its paly green,
And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
The pied chelàndre sung the livelong day;
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
And eke the ground was dressed in its most deft aumere.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead-still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arose in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Hiding at once the sunnìs beauteous face,
And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up apace.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway-side,
Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
Long fillèd with the miseries of need.
Where from the hailstone could the beggar fly?
He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, sapless, dead!

THE BOOK OF

Haste to thy church-glebe-house, accursèd man!

Haste to thy kiste, thy only sleeping bed.

Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
Is charity and love among high elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming ghaſtneſs do the cattle 'pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide lowings dies.

List! now the thunder's rattling noisy sound
Moves slowly on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs;
The winds are up; the lofty elmen swangs;
Again the lightning and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
His chapournette was drentèd with the rain,
And his pencte girdle met with mickle shame;
He backwards told his bede-roll at the same;
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

His cloak was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
With a gold button fastened near his chin,

GEORGIAN VERSE

His autremete was edged with golden twine,
And his shoe's peak a loverde's might have been;
Full well it shewn he thoughten cost no sin.
The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse-milliner his head with roses dight.

‘An alms, sir priest!’ the drooping pilgrim said,
‘Oh! let me wait within your convent-door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o’er.
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
No house, no friend, no money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is this my silver crouche.’

‘Varlet!’ replied the Abbot, ‘cease your din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give,
My porter never lets a beggar in;
None touch my ring who not in honour live.’
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
And shedding on the ground his glaring ray;
The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoon rode away.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
Fast running o’er the plain a priest was seen;
Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
His cope and jape were grey, and eke were clean;
A limitour he was of order seen;
And from the pathway-side then turnèd he,
Where the poor beggar lay beneath the elmen tree.

‘An alms, sir priest!’ the drooping pilgrim said,
‘For sweet Saint Mary and your order sake.’

THE BOOK OF

The limitour then loosened his pouch-thread,
And did thereout a groat of silver take:
The needy pilgrim did for halline shake,
'Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

'But ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
Scathe any give a rent-roll to their lord;
Here, take my semi-cope, thou'rt bare, I see,
'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward.'
He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.
Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure,
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power.
T. Chatterton

91. *Eclogue*

A Man, a Woman, Sir Roger

WOULD'ST thou know nature in her better part?
Go, search the huts and bordels of the hind;
If they have any, it is rough-made art,
In them you see the naked form of kind;
Haveth your mind a liking of a mind?
Would it know every thing, as it might be?
Would it hear phrase of vulgar from the hind,
Without wiseacre words and knowledge free?
If so, read this, which I disporting penned,
If naught beside, its rhyme may it commend.

Man. But whither, fair maid, do ye go?
O where do you bend your way?
I will know whither you go,
I will not be answered nay.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Woman. To Robin and Nell, all down in the dell,
To help them at making of hay.

Man. Sir Roger, the parson, have hired me there,
Come, come, let us trip it away,
We'll work and we'll sing, and we'll drink of
strong beer,
As long as the merry summer's day.

Woman. How hard is my doom to wurch!
Much is my woe:
Dame Agnes, who lies in the church
With birlette gold,
With gilded aumeres, strong, untold,
What was she more than me, to be so?

Man. I see Sir Roger from afar,
Tripping over the lea;
I ask why the loverd's son
Is more than me.

Sir Roger. The sultry sun doth hie apace his wain,
From every beam a seed of life do fall;
Quickly scille up the hay upon the plain,
Methinks the cocks beginneth to grow tall.
This is alyche our doom; the great, the small,
Must wither and be dried by death's dart.
See! the sweet floweret hath no sweet at all;
It with the rank weed beareth equal part.
The craven, warrior, and the wise be blent,
Alyche to dry away with those they did lament.

Man. All-a-boon, Sir Priest, all-a-boon!
By your priestship, now say unto me;
Sir Gaufrid the knight, who liveth hard by,

THE BOOK OF

Why should he than me be more great,
In honour, knighthood, and estate?

Sir Roger. Attourne thine eyes around this hayèd mee;
Carefully look around the chaper dell;
An answer to thy barganette here see,
This withered floweret will a lesson tell;
Arist, it blew, it flourished, and did well,
Looking disdainfully on the neighbour green;
Yet with the deignèd green its glory fell,
Eftsoon it shrank upon the day-burnt plain,
Did not its look, whilst it there did stand,
To crop it in the bud move some dread hand?

Such is the way of life; the loverd's ente
Moveth the robber him therefor to slea;
If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
Believe the truth, there's none more haile
than thee.

Thou workest; well, can that a trouble be?
Sloth more would jade thee than the rough-
est day.

Could'st thou the hidden part of soulès see.
Thou would'st eftsoon see truth in what I
say.

But let me hear thy way of life, and then
Hear thou from me the lives of other men.

Man. I rise with the sun,
Like him to drive the wain,
And ere my work is done,
I sing a song or twain.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I follow the plough-tail,
With a long jubb of ale.

But of the maidens, oh!
It lacketh not to tell;
Sir Priest might not cry woe,
Could his bull do as well.
I dance the best heiedeygnes,
And foil the wisest feygnes.

On every saint's high-day
With the minstrel am I seen,
All a-footing it away
With maidens on the green.
But oh! I wish to be more great
In glory, tenure, and estate.

Sir Roger. Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
Whose unlist branches reachen far to sight?
When furious tempests do the heaven fill,
It shaketh dire, in dole and much affright;
Whilst the dwarf floweret, with humility dight,
Standeth unhurt, unquashèd by the storm.
Such is a picte of life; the man of might
Is tempest-chafed, his woe great as his form;
Thyself, a floweret of a small account,
Wouldst harder feel the wind, as thou didst
higher mount.

T. Chatterton

THE BOOK OF

92. *The Accounte of W. Canynges' Feast*

THROUGH the hall the bell hath sound;
Welcoming doth the mayor beseem;
The aldermen do sit around,
And snuffle up the savoury steam,
Like asses wild in desert waste
Sweetly the morning air do taste.

So keen they ate; the minstrels play,
The din of angels do they keep,
High style. The guests have nought to say,
But nod their thanks, and fall asleep.
Thus every day be I to dine,
If Rowley, Iscam, or Tyb. Gorges be not seen.

T. Chatterton

93.

A Useful Hint

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures,
Use them kindly they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

A. Hill

GEORGIAN VERSE

94.

Ode to Simplicity

O THOU, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear.

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat;
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet!

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth

THE BOOK OF

Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band;
But stay'd to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turned thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bow'r,
The passions own thy pow'r.
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound,
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

W. Collins

GEORGIAN VERSE

95. *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

THE BOOK OF

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll

GEORGIAN VERSE

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes —

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

THE BOOK OF

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn:’

The Epitaph

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.*

THE BOOK OF

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(Here they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

T. Gray

96. *Elegy Written in Spring*

'TIS past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the length'ning day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the North grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore,
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign,
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts on her flowers; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold, the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings,
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced th' almighty Cause,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays,
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,

THE BOOK OF

Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn,
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn,
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And even when Winter chilled the agèd year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days;
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease;
Heaven gave content and health — I asked no more.

Now Spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale — the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass —

The wingèd moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest,
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate; —
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit — and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When Sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes, —
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes, —
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

M. Bruce

97.

Ode

Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

THE BOOK OF

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

W. Collins

98. On the Death of a Particular Friend

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow!
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is — breath.

J. Thomson

99. On Parent Knees, a Naked New-Born Child

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

Sir W. Jones

GEORGIAN VERSE

100. *The Braes of Yarrow*

THY braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover:
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow:
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring —
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow:
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met:
My passion I as freely told him:
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost:
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow:
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.

THE BOOK OF

They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look —
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou little maid;
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow:
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

J. Logan

101.

Hardyknute

A Fragment

STATELY stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west;
Full seventy years he now had seen
With scarce seven years of rest.

GEORGIAN VERSE

He lived when Britons' breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae,
And ay his sword tauld to their cost
He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and towers a height,
And goodly chambers, fair to see,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame, sae peerless anes and fair,
For chast and beauty deemed,
Nae marrow had in all the land
Save Elenor the queen.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout;
In bloody fight, with sword in hand,
Nine lost their lives but doubt.
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land;
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister saft and dear;
Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
What waefou wae her beauty bred!
Waefou to young and auld,
Waefou, I trow, to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

THE BOOK OF

The King of Norse in summertyde,
Puffed up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.
The tidings to our good Scots King
Came as he sat at dine
With noble chiefs in brave Aray,
Drinking the blood-red wine.

‘To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The King of Norse commands.’
‘Bring me my steed Mage, dapple-gray!
Our good King rose and cried;
‘A trustier beast in all the land
A Scots King never tried.

‘Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me.’
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master’s arm,
‘Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute
And rid your king of harm.’

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do.

GEORGIAN VERSE

He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang every hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee
Had passed that summer's morn,
When lo, down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
'That horn,' quo' they, 'ne'er sounds in peace;
We've other sport to bide.'
And soon they hied them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

'Late, late yestreen I weened in peace
To end my lengthened life;
My age might well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute
He feared to fight or fall.

'Robin of Rothesay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot sae leal;
Mony a comely countenance
They've turned to deadly pale.
Braid Thomas, take ye but your lance —
You need nae weapons mair;
If you fight wi't as you did anes
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

THE BOOK OF

'Malcolm, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield.
Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of metal clear.'
If faes but kenn'd the hand it bare
They soon had fled for fear.

'Fareweel, my dame sae peerless good!
And took her by the hand;
'Fairer to me in age you seem
Then maids for beauty famed.
My youngest son shall here remain,
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers.'

And first she wet her comely cheeks
And then her bodice green,
Her silken chords of twirtle twist,
Well plet with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of needlewark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
O'er hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane.

GEORGIAN VERSE

'Here maun I lie, here maun I die
By treachery's false guiles:
Witless I was that ere ga'e faith
To wicked woman's smiles!'

'Sir Knight, gin you were in my power,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er kenn'd deadly hate.
Herself would watch you a' the day,
Her maids a' dead of night,
And Fairly fair your heart would cheer,
As she stands in your sight.

['Arise, young knight, and mount your steed,
Full lowers the shining day;
Choose frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead ye on the way.'
With smileless look and visage wan
The wounded knight replied,
'Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abide.

'To me nae after day nor night
Can ere be sweet or fair;
But soon beneath some drooping tree
Cauld death shall end my care.'
With him nae pleading might prevail:
Brave Hardyknute, to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang
Strave courteously in vain.]

THE BOOK OF

Syne he has gane far hynd our o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide.
That lord a worthy wight was aye
When faes his courage 'sayed
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts ruled Caledon —
Lord Chattan claimed the princely maid
When he saved Pictish crown.

[Now with his fierce and stalwart train
He reached a rising height
Where, braid encampit on the dale,
Norse army lay in sight.
'Yonder, my valiant sons and feres,
Our raging reivers wait,
On the unconquered Scottish sward
To try with us their fate.

'Mak' orisons to him that saved
Our souls upon the rood,
Syne bravely show your veins are filled
With Caledonian blood.
Then forth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheath, glanced in the sun,
And loud the bugles sound.

To join his king, adown the hill
In haste his march he made,
While, playing pibrochs, minstrels meet
Afore him stately strade.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘Thrice welcome, valiant stoup of war,
Thy nation’s shield and pride!
Thy king nae reason has to fear
When thou art by his side.’]

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they flee;
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight fou fierce
With little skaith to man,
But bloody bloody was the field
Ere that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that sinle brooked
The war that looked like play,
Drew his braid sword and brake his bow,
Sin’ bows seemed but delay.
Quoth noble Rothesay, ‘Mine I’ll keep:
I wat it’s bled a score.’
‘Haste up, my merry man,’ cried the king,
As he rode on before.

The King of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense the faucht;
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp and fatal shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefou chance! there pinned his hand
In midst, between his een.

THE BOOK OF

‘Revenge, revenge!’ cried Rothsay’s heir,
‘Your mail-coat shall na bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart.’
Then sent it through his side.
Another arrow well he marked,
It pierced his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa’.

• ‘Sair bleeds my liege! sair, sair he bleeds!’
Again with might he drew —
And gesture dread — his sturdy bow;
Fast the braid arrow flew,
Wae to the Knight he ettled at!
Lament now Queen Elgreed!
High dames too wail your darling’s fall,
His youth and comely meed.

‘Take aff, take aff his costly jupe!’
Of gold well was it twined,
Knit like the fowler’s net through which
His steely harness shined.
‘Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blood it bears;
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon fears.’

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders, and arms strong,
Cried, ‘Where is Hardyknute sae famed
And feared at Britain’s throne?’

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Britons tremble at his name;
I soon shall make him wail
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail.'

That brag his stout heart couldna bide,
It lent him youthful might;
'I'm Hardyknute this day,' he cried,
'To Scotland's king I heght
To lay thee low as horse's hoof;
My word I mean to keep.'
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake
He garr'd his body bleed.

Norse een like grey gosshawk's stared wild;
He sighed with shame and spite —
'Disgraced is now my far-famed arm,
That left you power to strike!'
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
It made him down to stoop
As low as he to ladies used
In courtly guise to lout.

Fou soon he raised his bent body,
His bow he marvelled sair,
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair.
Norse marvelled too as sair as he
To see his stately look —
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae
Sae soon his life he took.

THE BOOK OF

[Where, like a fire to heather set,
Bold Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae, with look enraged,
Up towards him did prance.
He spurred his steed through thickest ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Who stood unmoved at his approach,
His fury to repell.

‘That short brown shaft sae meanly trimmed,
Looks like poor Scotland’s gear,
But dreadful seems the rusty point!’
And loud he leugh in jeer.
‘Aft Britons’ blood has dimmed its shine;
This point cut short their vaunt.’
Syne pierced the boisterous bearded cheek —
Nae time he took to taunt.

Short while he in his saddle swung,
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feeble hung his unbent knee —
Sure token he was fey.
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud;
But Thomas looked not as he lay
All weltering in his blood.

With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rode he north the plain,
He seemed in thrang of fiercest strife
When winner aye the same.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Nor yet his heart dame's dimpled cheek
 Could meise saft love to brook,
Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn;
 Then languid grew his look.

In throes of death, with wallowit cheek,
 All panting on the plain,
The fainting corpse of warriors lay,
 Ne'er to rise again —
Ne'er to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blithesome sounds
To boast the glories of the day,
 And show their shining wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowed dame
 May wash the rocks with tears —
May lang look o'er the shipless seas
 Before her mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;
 Thy lord lies in the clay:
The valiant Scots nae reivers thole
 To carry life away.]

There, on a lea where stands a cross
 Set up for monument,
Thousands fou fierce that summer's day,
 Killed keen war's black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name aye dread —
Aye how he fought, aft how he spared,
 Shall latest ages read.

THE BOOK OF

Loud and chill blew the westlin' wind,
Sair beat the heavy shower,
Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
Wan near his stately tower.
His tower that used wi' torches' blaze
To shine sae far at night,
Seemed now as black as mourning weed —
Nae marvel sair he sight.

['There's nae light in my lady's bower,
There's nae light in my hall,
Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas say!'
Nae answer fits their dread,
'Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide;'
But by they passed with speed.

'As fast I've sped over Scotland's faes —'
There ceased his brag of war,
Sair shamed to mind aught but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black fear he felt, but what to fear
He wist not yet with dread;
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.] *Lady Wardlaw*

102.

Cumnor Hall

THE dew's of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Now nought was heard beneath the skies —
The sounds of busy life were still —
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?

'No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once-belovèd bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

'Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall:
No faithless husband then me grieved;
No chilling fears did me appall.

'I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sang the livelong day.

'If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised;
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

'And when you to me first made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say!

THE BOOK OF

And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

‘Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily’s dead;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is, sure, the cause those charms are dead.

‘For know, when sick’ning grief doth prey,
And tender love’s repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

‘At court, I’m told, is beauty’s throne,
Where every lady’s passing rare;
That eastern flowers that shame the sun
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

‘Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the bed
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shade
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

‘‘Mong rural beauties I was one —
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

‘But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
Or ’tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition’s gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ Then, Leicester, why again I plead —
The injured surely may repine —
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

‘ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And Oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

‘ The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

‘ The simple nymphs, they little know
How far more happy’s their estate —
To smile for joy — than sigh for woe —
To be content — than to be great.

‘ How far less blest am I than them
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

‘ Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude!
Your minions proud my peace destroy
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

‘ Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear:

THE BOOK OF

They winked aside, and seemed to say
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near!’

‘And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to sooth me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

‘My spirits flag, my hopes decay,
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near!’

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green,
Woe was the hour, for nevermore
That hapless Countess e’er was seen.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient, moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As, wandering onwards, they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

W. J. Mickle

103.

The Braes of Yarrow

'BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow!'

'Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where got ye that winsome marrow?'
'I got her where I durst not well be seen —
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.'

'Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.'

THE BOOK OF

‘Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?

Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen

Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?’

‘Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;

And lang maun I nae weel be seen

Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

‘For she has tint her lover, lover dear —

Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;

And I have slain the comeliest swain

That ever pu’ed birks on the braes of Yarrow.

‘Why runs thy stream O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?

Why on thy braes is heard the voice of sorrow?

And why yon melancholious weeds

Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow.

‘What’s yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?

What’s yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!

’Tis he, the comely swain I slew

Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

‘Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears of dule and sorrow;

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,

And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

‘Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow:

GEORGIAN VERSE

And weep around, in woeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

‘Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast —
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow!’

‘Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met’st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.’

‘Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow’s braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!’

‘Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed;
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

‘Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter:
Though he was fair, and well beloved again
Than me, he never loved thee better.

‘Busk ye then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, and lo’e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow!’

THE BOOK OF

‘ How can I busk, a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk, a winsome marrow?
How lo’e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow!

‘ O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my love —
My love as he had not been a lover.

‘ The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest — ’twas my ain sewing:
Ah, wretched me! I little, little knew
He was in these to meet his ruin!

‘ The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

‘ Much I rejoiced, that woeful, woeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love and left me mourning.

‘ What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover’s blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

‘ My happy sisters may be, may be proud —
With cruel and ungentle scoffin’

GEORGIAN VERSE

May bid me seek, on Yarrow's braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

' My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me:
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

' Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door;
Let in the expected husband lover!

' But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after?

' Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow:
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

' Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved!
Oh! could my warmth to life restore thee,
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts!
No youth lay ever there before thee.

' Pale, pale indeed! O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter;
And lie all night between my breasts!
No youth shall ever lie there after.'

THE BOOK OF

‘Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!

Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!

Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs —

He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.’

W. Hamilton of Bangour

104. *William and Margaret*

‘**T**WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret’s grimly ghost,
And stood at William’s feet,

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek —
She died before her time.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘Awake!’ she cried, ‘thy true-love calls —
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

‘This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injured ghosts complain; —
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

‘Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

‘Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

‘How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

‘Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

‘That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:

THE BOOK OF

Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

‘The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

‘But hark! the cock has warned me hence.
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.’

The lark sang loud, the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret’s body lay;
And stretched him on the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret’s name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

D. Mallet

GEORGIAN VERSE

105.

A Retrospect

TWENTY lost years have stolen their hours away,
Since in this inn, e'en in this room I lay.
How chang'd! what then was rapture, fire, and air,
Seems now sad silence all and blank despair.

Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And, life advancing, fancy fades her light!
Ah! no,—nor yet is day so far declin'd,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.

'Tis that I miss th' inspirer of that youth;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth;
Death snatch'd my joys, cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.

Pensive and cold this room in each chang'd part,
I view, and shock'd from ev'ry object start;
There hung the watch that, beating hours from day,
Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.

There her dear diamond taught the sash my name,
'Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame;
That glass she dress'd at, keeps her form no more,
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor.

Oh life! deceitful lure of lost desires!
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
Scarce can a passion start, we change so fast,
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.

THE BOOK OF

Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste explore,
That ere we learn to live, we live no more.
Who then can think, yet sigh to part with breath,
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?

A. Hill

106. On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,

GEORGIAN VERSE

She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
A Favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

T. Gray

107.

In a Hermitage

THE man, whose days of youth and ease
In Nature's calm enjoyments pass'd,
Will want no monitors, like these,
To torture and alarm his last.

THE BOOK OF

The gloomy grot, the cypress shade,
The zealot's list of rigid rules,
To him are merely dull parade,
The tragic pageantry of fools.

What life affords he freely tastes,
When Nature calls, resigns his breath;
Nor age in weak repining wastes,
Nor acts alive the farce of death.

Not so the youths of Folly's train,
Impatient of each kind restraint
Which parent Nature fix'd; in vain,
To teach us man's true bliss, content.

For something still beyond enough,
With eager impotence they strive,
'Till appetite has learn'd to loathe
The very joys by which we live.

Then, fill'd with all which sour disdain
To disappointed vice can add,
Tir'd of himself, man flies from man,
And hates the world he made so bad.

W. Whitehead

108.

A Song to David

THOU, that sitt'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings:

GEORGIAN VERSE

And voice of heaven, ascending, swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou mayst now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
The peril and the prize!

Great — from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man —
The man of God's own choice.

THE BOOK OF

Valiant — the word, and up he rose;
The fight — he triumphed o'er the foes
Whom God's just laws abhor;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war.

Pious — magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple plann'd,
(The seraph in his soul:)
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good — from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
His aspect and his heart:
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean — if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear —
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear.

Sublime — invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative — on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
The Sabbath-day he blessed;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
To bless and bear the rest.

Serene — to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering, when he watched the fleece,
How sweetly Kidron purled —
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
When God had calmed the world.

Strong — in the Lord, who could def
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might.

Constant — in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth:
To Jonathan his friend
Constant, beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,
His endless fame attend.

THE BOOK OF

Pleasant — and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
Majestic was his joy.

Wise — in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
And counsel to his child.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God — the mighty source
Of all things — the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Angels — their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their cisterns wait;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Where Michael, with his millions, bows,
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate.

Of man — the semblance and effect
Of God and love — the saint elect
For infinite applause —
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause.

The world — the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where Secrecy remains in bliss,
And Wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers — of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl — even every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

THE BOOK OF

Of fishes — every size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
 Devouring man to shun:
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
 And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts — the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
 Nor yet the shades arouse;
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
 The kids exult and browse.

Of gems — their virtue and their price,
Which, hid in earth from man's device,
 Their darts of lustre sheath;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp,
 Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt,
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
 And did for audience call;
When Satan with his hand he quelled,
And in serene suspense he held
 The frantic throes of Saul.

His furious foes no more maligned
As he such melody divined,
 And sense and soul detained;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Now striking strong, now soothing soft,
He sent the godly sounds aloft,
Or in delight refrained.

When up to heaven his thoughts he piled,
From fervent lips fair Michal smiled,
As blush to blush she stood;
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utmost from her heart — ‘so brave,
And plays his hymns so good.’

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;
His Wisdom drew the plan;
His Word accomplished the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From CHRIST enthroned to Man.

Alpha, the cause of causes, first
In station, fountain, whence the burst
Of light and blaze of day;
Whence bold attempt, and brave advance,
Have motion, life, and ordinance,
And heaven itself its stay.

Gamma supports the glorious arch
On which angelic legions march,
And is with sapphires paved;
Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift,
And thence the painted folds that lift
The crimson veil, are waved.

THE BOOK OF

Eta with living sculpture breathes,
With verdant carvings, flowery wreathes,
Of never-wasting bloom;
In strong relief his goodly base
All instruments of labour grace,
The trowel, spade, and loom.

Next *Theta* stands to the supreme —
Who formed in number, sign, and scheme,
The illustrious lights that are;
And one addressed his saffron robe,
And one, clad in a silver globe,
Held rule with every star.

Iota's tuned to choral hymns
Of those that fly, while he that swims
In thankful safety lurks;
And foot, and chapter, and niche,
The various histories enrich
Of God's recorded works.

Sigma presents the social droves
With him that solitary roves,
And man of all the chief;
Fair on whose face, and stately frame,
Did God impress His hallowed name,
For ocular belief.

Omega! greatest and the best,
Stands sacred to the day of rest,
For gratitude and thought;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Which blessed the world upon his pole,
And gave the universe his goal,
And closed the infernal draught.

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebelled,
But One by passion unimpelled,
By pleasures unenticed;
He from himself hath semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in Christ.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, 'O Lord, THOU ART.'

Thou art — to give and to confirm,
For each his talent and his term;
All flesh thy bounties share:
Thou shalt not call thy brother fool:
The porches of the Christian school
Are meekness, peace, and prayer.

THE BOOK OF

Open and naked of offence,
Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense:
 God armed the snail and wilk;
Be good to him that pulls thy plough;
Due food and care, due rest allow
 For her that yields thee milk.

Rise up before the hoary head,
And God's benign commandment dread,
 Which says thou shalt not die:
'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,'
Prayed He, whose conscience knew no guilt;
 With Whose blessed pattern vie.

Use all thy passions! love is thine,
And joy and jealousy divine;
 Thine hope's eternal fort,
And care thy leisure to disturb,
With fear concupiscence to curb,
 And rapture to transport.

Act simply, as occasion asks;
Put mellow wine in seasoned casks;
 Till not with ass and bull:
Remember thy baptismal bond;
Keep thy commixtures foul and fond,
 Nor work thy flax with wool.

Distribute; pay the Lord His tithe,
And make the widow's heart-strings blithe;
 Resort with those that weep:

GEORGIAN VERSE

As you from all and each expect,
For all and each thy love direct,
And render as you reap.

The slander and its bearer spurn,
And propagating praise sojourn
To make thy welcome last;
Turn from old Adam to the New:
By hope futurity pursue:
Look upwards to the past.

Control thine eye, salute success,
Honour the wiser, happier bless,
And for their neighbour feel;
Grutch not of mammon and his leaven,
Work emulation up to heaven
By knowledge and by zeal.

O David, highest in the list
Of worthies, on God's ways insist,
The genuine word repeat!
Vain are the documents of men,
And vain the flourish of the pen
That keeps the fool's conceit.

Praise above all — for praise prevails;
Heap up the measure, load the scales,
And good to goodness add:
The generous soul her Saviour aids,
But peevish obloquy degrades;
The Lord is great and glad.

THE BOOK OF

For Adoration all the ranks
Of Angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst:
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, Thou to Thy feast,
O Blessed Bridegroom, bidst.

For Adoration seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,
Adjust, attract, and fill:
The grass the polyanthus checks;
And polished porphyry reflects,
By the descending rill.

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For Adoration; tendrils climb,
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis, with her gorgeous vest,
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

With vinous syrup cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
For Adoration springs:
All scenes of painting crowd the map
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap
The scaled infant clings.

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mong the flowering shrubs.
And lizards feed the moss;

GEORGIAN VERSE

For Adoration beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
No longer roar and toss.

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The weaned adventurer sports;
Where to the palm the jasmine cleaves,
For Adoration 'mong the leaves
The gale his peace reports.

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault
The opposing spirits tilt;
And by the coasting reader spied,
The silverlings and crusions glide
For Adoration gilt.

For Adoration ripening canes,
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff;
Where rain in clasping boughs enclosed,
And vines with oranges disposed,
Embower the social laugh.

Now labour his reward receives,
For Adoration counts his sheaves,
To peace, her bounteous prince;
The nect'rine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince.

THE BOOK OF

The wealthy crops of whitening rice
'Mongst thyrine woods and groves of spice,
For Adoration grow;
And, marshalled in the fenced land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow.

The laurels with the winter strive;
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth;
For Adoration myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

The pheasant shows his pompous neck;
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence:
The sable, with his glossy pride,
For Adoration is described,
Where frosts the waves condense.

The cheerful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their trim renew;
The squirrel hoards his nuts;
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
For Adoration shuts.

For Adoration, David's Psalms,
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;
And he, who kneels and chants,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Prevails his passions to control,
Finds meat and medicine to the soul,
Which for translation pants.

For Adoration, beyond match,
The scholar bullfinch aims to catch
The soft flute's ivory touch:
And, careless, on the hazel spray
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
The damsel's greedy clutch.

For Adoration, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
The dog, the ram, and rose;
The planets' ring, Orion's sword;
Nor is his greatness less adored
In the vile worm that glows.

For Adoration, on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
The captive ear to soothe —
Hark! 'tis a voice — how still, and small —
That makes the cataracts to fall,
Or bids the sea be smooth!

For Adoration, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums,
And from the civet's fur:
But as for prayer, or e'er it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
Than galbanum or myrrh.

THE BOOK OF

For Adoration, from the down
Of damsons to the anana's crown,
God sends to tempt the taste;
And while the luscious zest invites
The sense, that in the scene delights,
Commands desire be chaste.

For Adoration, all the paths
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh;
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

For Adoration, in the dome
Of CHRIST, the sparrows find a home;
And on his olives perch:
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O Man of GOD'S humility,
Within his Saviour's Church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet, Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle-dove,
Paired to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter, with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion — like a coal
His eyeball — like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

THE BOOK OF

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
 Ranked arms, and crested heads;
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
 And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous when the veil's withdrawn,
 The virgin to her spouse:
Beauteous the temple, decked and filled,
When to the heaven of heavens they build
 Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The Shepherd King upon his knees,
 For his momentous trust;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
 And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;
And precious, for extreme delight,
 The largess from the churl:
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And alba's blest imperial rays,
 And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere;
 Acceptable to God:

GEORGIAN VERSE

And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
Bound on the hallowed sod.

More precious that diviner part
Of David, even the Lord's own heart,
Great, beautiful, and new;
In all things where it was intent,
In all extremes, in each event,
Proof — answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;
Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights a-stream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious Hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic Amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious, — more glorious, — is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
By meekness called Thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed; —
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
Determined, Dared, and Done.

C. Smart

THE BOOK OF

109.

The Deserted Village

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.

GEORGIAN VERSE

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

THE BOOK OF

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,

GEORGIAN VERSE

I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How bless'd is he who crowns, in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be passed.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

THE BOOK OF

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

THE BOOK OF

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nutbrown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;

THE BOOK OF

Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

GEORGIAN VERSE

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail.
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd.
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind:
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;

THE BOOK OF

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare,
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart, deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they:
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go,
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;

THE BOOK OF

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive train;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

O. Goldsmith

110.

Bristowe Tragedie

Or the Dethe of Sir Charles Bawdin

THE feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edward sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokyng throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

THE BOOK OF

‘Thou’rt ryghte,’ quod he, ‘for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron’d on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie shall surelie die.’

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymn waite;
‘Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state.’

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
With harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey’d to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

‘O goode Syr Charles!’ sayd Canterlone,
‘Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.’
‘Speke boldlie, manne,’ sayd brave Syr Charles,
‘Whatte says the traytor kynge?’

‘I greeve to telle; before yonne Sonne
Does fromme the welkin flye,
Hee hathe uponne hys honour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die.’

‘Wee all must die,’ quod brave Syr Charles;
‘Of thatte I’m not affearde;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
 Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:

‘ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
 I'de sooner die to-daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
 Though I shoulde lyve for aie.’

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
 To telle the maior strait
To gett all thynges ynne reddyng
 For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
 And fell down onne hys knee;
‘ I'm come,’ quod hee, ‘ unto your grace
 To move your clemencye.’

Thenne quod the kynge, ‘ Youre tale speke out,
 You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre request may bee
 Wee wylle to ytte attende.’

‘ My nobile leige! alle my request,
 Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, though mayhap hee has donne wronge,
 Hee thoughte ytte styll was ryghte:

‘ Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
 Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff that you are resolved to lett
 Charles Bawdin die to-daie.’

THE BOOK OF

‘Speke not of such a traytour vile,’
The kynge ynn furie sayde;
‘Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

‘Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, maister Canynge! Whatte thyng else
Att present doe you neede?’

‘My nobile leige!’ goode Canynge sayde,
‘Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

‘Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ’s vycarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

‘Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
‘Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thye familie
Alle sov’reigns shall endure:

‘But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne.’

‘Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn’d my power and mee;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
Entreate my clemencye ?'

'Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle valorous actions prize;
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Although ynne enemies.'

'Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heaven
Thatt dydd mee being gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

'By Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne Heaven,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste.'
Thenne Canyng dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And sat hymn downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

'Wee all must die,' quod brave Syr Charles;
'Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

'Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
Runns overr att thyne eye;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome,
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?'

THE BOOK OF

Quod godlie Canynge, 'I doe weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.'

'Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edward, traytour kynge.

'Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

'Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

'Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

'Howe dydd I knowe thatt every darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte notte fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

'And shall I nowe, forr feare of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?

GEORGIAN VERSE

No! fromme my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

' Ah! goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guard thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

' My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

' Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

' I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe.

' Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromme the ryghte:

' Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

THE BOOK OF

' And none can saye butt alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

' I have a spouse, goe aske of her
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Black treason onne my hedde.

' Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

' Ne, hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

' Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

' Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dyd choppe your easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

' Whatte though I onne a sledde be drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,

GEORGIAN VERSE

I doe defye the traytor's power,
Hee can ne harm my mynd;

'Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynnne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

'Yett ynnne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lord
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

'Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell vayne world, and alle that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!

'Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.'

Quod Cantynge, 'Tys a goodlie thyng
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys world of payne and grefe
To Godde ynnne heaven to flie.'

And nowe the belle began to tolle,
And claryonnes to sound;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

THE BOOK OF

And just before the officers
His lovyng wyfe came ynnē,
Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

‘Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynnē quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt every Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

‘Sweet Florence! why these brinie teers?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

‘Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande’s love,
Receive thys holie kysse.’

Thenne Florence, fault’ring ynnē her saie,
Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
‘Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kyng!
Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

‘Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.’

And nowe the officers came ynnē
To bryng Syr Charles awaie,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

‘I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love

‘Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne;
Florence! shou’d dethe thee take — adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne.’

Thenne Florence rav’d as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
‘Oh staie, mye husbande, lorde, and lyfe!’
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

‘Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march’d fromme oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes full brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

THE BOOK OF

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynnē homeliē russet weedes,
 Of godliē monkysh plyghte:

Ynnē diffraunt partes a godliē psaume,
 Moste sweetliē theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of Kynge Henrie's friends
 Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynnē trappynges white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynnē hande,
 Marchèd ynnē goodliē route;

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermene,
 Ynnē clothe of scarlett deck't;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And theyre attendynge mene echone,
Lyke easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
'O thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mye soule clean thys daie!'

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
The kynge ynn myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edward hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

'Thou seest me, Edward! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

'Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to die,
By power nott thyne owne.

THE BOOK OF

‘Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie;
I have beene dede ’till now,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

‘Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeares,
Shalt rull thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
’Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

‘Thye power unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde’—
Fromme out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edward’s soule rush’d to hys face,
Hee turn’d hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

‘To hym that soe much dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee’s greater thanne a kynge!’

‘Soe let hym die!’ Duke Richard sayde;
‘And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe
And feede the carryon crows.’

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;

GEORGIAN VERSE

The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
His pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie,
' Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

' As longe as Edwarde rules thys land,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne
And brookes wythe bloude shall flowe.

' You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adversitey;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye.'

Thenne he, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A prayer to Godde dyd make,
Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
Hys partunge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layde hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke.

THE BOOK OF

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enowe to washe't awaie,
Dydd flow fromme each manne's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre,
Ynnto foure partes cutte;
And every parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heaven Godd's mercie synge!

T. Chatterton

III.

Eclogue

Robert and Raufe

WHEN England, smoking from her deadly wound,
From her galled neck did pluck the chain away,
Knowing her lawful sons fall all around,
(Mighty they fell, 'twas honour led the fray);

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then in a dale, by eve's dark mantle gray,
Two lonely shepherds did abrodden fly,
(The rustling leaf doth their white hearts affray),
And with the owlet trembled and did cry;
First Robert Neatherd his sore bosom stroke,
Then fell upon the ground and thus y-spoke.

Rob. Ah, Raufe! if thus the hours do come along,
If thus we fly in chase of farther woe,
Our foot will fail; albeit we be strong,
Nor will our pace swift as our danger go.
To our great wrongs we have enhepèd moe.
The Barons' war! Oh, woe and well-a-day!
I haveth life, but have escapèd so,
That life itself my senses do affray.
Oh Raufe, come list, and hear my dernie tale,
Come hear the baleful doom of Robin of the Dale

Raufe. Say to me naught; I know thy woe in mine.
Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus might tell.
Sweet flowerets, mantled meadows, forests digne,
Gravots, far-seen, around the hermit's cell,
The sweet ribible sounding in the dell,
The joyous dancing in the hoastrie court;
Eke the high song and every joy, farewell!
Farewell, the very shade of fair disport;
Annoying trouble on my head do come,
Nor one kind saint to ward the aye-increasing doom

Rob. Oh! I could wail my kingcup-deckèd mees,
My spreading flocks of sheep of lily white,

THE BOOK OF

My tender applynges, and embodyde trees,
My parker's grange, far-spreading to the sight,
My tender cows, my bullocks strong in fight,
My garden whitened with the comfreie plant,
My flower Saint-Mary shooting with the light,
My store of all the blessings heaven can grant;
I am duressèd unto sorrow's blow,
Accustomed to the pain, will let no salt tear flow.

Raufe. Here I will abide until death do 'pear,
Here, like a foul empoisoned deadly tree,
Which slayeth every one that cometh near,
So will I, fixèd unto this place, gre.
I to lament haveth more cause than thee;
Slain in the war my much-loved father lies;
Oh! joyous I his murderer would slea,
And by his side for aye enclose mine eyes.
Cast out from every joy, here will I bleed,
Fed is the 'cullis-gate of my heart's castle-stead.

Rob. Our woes alike, alike our fate shall be.
My son, my only son, y-storven is;
Here will I stay, and end my life with thee;
A life like mine a burden is, I wis.
Now from e'en lodges fled is happiness,
Minsters alone can boast the holy saint.
Now doeth England wear a bloody dress,
And with her champions' gore her face depeyncte,
Peace fled, disorder sheweth her dark rode,
And thórough air doth fly, in garments stained with
blood.

T. Chatterton

GEORGIAN VERSE

112. *On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet*

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

THE BOOK OF

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm — his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

S. Johnson

113.

Last Verses

FAREWELL, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of mammon, worshippers of trick!
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise.
Farewell, ye guzzling aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for corruption's tools!
I go to where celestial anthems swell;
But you, when you depart, will sink to hell.
Farewell, my mother! — cease, my anguished soul,
Nor let distraction's billows o'er me roll!
Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.

T. Chatterton

GEORGIAN VERSE

114. *Epitaph, Intended for Himself*

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its moulding tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet, for a while, 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties; thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read, unmov'd, my artless tender tale;
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

J. Beattie

115. *The Grave*

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains

THE BOOK OF

The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes,
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damp and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome!
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark — how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary.
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud! The gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead! Rous'd from their slumbers,

GEORGIAN VERSE

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night!
Again the screech owl shrieks — ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds; some rift half down
Their branchless trunks, others so thin a-top
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here.
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd!
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching-time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequering through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lies below.
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels.
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand

THE BOOK OF

O'er some new open'd grave; and, strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock!

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
(Sad sight!) slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the man
She drops: while busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave — how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Sweet murm'ring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love, the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
Seemed too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last! Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose very look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Caesars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work,

THE BOOK OF

Alas, how slim — dishonourably slim! —
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name —
Proud royalty! How alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and pow'rless now;
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave —
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple;
(O cruel irony!) these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honour!
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound, as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the baser born, to rot in state!

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour

GEORGIAN VERSE

To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors and coronation pomps
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done;
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death! nor there stops short
Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,

THE BOOK OF

And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet, spent at last by the injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. O lamentable sight!
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins!
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time: her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them.
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge!
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale!

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood:
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost
Implacable! Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave were not a shred of nature,
Of the same common substance with his Lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kins-
man!

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume!

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The Grave discredits thee. Thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!

THE BOOK OF

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair one weeps! The conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! The swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too! thou surly, and gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan indeed,
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well spread shoulders?
See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! Hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan!
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still! What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And, trav'ling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers-by!
Great man of language! whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
Alas, how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!

THE BOOK OF

Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along —
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm, with red resentment, the wan cheek!

Here the great masters of the healing arts,
Those mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate! Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! From stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire. Nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research!
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper of the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas, thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift),
From back and belly too their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodg'd,

GEORGIAN VERSE

By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah, where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye, now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold, when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come!

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions,
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood, and every groan
She heaves is big with horror! But the foe,
Like a stanch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin!

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be when, near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!

THE BOOK OF

That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!
For part they must — body and soul must part!
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung! then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the Heavens; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel: —
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But, if there's an hereafter —
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man —
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Self-murder! Name it not; our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord! Dreadful attempt,
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark — 'tis mad!
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out

THE BOOK OF

What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death. 'Twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more.
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well — 'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick! Here fall the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority,
Yet, strange, the living lay it not to heart!
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not

GEORGIAN VERSE

That soon some trusty brother of the 'trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of Death and of ourselves
At the same time! — as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in!
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Icelander and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,

THE BOOK OF

Are huddled out of sight! Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts,
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and, when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
• Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years!

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within. No fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The generous soil with a luxurious hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! But ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;

THE BOOK OF

But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire; not long he enjoy'd
His Paradise! Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again! And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loit'rer forth: nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God! If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder — Man has sinn'd!
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment — destructive measure —
Where the worst thing could happen, is success!
Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more:
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, and loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin!
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find

THE BOOK OF

A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless! Sickneses,
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind! O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none!
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gasp'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings:

GEORGIAN VERSE

As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine, and War, were not thy caterers!

But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Daylight, and liberty. —
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
The minds that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou could'st not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shewed himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to Heaven. Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.

THE BOOK OF

Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in,
Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is there should his followers be.
Death only lies between, a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing. Death disarm'd
Loses its fellness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then — O then
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought! O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
Tis done — and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. E'en the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolat: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God

THE BOOK OF

Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but, amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more!
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!

Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

R. Blair

116. *The Complaint of Nature*

FEW are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering Hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold, sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field,
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When the chill blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades,
And, shaking to the wind,

THE BOOK OF

The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return:
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who, from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.

Thus Nature poured the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard; then from his throne
In majesty he rose,
And from the heaven, that opened wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls, a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.

M. Bruce

THE BOOK OF

117. *To the Evening Star*

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion stays:
And now to Hesper it is given
Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of brighter rays.

O Hesper, while the starry throng
With awe thy path surrounds,
Oh, listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
Thee still invoke to shine;
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb;
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm;
But lead where music's healing charm
May soothe afflicted love.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belongs:
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

Nor seldom, where the beechen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We came while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held;
Till, by a clamorous owl compell'd,
She fled the solemn shade.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marl with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane,
Which leads to her retreat.

See the green space: on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around:
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

THE BOOK OF

Hark how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends;
The stars shine out; the forest bends;
The wakeful heifers gaze.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequest'd spot,
If then the plaintive Siren sing,
O softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

O think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise;
What ruin waits on kingly rage;
How often virtue dwells with woe;
How many griefs from knowledge flow;
How swiftly pleasure flies.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

M. Akenside

GEORGIAN VERSE

118. *Ode to Evening*

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

THE BOOK OF

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car:

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

W. Collins

119.

An Ode

In Imitation of Alcaeus

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown

THE BOOK OF

Hides her faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,

Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!

No more shall Freedom smile?

Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?

Since all must life resign,

Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,

'Tis folly to decline,

And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Sir W. Jones

120. *The World's Treasures*

STRUCTURES, raised by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends from high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys, that in possession pass.

Transient, fickle, light and gay,
Flatt'ring only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life, like all its circles — vain!

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand her store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

E. Moore

121.

Hope

SUN of the Soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

J. Langborne



The Book of Georgian Verse
Book Second



GEORGIAN VERSE

122.

To the Muses

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceas'd;

Whether in heav'n ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove.
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

W. Blake

123.

Hear the Voice

HEAR the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, and Future, sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walk'd among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsèd Soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;

THE BOOK OF

That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen fallen light renew!

'O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass;
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

'Turn away no more;
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Is given thee till the break of day.'

W. Blake

124.

To Spring

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavillions: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee!

W. Blake

125.

Song

FRESH from the dewy hill, the merry year
Smiles on my head and mounts his flaming car;
Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,
And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are wing'd, while o'er the dewy lawn,
I meet my maiden risen like the morn:
Oh bless those holy feet, like angels' feet;
Oh bless those limbs, beaming with heav'nly light.

Like as an angel glitt'ring in the sky
In times of innocence and holy joy;
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song
To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So when she speaks, the voice of heaven I hear;
So when we walk, nothing impure comes near;
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

THE BOOK OF

But that sweet village where my black-ey'd maid
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade,
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

W. Blake

126. *Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'*

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
Saft the westlan' breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O!
Sweet the crowsfoot's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O!

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkillock's sunny bae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never weary, O!
Towering o'er the Newton wuds,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white cluds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery, O!

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the bae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O!
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!

R. Tannabill

127.

Song

HOW sweet I roam'd from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
'Till I the prince of love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

W. Blake

128.

The Echoing Green

THE Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;

THE BOOK OF

The sky lark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the Echoing Green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

W. Blake.

GEORGIAN VERSE

129.

Eternity

HE who bends to himself a joy
Doth the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

W. Blake

130.

To the Butterfly

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening-sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
— Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

S. Rogers

131.

The Lily and the Rose

THE Nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she;
But where will fierce contention end,
If Flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of Queen —
The Lily and the Rose.

THE BOOK OF

The Rose soon reddened into rage;
And, swelling with disdain,
Appealed to many a Poet's Page,
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command;
A fair imperial flower,
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power!

This civil bick'ring and debate
The Goddess chanced to hear;
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre!

'Yours is,' she said, 'the noblest hue;
And yours, the statelier mien;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a Queen!'

Thus soothed and reconciled, each seeks
The fairest British Fair;
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

W. Cowper

132. *My Pretty Rose-Tree*

A FLOWER was offer'd to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said, 'I've a Pretty Rose-tree,'
And I passèd the sweet flower o'er.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree,
To tend her by day and by night,
But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight.

W. Blake

133.

The Rose

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it — it fell to the ground.

‘And such,’ I exclaimed, ‘is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned!’

‘This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be followed perhaps by a smile.’

W. Cowper

THE BOOK OF

134.

Ah! Sun-Flower

AH, sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my sun-flower wishes to go.

W. Blake

135.

The Groves of Blarney

THE groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams,
Being banked with posies,
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order

By the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
The daffodowndilly —
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
The sweet fragrant air.

GEORGIAN VERSE

'Tis Lady Jeffers
That owns this station;
Like Alexander,
 Or Queen Helen fair;
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For emulation,
 Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder
 Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
 In her battlement.

There's gravel walks there,
For speculation,
And conversation
 In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
 In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
 Those shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier
He may transport her

THE BOOK OF

Into some fort, or
All under ground.

For 'tis there's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are forever bred;
Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a feather-bed.
'Tis there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing
This noble place in —
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air!
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni'
Could not entwine;

GEORGIAN VERSE

But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

R. A. Millikin

136.

Logan Braes

BY Logan's streams that rin sae deep
Fu' aft, wi' glee, I've herded sheep,
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
And fu' o' grief I herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair, at Logan kirk, will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me —
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane —
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en when hope amaist is gane,
I dander dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath the trysting-tree,
Where first he spak of love to me.
O! cou'd I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain;

THE BOOK OF

Rever'd by friends, and far frae faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

J. Mayne

137. *The Rowan Tree*

O ROWAN tree, O rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear
to me!

Intwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy.
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flowers the
simmer's pride;

There wasna sic a bonnie tree in a' the country side.
O rowan tree!

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi'.a' thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and
bright!

On thy fair stem were mony names which now nae mair
I see,

But they're engraven on my heart — forgot they ne'er can
be!

O rowan tree!

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round
thee ran,

They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang.
My mother! O I see her still, she smiled our sports to
see,

Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.

O rowan tree!

GEORGIAN VERSE

O there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm;
How sweet was then my mother's voice in the Martyr's
psalm!

Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the rowan tree!
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and
infancy.

O rowan tree!

Lady C. Nairne

138.

Burnham-Beeches

A BARD, dear muse, unapt to sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches.
Help me to touch the lyric string,
In praise of Burnham-beeches.

What tho' my tributary lines
Be less like Pope's than Creech's,
The theme, if not the poet, shines,
So bright are Burnham-beeches.

O'er many a dell and upland walk,
Their silvan beauty reaches,
Of Birnam-wood let Scotland talk,
While we've our Burnham-beeches.

Oft do I linger, oft, return,
(Say, who my taste impeaches)
Where holly, juniper, and fern,
Spring up round Burnham-beeches.

THE BOOK OF

Tho' deep embower'd their shades among,
The owl at midnight screeches,
Birds of far merrier, sweeter song,
Enliven Burnham-beeches.

If 'sermons be in stones,' I'll bet
Our vicar, when he preaches,
He'd find it easier far to get
A hint from Burnham-beeches.

Their glossy rind here winter stains,
Here the hot solstice bleaches.
Bow, stubborn oaks! bow, graceful planes!
Ye match not Burnham-beeches.

Gardens may boast a tempting show
Of nectarines, grapes, and peaches,
But daintiest truffles lurk below
The boughs of Burnham-beeches.

Poets and painters, hither hie,
Here ample room for each is
With pencil and with pen to try
His hand at Burnham-beeches.

When monks, by holy Church well schooled,
Were lawyers, statesmen, leeches,
Cured souls and bodies, judged or ruled,
Then flourished Burnham-beeches.

Skirting the convent's walls of yore,
As yonder ruin teaches,

GEORGIAN VERSE

But shaven crown and cowl no more
Shall darken Burnham-beeches.

Here bards have mused, here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined, and, parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham-beeches.

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham-beeches.

Hold! tho' I'd fain be jingling on,
My power no further reaches —
Again that rhyme? enough — I've done,
Farewell to Burnham-beeches.

H. Luttrell

139.

Reeds of Innocence

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped; he wept to hear.

THE BOOK OF

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

W. Blake

140.

Infant Joy

'I HAVE no name:
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

W. Blake

GEORGIAN VERSE

141.

Infant Sorrow

MY mother groan'd, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt;
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling-bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

W. Blake

142.

A Cradle Song

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.

THE BOOK OF

Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smil'd;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy maker lay and wept for me.

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

W. Blake

143.

Cradle Song

BALOO, baloo, my wee wee thing;
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy daddy now is far awa',
A sailor laddie o'er the sea;

GEORGIAN VERSE

But hope aye hechts his safe return
To you, my bonnie lamb, and me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, and mild,
Like ony simmer e'ening fa';
Thy sparkling e'e is bonnie black;
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O, but thy daddie's absence, lang,
Might break my dowie heart in twa,
Wert thou na left, a dawtit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa.

R. Gall

144. *Nurse's Song*

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

'Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.'

THE BOOK OF

‘No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all cover’d with sheep.’

‘Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.’
The little ones leapèd and shoutèd and laugh’d
And all the hills echoèd.

W. Blake

145.

The Lamb

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o’er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb,* who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I’ll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I’ll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

W. Blake

146. *Laughing Song*

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha, Ha, He!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
When our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha, Ha, He!'

W. Blake

147. *The School Boy*

I LOVE to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;

THE BOOK OF

Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing;
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father and mother, if buds are nip'd
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are strip'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

W. Blake

GEORGIAN VERSE

148. *The Chimney Sweeper*

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd: so I said
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.'

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight! —
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Jo, Ned and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So if all do thier duty they need not fear harm.

W. Blake

THE BOOK OF

149. *The Chimney Sweeper*

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother, say?' —
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothèd me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

W. Blake

150. *The Little Black Boy*

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

'Look on the rising sun, — there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

' And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

' For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying: "come out from the grove, My love and care,
And round My golden tent like lambs rejoice." '

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

W. Blake

151. *Holy Thursday*

'TWAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue
and green,
Grey headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white
as snow,
Till unto the high dome of Paul's they like Thames'
waters flow.

THE BOOK OF

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town!

Seated in companies, they sit with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.
Beneath them sit the agèd men, wise guardians of the poor;

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

W. Blake

152. *A Little Boy Lost*

'**N**OUGHT loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to Thought
A greater than itself to know:

'And, Father, how can I love you
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.'

The Priest sat by and heard the child,
In trembling zeal he seiz'd his hair:
He led him by his little coat,
And all admir'd the priestly care.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And standing on the altar high,
'Lo! what a fiend is here,' said he,
'One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy Mystery.'

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They strip'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

W. Blake

153.

The Little Boy Lost

I

'FATHER! father! where are you going?
O, do not walk so fast.
Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost.'

The night was dark, no father was there;
The child was wet with dew;
The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
And away the vapour flew.

W. Blake

THE BOOK OF

154. *The Little Boy Found*

II

THE little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wand'ring light,
Began to cry; but God, ever nigh,
Appear'd like his father, in white.

He kissèd the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.

W. Blake

155. *A Dream*

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilder'd, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say:

'O, my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see:
Now return and weep for me.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

Pitying, I drop'd a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied: 'What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home.'

W. Blake

156. *Auguries of Innocence*

TO see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.
A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell thro' all its regions.
A dog starv'd at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the state.
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear.
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.
The game-cock clipt and arm'd for fight
Does the rising sun affright.

THE BOOK OF

Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from hell a human soul.
The wild deer, wand'ring here and there,
Keeps the human soul from care.
The lamb misus'd breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be belov'd by men.
He who the ox to wrath has mov'd
Shall never be by woman lov'd.
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity.
He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.
The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh.
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the polar bar.
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them and thou wilt grow fat.
The gnat that sings his summer's song
Poison gets from slander's tongue.
The poison of the snake and newt
Is the sweat of envy's foot.
The poison of the honey bee
Is the artist's jealousy.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The prince's robes and beggar's rags
Are toadstools on the miser's bags.
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Thro' the world we safely go.
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine.
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
The babe is more than swaddling bands;
Throughout all these human lands
Tools were made, and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in eternity;
This is caught by females bright,
And return'd to its own delight.
The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar,
Are waves that beat on heaven's shore.
The babe that weeps the rod beneath
Writes revenge in realms of death.
The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,
Does to rags the heavens tear.
The soldier, arm'd with sword and gun,
Palsied strikes the summer's sun.
The poor man's farthing is worth more
Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
One mite wrung from the lab'rer's hands
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands;

THE BOOK OF

Or, if protected from on high,
Does that whole nation sell and buy.
He who mocks the infant's faith
Shall be mock'd in age and death.
He who shall teach the child to doubt
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.
He who respects the infant's faith
Triumphs over hell and death.
The child's toys and the old man's reasons
Are the fruits of the two seasons.
The questioner, who sits so sly,
Shall never know how to reply.
He who replies to words of doubt
Doth put the light of knowledge out.
The strongest poison ever known
Came from Caesar's laurel crown.
Nought can deform the human race
Like to the armour's iron brace.
When gold and gems adorn the plow
To peaceful arts shall envy bow.
A riddle, or the cricket's cry,
Is to doubt a fit reply.
The emmet's inch and eagle's mile
Make lame philosophy to smile.
He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the sun and moon should doubt
They'd immediately go out.
To be in a passion you good may do,
But no good if a passion is in you.
The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding-sheet.
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
Dance before dead England's hearse.
Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born,
Every morn and every night *
Some are born to sweet delight.
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.
We are led to believe a lie
When we see not thro' the eye,
Which was born in a night to perish in a night,
When the soul slept in beams of light.
God appears, and God is light,
To those poor souls who dwell in night;
But does a human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day.

W. Blake

157.

Song

THEY who may tell love's wistful tale,
Of half its cares are lighten'd;
Their bark is tacking to the gale,
The sever'd cloud is brighten'd.

Love, like the silent stream, is found
Beneath the willows lurking,
The deeper, that it hath no sound
To tell its ceaseless working.

THE BOOK OF

Submit, my heart; thy lot is cast,
I feel its inward token;
I feel this misery will not last,
Yet last till thou art broken.

J. Baillie.

158.

Love's Secret

NEVER seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be:
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears:—
Ah! she did depart.

Soon after she was gone from me
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

W. Blake

159.

A Red, Red Rose

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

GEORGIAN VERSE

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I;
And I will luvè thee still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luvè!
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Luvè,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

R. Burns

160. *O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair*

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By Autumn wild, and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

THE BOOK OF

O there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light!

R. Burns

161. My Damon Was the First to Wake

MY Damon was the first to wake
The gentle flame that cannot die;
My Damon is the last to take
The faithful bosom's softest sigh:
The life between is nothing worth,
O! cast it from thy thought away;
Think of the day that gave it birth,
And this its sweet returning day.

Buried be all that has been done,
Or say that naught is done amiss;
For who the dangerous path can shun
In such bewildering world as this?
But love can every fault forgive,
Or with a tender look reprove;
And now let naught in memory live,
But that we meet, and that we love.

G. Crabbe

162. Dry Be That Tear

DY be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hushed that struggling sigh;
Nor seasons, day, nor fate shall prove,
More fixed, more true, than I.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear;
Cease, boding doubt; cease, anxious fear —
Dry be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love shall stay,
When all that's new is past?
How long? Ah! Delia, can I say,
How long my life shall last?
Dry be that tear, be hushed that sigh;
At least I'll love thee till I die —
Hushed be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee, too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he, who only breathed for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here —
Dry be that tear.

R. B. Sheridan

163. *Thou Canst Not Boast*

THOU canst not boast of Fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call:
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For with my heart I'd give thee all,
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show

THE BOOK OF

That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow;
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

R. B. Sheridan

164. *Saw Ye My Wee Thing?*

‘OH, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down by yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie whare flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lintwhite, her skin it is milkwhite,
Dark is the blue o’ her saft rolling e’e;
Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
Whare could my wee thing ha’e wandered frae me?’

‘I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met a bonnie thing, late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie whare flowers the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lintwhite, her skin it was milkwhite;
Dark was the blue o’ her saft rolling e’e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.’

‘It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never lo’ed ony till ance she lo’ed me

GEORGIAN VERSE

Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castlecary;
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee.
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gi'e kisses to thee.'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castlecary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree.
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.'
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
And wild flashed the fire frae his red-rolling e'e:
'Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lee!'

'Awa' wi' beguiling!' cried the youth smiling:
Aff went the bonnet, the lintwhite locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid with the dark rolling e'e.
'Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?'
'Oh Jamie, forgi'e me! your heart's constant to me.
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

H. Macneil

165. *The Crook and Plaid*

ILK lassie has a laddie she lo'es abune the rest,
Ilk lassie has a laddie, if she like to confess 't,
That is dear unto her bosom, whatever be his trade;
But my lover's aye the laddie that wears the crook and
plaid.

THE BOOK OF

Ilk morn he climbs the mountains, his fleecy flocks to
view,

And hears the laverocks chanting, new sprung frae 'mang
the dew;

His bonnie wee bit doggie, sae frolicsome and glad,
Rins aye before the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

And when that he is wearied, and lies upon the grass,
What if that in his plaidie he hide a bonnie lass? —
Nae doubt there's a preference due to every trade,
But commend me to the laddie that wears the crook and
plaid.

And when in summer weather he is upon the hill,
He reads in books of history that learns him meikle skill;
There's nae sic joyous leisure to be had at ony trade
Save that the laddie follows that wears the crook and plaid.

What though in storms o' winter part o' his flock should die,
My laddie is aye cheery, and why should not I?
The prospect o' the summer can weel mak' us glad;
Contented is the lassie that wears the crook and plaid.

King David was a shepherd while in the prime o' youth,
And following the flocks he pondered upon the truth;
And when he came to be a king, and left his former trade,
'Twas an honour to the laddie that wears the crook and
plaid.

I. Pagan

GEORGIAN VERSE

166.

Mary Morison

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stour,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town.
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

R. Burns

THE BOOK OF

167. *I Lo'ed Ne'er a Laddie but Ane*

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane,
He lo'es na a lassie but me;
He's willing to mak' me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.
He coft me a rokelay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
He vowed that he'd ever be true,
And I plighted my troth yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land and their lordly degree;
I carena for aught but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me.
His words are sae sugared, sae sweet,
His sense drives ilk fear far awa' ;
I listen, puir fool, and I greet,
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

' Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,
' Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say:
Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

' O Menie, the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!'

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile —
Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss.
Ye lasses wha' lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks; I ha'e gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.
H. Macneil

168. *O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast*

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
, On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,

THE BOOK OF

The brightest jewel in my Crown
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

R. Burns

169. *The Maid That Tends the Goats*

UP amang yon cliffy rocks
Sweetly rings the rising echo
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,
And he's promised aye to lo'e me;
Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine
Till he's fairly married to me.

Drive away, ye drone, time,
And bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;
Aften does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae softly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flock together.
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
Canty glee, or Highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel, or round a ring.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Wightly can he wield a rung;
In a brawl he's aye the bangster;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest-winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang."
W. Dudgeon

170. *Of A' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between:
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

R. Burns

THE BOOK OF

171. *Lass, Gin Ye Lo'e Me*

I HA'E laid a herring in saut,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!
I ha'e brewed a forpit o' maut,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow;
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a but and I ha'e a ben;
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!
I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo
I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
I downa eat it all myself;
And I winna come ony mair to woo.

J. Tytler

GEORGIAN VERSE

172. *Oh! Dinna Ask Me Gin I Lo'e Thee*

O H! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee, —
Troth, I dar'na tell:
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye —
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true:
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I dar'na look at you!

When ye gang to yon braw, braw toun,
And bonnier lassies see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me!

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And oh, I'm sure my heart would break
Gin ye'd prove false to me!

J. Dunlop

173. *Bonnie Lesley*

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

THE BOOK OF

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects, we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say — "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

R. Burns

174. *Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane*

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

GEORGIAN VERSE

How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

R. Tannabill

175.

Mailligh Mo Stoir

AS down by Banna's banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes,
Made vocal every spray;

THE BOOK OF

They sung their little notes of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er,
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhé, mo cailín og,*
'Si Mailligh mo stoir.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields —
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhé, etc.*

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhé, etc.*

You said you loved me, Molly dear!
Ah? why did I believe!
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I asked on earth —
Nay, Heaven could give no more.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhé, etc.*

O had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Or lowed for me the numerous herds
That yon green pasture fill —
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhé, etc.*

Two turtle-doves, above my head,
Sat courting on a bough;
I envied them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me was shown,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhé, etc.*

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!
Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
Whilst life remains in my poor heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone:
Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
Its choicest blessings pour.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhé, mo cailín og,*
'Si Mailligh mo stoir.

G. Ogle

176. *The Hazelwood Witch*

FOR many lang year I ha'e heard frae my grannie
Of brownies and bogles by yon castle wa',
Of auld withered hags that were never thought canny,
And fairies that danced till they heard the cock crow.

THE BOOK OF

I leugh at her tales, and last ook, i' the gloaming
I dandered, alane, down the Hazelwood green;
Alas! I was reckless, and rue sair my roaming,
For I met a young witch wi' twa bonnie black een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,
Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless and blue;
I lookit again, and my heart fell a dancing;
Whan I wad hae spoken she glamoured my mou',
O wae to her cantrips! for dumpish I wander;
At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;
For she dances before me wherever I dander,
The Hazelwood witch wi' the bonnie black een.

R. Gall

177. *The Maid of Llanwellyn*

I 'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
No corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Softly tapping at eve to her window I came,
And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame;
For shame, silly Lightfoot! what is it to thee,
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

The farmer rides proudly to market or fair,
The clerk at the alehouse still claims the great chair,
But, of all our proud fellows, the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

GEORGIAN VERSE

For blithe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as a matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as a lady of gentle degree,
Is the Maid of Llanwellyn, who smiles upon me.

J. Baillie

178. *The Lass o' Arranteenie*

FAR lone amang the Highland-hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
Just opening fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And 's scarcely seen by ony;
Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean,
There Av'rice guides the bounding prow
Ambition courts promotion:—
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favours many;

THE BOOK OF

Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

R. Tannahill

179. *My Bonnie Mary*

GO, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready:
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody;
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry!
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

R. Burns

180. *Kate of Garnavilla*

HAVE you been at Garnavilla?
Have you seen at Garnavilla
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Oh! she's pure as virgin snows
Ere they light on woodland hill-O;
Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose
Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listened oft
To thy lay, nigh weeping willow:
Oh! the strain more sweet, more soft,
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

As a noble ship I've seen
Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
So I've marked the graceful mien
Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.

Charming maid of Garnavilla!
Lovely maid of Garnavilla!
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
On lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

E. Lysaght

THE BOOK OF

181.

The Lass o' Gowrie

'TWAS on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed doun,
A lassie wi' a braw new gown
Cam' owre the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud washed in simmer's shower
Bloomed fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there;
And oh! the scene was passing fair,
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into grey,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had wooed,
And truth and constancy had vowed,
But could nae speed wi' her I lo'ed
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my faither's ha'—
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun that there nae blast could blaw:—
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say;
The bairnies thocht they wad get play
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.

GEORGIAN VERSE

She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet;
The blush and tear were on her cheek;
She naething said, and hung her head; —
But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

Lady C. Nairne

182.

Loch Erroch Side

AS I cam' by Loch Erroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather blooms,
Their fragrance sweet conveying;
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
I found her like May morning;
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I prest her!
And she her wishes scarce concealed
As fondly I caressed her.
She said, 'If that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not care, nor fortune's frowns,
For nought but death shall move me.

'But faithful, loving, true, and kind
For ever shalt thou find me;
And of our meeting here so sweet
Loch Erroch sweet shall mind me.'
Enraptured then, 'My lovely lass,'
I cried, 'no more we'll tarry!

THE BOOK OF

We'll leave the fair Loch Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry.²

J. Tytler

183. *By Yon Burn Side*

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn
side,
Where the bushes form a cosie den, on yon burn side;
Though the broomy knowes be green,
And there we may be seen,
Yet we'll meet — we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn
side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower, on yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn side;
There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
While in ither's arms they lie, down by yon burn side.

Awa', ye rude, unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn side;
There fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murmuring stream,
And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' goud, on yon burn
side,
And gloamin' draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn side;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll through the fields alane,
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean, down by yon burn
side.

R. Tannabill

184. *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie Dearie.

Hark! the mavis' e'ening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie Dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels, spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near;
My bonnie Dearie.

THE BOOK OF

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die — but canna part,
My bonnie Dearie.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie Dearie.

R. Burns

185.

Ca' the Yowes

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

'Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

'I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool;
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauſ-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye’s e lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.’

‘If ye’ll but stand to what ye’ve said,
I’s e gang wi’ you, my shepherd lad;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.’

‘While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin’ my e’e,
Ye aye shall be my dearie.’

I. Pagan

186. *The Braes o’ Balquhither*

LET us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o’ Balquhither,
Where the blaeberries grow
’Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o’ Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I’ll cover it o’er
Wi’ the flowers o’ the mountain;

THE BOOK OF

I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shielin' ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

R. Tannabill

187. O'er the Muir Among the Heather

COMING through the Craigs o' Kyle,
Among the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

GEORGIAN VERSE

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, ' My dear, where is thy hame ?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether ?'
Says she, ' I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.'

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we lay she sung a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther;
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was ' O'er the muir amang the heather !'

She charmed my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony ither:
By sea and sky she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather !

O'er the muir amang the heather,
Down amang the blooming heather:—
By sea and sky she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather !

J. Glover

THE BOOK OF

188. *Green Grow the Rashes*

GREEN grow the rashes, O —
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O!

Green grow, etc.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O:
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, etc.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

Green grow, etc.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, etc.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, etc.

R. Burns

189. *Could I Find a Bonnie Glen*

COULD I find a bonnie glen,
Warm and calm, warm and calm:

Could I find a bonnie glen,
Warm and calm;

Free frae din, and far frae men,
There my wanton kids I'd pen,
Where woodbines shade some den,
Breathing balm, breathing balm;
Where woodbines shade some den,
Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill
Shields the deer, shields the deer;
Where the steep and woody hill
Shields the deer;

Where the woodlark, singing shrill,
Guards his nest beside the rill,
And the thrush, with tawny bill,
Warbles clear, warbles clear;
Where the thrush, with tawny bill,
Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall
Echoes round, echoes round;

THE BOOK OF

Where the dashing waterfall
Echoes round;
And the rustling aspen tall,
And the owl, at evening's call,
Plaining from the ivied wall,
Joins the sound, joins the sound;
Plaining from the ivied wall,
Joins the sound.

There my only love I'd own,
All unseen, all unseen;
There my only love I'd own,
All unseen;
There I'd live for her alone,
To the restless world unknown,
And my heart should be the throne
For my queen, for my queen;
And my heart should be the throne
For my queen!

Mrs. Grant of Laggan

190. *Epistle from Lord Boringdon to Lord Granville*

OF you have ask'd me, Granville, why
Of late I heave the frequent sigh?
Why, moping, melancholy, low,
From supper, commons, wine, I go?
Why bows my mind, by care oppress'd;
By day no peace, by night no rest?
Hear, then, my friend, and ne'er you knew
A tale so tender, and so true—

GEORGIAN VERSE

Hear what, tho' shame my tongue restrain
My pen with freedom shall explain.

Say, Granville, do you not remember,
About the middle of November,
When Blenheim's hospitable lord
Received us at his cheerful board;
How fair the Ladies Spencer smiled,
Enchanting, witty, courteous, mild?
And mark'd you not, how many a glance
Across the table, shot by chance
From fair Eliza's graceful form,
Assail'd and took my heart by storm?
And mark'd you not, with earnest zeal,
I ask'd her, if she'd have some veal?
And how, when conversation's charms
Fresh vigour gave to love's alarms,
My heart was scorch'd, and burnt to tinder,
When talking to her at the *winder*?
These facts premised, you can't but guess
The cause of my uneasiness,
For you have heard, as well as I,
That she'll be married speedily;
And then — my grief more plain to tell —
Soft cares, sweet tears, fond hopes, — farewell!
But still, tho' false the fleeting dream,
Indulge awhile the tender theme,
And hear, had fortune yet been kind,
How bright the prospect of the mind.
O! had I had it in my power
To wed her — with a suited dower —
And proudly bear the beauteous maid
To Saltrum's venerable shade, —

THE BOOK OF

Or if she liked not woods at Saltrum,
Why, nothing easier then to alter 'em, —
Then had I tasted bliss sincere,
And happy been from year to year.
How changed this scene! for now, my Granville,
Another match is on the anvil,
And I, a widow'd dove, complain,
And feel no refuge from my pain —
Save that of pitying Spencer's sister,
Who's lost a lord, and gained a *Mister*.

G. Canning

191. *The Sleeping Beauty*

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile —
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes.
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
And more, and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow:
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish — and fear to know!

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast:
— And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above controul
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee:

GEORGIAN VERSE

And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

S. Rogers

192. *O, Are Ye Sleeping, Maggie?*

*O, ARE ye sleepin', Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie!*

Mirk and rainy is the night;
No a starn in a' the carry:
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the hur-tree bank;
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yett does clank;
And cry o' howlets mak's me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddy;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek:
O rise, rise, my bonnie laddy!

She oped the door; she let me in:
I cuist aside my dreepin' plaidie;
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!

THE BOOK OF

*Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For bour-tree bank and warlock craigie?*

R. Tannahill

193. *Blow High! Blow Low!*

‘ **B**LOW high, blow low! let tempest tear
The mainmast by the board!
My heart (with thoughts of thee, my dear!
And love well stored)
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear.
The roaring wind, the raging sea,
In hopes, on shore,
To be once more
Safe moored with thee.

‘ Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee.
And this shall be my Song,
Blow high, blow low! let tempest tear, etc

‘ And on that night (when all the crew
The memory of their former lives,
O’er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives),
I’ll heave a sigh,
And think of thee.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my Song shall be,
Blow high, blow low! let tempest tear,' etc.

C. Dibdin

194. *The Laird o' Cockpen*

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State:
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell;
At his table-head he thought she'd look well —
McClish's ae daughter o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat, —
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that!

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
And rapped at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee:
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben, —
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doun.

THE BOOK OF

And when she cam' ben he bowed fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na';—
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turn'd awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he; but nae sigh did he gi'e,
He mounted his mare, and rade cannily;
And aften he thought as he gaed through the glen,
'She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!'

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
'Oh, for ane I'll get better its waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

Lady C. Nairne

195. *Come Under My Plaidie*

'COME under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Oh, come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me!
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, auld Donald, gae 'wa!
I ferna the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie; I'll no sit beside ye,
Ye may be gutcher; auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie — he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw:
Oh, nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly;
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.'

' Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa' ;
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back:
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk ye aye finely,
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.'

' My father's aye tauld me, my mither an a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw:
It's true I lo'e Johnnie — he's gude and he's bonnie,
But, wae's me! ye ken he has naething ava.
I ha'e little tocher: you've made a good offer:
I'm now mair than twenty — my time is but sma';
Sae, gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa'.
Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed: his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wandered hame weary: the night it was dreary;

THE BOOK OF

And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The owlet was screamin'; while Johnnie cried, 'Women
Wad marry Auld Nick if he'd keep them aye braw!'

H. Macneil

196. Loudoun's Bonnie Woods and Braes

' **L** OUDOUN'S bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a', lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Wad gi'e Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field o' danger?
Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?
Now when freedom bids avenge her,
Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?
Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes
When I am far awa', lassie.'

' Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

'O! resume thy wonted smile!
O! suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover
Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blithe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudoun's flowery lea, lassie.'

R. Tannabill

197. *Duncan Gray*

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule-night when we were fou
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:

THE BOOK OF

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his e'en baith blear't an' blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and Chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to hide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to — France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick, as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh! her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling Pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

R. Burns

GEORGIAN VERSE

198. *Saw Ye Johnny Comin'?*

‘SAW ye Johnny comin’, quo’ she,
 ‘Saw ye Johnny comin’?
 Wi’ his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie runnin’?
 Yestreen about the gloamin’ time
 I chanced to see him comin’,
 Whistling merrily the tune
 That I am a’ day hummin’,’ quo’ she,
 ‘I am a’ day hummin’.’

‘Fee him, faither, fee him,’ quo’ she,
 ‘Fee him, faither, fee him;
 A’ the wark about the house
 Gaes wi’ me when I see him:
 A’ the wark about the house,
 I gang sae lightly through it;
 And though ye pay some merks o’ gear,
 Hoot! ye winna rue it,’ quo’ she,
 ‘No; ye winna rue it.’

‘What wad I do wi’ him, hizzy?
 What wad I do wi’ him?
 He’s ne’er a sark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.’
 ‘I hae twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o’ them I’ll gie him;
 And for a merk o’ mair fee,
 O, dinna stand wi’ him,’ quo’ she;
 ‘Dinna stand wi’ him.’

THE BOOK OF

‘Weel do I lo’e him,’ quo’ she,
‘Weel do I lo’e him,
The brawest lads about the place
Are a’ but haverels to him.
O fee him, faither; lang I trow
We’ve dull and dowie been;
He’ll haud the plough, thrash i’ the barn,
And crack wi’ me at e’en,’ quo’ she,
‘Crack wi’ me at e’en.’

J. Baillie

199. *Woo’d and Married and A’*

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu’ and kind is her Johnny,
Yet fast fa’ the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too,
The bride that has a’ to borrow,
Has e’en right mickle ado,
Woo’d and married and a’!
Woo’d and married and a’!
Is na’ she very weel aff
To be woo’d and married at a’?

Her mithers then hastily spak,
‘The Lassie is glaikit wi’ pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E’en tak’ to your wheel, and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun;

GEORGIAN VERSE

The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married at a'!

'Toot, toot!' quo' her grey-headed faither,
'She's less o' a bride than a bairn,
She's ta'en like a cout frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady,
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw!
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'!

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween,
'I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue e'en.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlins enow.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye're woo'd and buikit and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'?'

THE BOOK OF

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown:
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nipplit her boddice sae blue,
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married at a'!

J. Baillie

200.

Kind Robin Lo'es Me

ROBIN is my ain gudeman,
Now match him, carlins, gin ye can,
For ilk ane whitest thinks her swan,
But kind Robin lo'es me.
To mak' my boast I'll e'en be bauld,
For Robin lo'ed me young and auld,
In simmer's heat, and winter's cauld,
My kind Robin lo'es me.

Robin he comes hame at e'en,
Wi' pleasure glancin' in his een;
He tells me a' he's heard and seen,
And syne how he lo'es me.

GEORGIAN VERSE

There's some ha'e land, and some ha'e gowd,
Mair wad ha'e them gin they cou'd,
But a' I wish o' warld's gude
Is Robin aye to lo'e me.

Lady C. Nairne

201. *Auld Robin Gray*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown
awa';
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea —
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, 'Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!'

THE BOOK OF

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack — why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me!

My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame to marry thee.'

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away:
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady A. Lindsay

202.

Roy's Wife

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch! —
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.

GEORGIAN VERSE

She vowed, she swore, she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony;
But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.

O, she was a canty quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.

Mrs. Grant of Carron

203.

John Anderson, My Jo

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;

THE BOOK OF

Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

R. Burns

204.

The Boatie Rows

O WEEL may the boatie row,
And better may it speed;
And liesome may the boatie row
That wins the bairnies' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And meikle luck attend the boat,
The murlain and the creel!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins my bairnies' bread.

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,
And buys our parritch meal!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed!

When Jamie vowed he wad be mine,
And won frae me my heart,
O meikle lighter grew my creel;
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And meikle lighter is the load
When love bears up the creel.

My kertch I put upon my head,
And dressed mysel' fu' braw;
But dowie, dowie was my heart
When Jamie gaed awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart!

When Sandy, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel!

When we are auld, and sair bowed down,
And hirplin at the door,

THE BOOK OF

They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
And better may it speed,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed!

J. Ewen

205.

The Angel

I DREAMT a Dream! what can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen,
Guarded by an Angel mild:
Witless woe was ne'er beguil'd!

And I wept both night and day,
And he wip'd my tears away,
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blush'd rosy red;
I dried my tears, and arm'd my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again:
I was arm'd, he came in vain;
For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

W. Blake

GEORGIAN VERSE

206.

To Mary

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low.
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

THE BOOK OF

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary!

W. Cowper

207.

To Mary Unwin

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they
drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,

I may record thy worth with honour due,

In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom its sings.

But thou hast little need. There is a book

By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright:
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

W. Cowper

208.

A Comparison

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
The silent pace with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay;
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

THE BOOK OF

Though each resemble each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart;
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound
How laughs the land with various plenty crowned!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

W. Cowper

209.

Another

To a Young Lady

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid!
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng,
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blessed wher'er she goes;
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face!

W. Cowper

210. *And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire*

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a puir broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my love I part?

The mind wha's every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and dee:
For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to tak' it back,
It wad be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my troth
I'll lay me down and dee:

S. Blamire

211. *Song*

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For, tho' your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true;

THE BOOK OF

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they find that you have blessed
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

R. B. Sheridan

212

The Braes o' Gleniffer

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw:
The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

You could sleety cloud skiff's alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears to my e'e,
For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scotch callan',
The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

R. Tannabill

213. *Saw Ye Ne'er a Lanely Lassie?*

SAW ye ne'er a lanely lassie,
Thinkin' gin she were a' wife,
The sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life?
Saw ye ne'er a wearie wife,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blythe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass?

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think na on each ither's state;
Ilka ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings.
Peevish dinna pass them bye,

THE BOOK OF

But like choicest berries seek them,
Tho' amang the thorns they lie.

Lady C. Nairne

214. *The Lovely Lass o' Inverness*

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For, e'en to morn she cries 'alas!'
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e.

'Drumossie moor, Drumossie day —
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

'Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growin' green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!

'Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!'

R. Burns

GEORGIAN VERSE

215.

The Banks o' Doon

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough!
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause Luver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or moon.

R. Burns

THE BOOK OF

216. *My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair*

MY mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.

‘For why,’ she cries, ‘sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?’
Alas! I scarce can go or creep
While Lubin is away.

’Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

A. Hunter

217. *Ae Fond Kiss*

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I’ll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I’ll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

R. Burns

218.

Remembrance

THE season comes when first we met
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight
And all the past replace.

THE BOOK OF

But ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading vision close!

A. Hunter

219.

Highland Mary

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie:
There Simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last Farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden Hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my Dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my Flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

GEORGIAN VERSE

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

R. Burns

220.

Song

MY silks and fine array,
My smiles and languish'd air,
By love are driv'n away;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heav'n
When springing buds unfold;
O why to him was't giv'n
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all worship'd tomb.
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made
Let winds and tempest beat:

THE BOOK OF

Then down I'll lie as cold as clay
True love doth pass away!

W. Blake

221. *To Mary in Heaven*

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods the miser-care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear,
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

R. Burns

222. *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Sta'bogie;
Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight;
Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the Frénch excell;
John Bull loves the country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well;
Mynheer an allemande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesomes they dance wondrous light,
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,
Dance to the reel o' Bogie.

Come lads, and view your partners weel;
Wale each a blithesome rogie;

THE BOOK OF

I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie.
Now, piper lads, bang up the spring,
The country fashion is the thing,
To pree their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogey,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Sta'bogie.
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun ha'e their come again,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men o' Ska'bogie;
We'll stop a while, and tak' a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk ither to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Alexander, Duke of Gordon

223. *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

GEORGIAN VERSE

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

 'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

 'My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.'

He soon replied, 'I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

 'I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, 'That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
 O'erjoyed was he to find,

THE BOOK OF

That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

GEORGIAN VERSE

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack,' quoth he — 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,

THE BOOK OF

The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he called in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
'He carries weight! He rides a race!'
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,

THE BOOK OF

Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

‘Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here’s the house!’
They all at once did cry;
‘The dinner waits, and we are tired;’ —
Said Gilpin — ‘So am I!’

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

‘What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

‘I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road.’

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,

THE BOOK OF

‘My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

‘But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.’

Said John, ‘It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.’

So turning to his horse, he said,
‘I am in haste to dine;
‘Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.’

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin’s hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? — they were too big.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
'This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again:
Whom in a thrice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;

THE BOOK OF

And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

W. Cowper

224.

Hallowe'en

OF a' the festivals we hear,
Frae Handsel-Monday till New Year,
There's few in Scotland held mair dear
For mirth, I ween,
Or yet can boast o' better cheer,
Than Hallowe'en.

Langsyne indeed, as now in climes
Where priests for siller pardon crimes,
408

GEORGIAN VERSE

The kintry 'round in Popish rhymes
Did pray and graen;
But customs vary wi' the times
At Hallowe'en.

Ranged round a bleezing ingleside,
Where nowther could nor hunger bide,
The farmer's house, wi' secret pride,
Will a' convene;
For that day's wark is thrawn aside
At Hallowe'en.

Placed at their head the gudewife sits,
And deals round apples, pears, and nits;
Syne tells her guests, how, at sic bits
Where she has been,
Bogle's ha'e gart folk tyne their wits
At Hallowe'en.

Grieved, she recounts how, by mischance,
Puir pussy's forced a' night to prance
Wi' fairies, wha in thousands dance
Upon the green,
Or sail wi' witches over to France
At Hallowe'en.

Syne, issued frae the gardy-chair,
For that's the seat of empire there,
To co'er the table wi' what's rare,
Commands are gi'en;
That a' fu' daintily may fare
At Hallowe'en.

THE BOOK OF

And when they've toomed ilk heapit plate,
And a' things are laid out o' gate,
To ken their matrimonial mate,
The youngsters keen
Search a' the dark decrees o' fate
At Hallowe'en.

A' things prepared in order due,
Gosh guide's! what fearfu' pranks ensue!
Some i' the kiln-pat thraw a clew,
At whilk, bedene,
Their sweethearts by the far end pu'
At Hallowe'en.

Ithers, wi' some uncanny gift,
In an auld barn a riddle lift,
Where, thrice pretending corn to sift,
Wi' charms between,
Their joe appears, as white as drift,
At Hallowe'en.

But 'twere a langsome tale to tell
The gates o' ilka charm and spell.
Ance, gaen to saw hampseed himsel,
Puir Jock Maclean,
Plump in a filthy peat-pot fell
At Hallowe'en.

Half filled wi' fear, and droukit weel,
He frae the mire dught hardly speel;
But frae that time the silly chiel
Did never grien

GEORGIAN VERSE

To cast his cantrips wi' the Deil
At Hallowe'en.

O Scotland! famed for scenes like this,
That thy sons walk where wisdom is,
Till death in everlasting bliss
Shall steek their e'en,
Will ever be the constant wish
of

Jockie Mein.

J. Mayne

225. *Epitaph*

*For the tombstone erected over the Marquis of Anglesea's
leg, lost at Waterloo*

HERE rests, and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer and laugh,
To learn that moldering in the grave
Is laid a British Calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure,
That those who read the whole
Will find such laugh was premature,
For here, too, lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

THE BOOK OF

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rests here of one commanding;
Who though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe leg-bail.

And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to a rout, review or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg;
She meant not to disarm,
For when she lopped the hero's leg,
She did not seek his harm,

And but indulged a harmless whim;
Since he could walk with one
She saw two legs were lost on him,
Who never meant to run.

G. Canning

GEORGIAN VERSE

226. *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder*

Friend of Humanity

NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order —
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't.
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it some squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

THE BOOK OF

Knife-Grinder

Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir:
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

Friend of Humanity

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first —
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

*(Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit
in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philan-
thropy.)*

G. Canning

227. *Banish Sorrow*

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,
Thought, unbend thy wrinkled brow;
Hence dull care and melancholy,
Mirth and wine invite us now.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Bacchus empties all his treasure;
Comus gives us mirth and song;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure —
Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the present moment seize on,
Who knows what the next may bring?
All our days by mirth we measure;
Other wisdom we despise;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure —
To be happy's to be wise.

Why should therefore care perplex us?
Why should we not merry be?
While we're here, there's nought to vex us,
Drinking sets from cares all free;
Let's have drinking without measure;
Let's have mirth while time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure —
There's no drinking in the grave.

G. Ogle

228. *Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut*

O WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

THE BOOK OF

We are na fu', we're nae that fu',
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fu', etc.

It is the moon — I ken her horn —
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fu', etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fu', etc.

R. Burns

229.

Drinking Song

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty;
*Chorus. Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

GEORGIAN VERSE

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
And now to the maid who has none, sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry:
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together:
*Chorus. Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,*

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
R. B. Sheridan

230. *A Cogie o' Yill*

A COGIE o' yill and a pickle ait-meal,
And a dainty wee drappie o' whiskey,
Was our forefathers' dose for to sweel down their brose,
And keep them aye cheery and frisky.

Then hey for the whiskey, and hey for the meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill;
Gin ye steer a' thegither they'll do unco weel
To keep a chiel cheery and brisk aye.

THE BOOK OF

When I see our Scots lads, wi' their kilts and cockades,
That sae aften ha'e lounded our foes, man,
I think to mysel' on the meal and the yill,
And the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose, man.
Then hey for the whiskey, etc.

When our brave Highland blades, wi' their claymores and
plaids,
In the field drive like sheep a' our foes, man;
Their courage and power spring frae this, to be sure,
They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.
Then hey for the whiskey, etc.

But your spindle-shanked sparks, wha sae ill fill their sarks,
Your pale-visaged milksops and beaux, man;
I think, when I see them, 'twere kindness to gi'e them
A cogie o' yill or o' brose, man.
Then hey for the whiskey, etc.

What John Bull despises our better sense prizes;
He denies eatin' blanter ava', man;
But by eatin' o' blanter his mare's grown, I'll warrant her
The manliest brute o' the twa, man.
Then hey for the whiskey, etc.

A. Shirrefs

231. *Tam O'Shanter*

A Tale

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet;
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate,

GEORGIAN VERSE

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the Miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on
The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday,
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

THE BOOK OF

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the Rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh.
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

THE BOOK OF

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins; and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel',
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a' boddle,
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.

GEORGIAN VERSE

A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses;
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light.
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted:
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The Piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

THE BOOK OF

And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen! —
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and waulie
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore;
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear.
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

GEORGIAN VERSE

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell, they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy-utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.

THE BOOK OF

But ere the keystone she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

R. Burns

232. *The Year That's Awa'*

HERE'S to the year that's awa'!
We will drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
While swift flew the year that's awa'.
And here's to ilk, etc.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive though their spirits are fled
On the wings o' the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Here's to the friends we can trust
When storms of adversity blaw;
May they live in our song and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
May they live, etc.

J. Dunlop

233. *Auld Lang Syne*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

We twa hae rin about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

THE BOOK OF

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

R. Burns

234.

Ambition

*E*ASE often visits shepherd-swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To take a bit of dinner;
But would not for a turtle-treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or cankered party sinner.

Ease makes the sons of labour glad,
Ease travels with the merry lad
Who whistles by his wagon;
With me she prattles all day long,
And choruses my simple song,
And shares my foaming flagon.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out;
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead?

GEORGIAN VERSE

When Charon takes 'em both aboard,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard
 And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a scurvy world as this
We must not hope for perfect bliss,
 And length of life together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
 In fair or stormy weather.

Many, I see, have riches plenty —
Fine coaches, livery, servants twenty; —
 Yet envy never pains me;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears;
 I've only what maintains me!

And while the precious joys I prove
Of Tom's true friendship — and the love
 Of bonny black-eyed Jenny, —
Ye gods! my wishes are confined
To — health of body, peace of mind,
 Clean linen, and a guinea!

E. Lysaght

235.

To a Kitten

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustics' closing day,
When, drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,

THE BOOK OF

And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose
As bright the blazing faggot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe, —
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
And see! — the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap and toss and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset.

The featest tumbler, stage bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requite him oft with praises loud.

GEORGIAN VERSE

But, stopp'd awhile thy wanton play,
Applauses too thy pains repay;
For now, beneath some urchin's hand
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of kindness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur
And loudly sings thy busy purr
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire.
Even he, whose mood of gloomy bent
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways,
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Hath roused him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart of pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find,
That joins it still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss!
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements, we descry —

THE BOOK OF

Whilst we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill, —
A lion darting on its prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play?
Or is it that in thee we trace
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem, view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath like thee our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.

And so, poor kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chas'd roughly from the tempting board.
But yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favour'd playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoil'd thee of our love.
Still be thou deem'd by housewife fat
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savoury food.
Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dung-hill cast,
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid;
And children show with glistening eyes
The place where poor old pussy lies.

J. Baillie

GEORGIAN VERSE

236. *On a Goldfinch Starved to Death in His Cage*

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For, caught and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

W. Cowper

237. *On a Spaniel, Called 'Beau,' Killing a Young Bird*

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
Well fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

THE BOOK OF

But you have killed a tiny bird
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat
And ease a doggish pain;
For him, though chased with furious heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man?

W. Cowper

238.

Beau's Reply

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withstand.

You cried 'Forbear!' — but in my breast
A mightier cried 'Proceed!' —
'Twas Nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impelled me to the deed.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Yet much as Nature I respect,
I ventured once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had fluttered all his strength away,
And panting pressed the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kissed his ruffled wing,
And licked the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now,
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggrieved Bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime
(Which I can hardly see),
What think you, sir, of killing Time
With verse addressed to me?

W. Cowpe

239. *The Dog and the Water-Lily*

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

THE BOOK OF

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree, —
(Two nymphs adorn'd with every grace
That spaniel found for me,)

Now wanton'd, lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

GEORGIAN VERSE

My ramble ended, I return'd;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, 'The world,' I cried,
'Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed;

'But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.'

W. Cowper

240.

On a Tear

OH! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell —
The spring of Sensibility!

THE BOOK OF

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude controul
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

S. Rogers

241.

Cavalier's Song

IF doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',
That voice that nane can match.
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love. . . .

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing:
O tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

R. Graham of Gartmore

THE BOOK OF

242.

The Outlaw's Song

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star shades its ray;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower;
Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken
Shrink on their murky way;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
It is our opening day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latchèd door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
And use it as ye may.

J. Baillie

GEORGIAN VERSE

243. *A Man's a Man for A' That*

IS there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave — we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;

THE BOOK OF

But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

R. Burns

244.

Caller Herrin'

*W*HAT'LL buy my caller herrin' ?
They're bonnie fish and balesome farin':
*Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?*

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows —
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows?

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They're no brought here without brave darin':
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin', —
Wives and mithers, 'maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads, and screw their faces.

Caller herrin's no got lightly;
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin'
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in your dealin', —
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.

Lady C. Nairne

245.

The Shepherd

HOW sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

THE BOOK OF

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

W. Blake

246.

The Pleughman

THERE'S high and low, there's rich and poor,
There's trades and crafts eneuch, man;
But, east and west, his trade's the best
That kens to guide the pleugh, man.

Then come, weel speed my pleughman lad,
And hey my merry pleughman:
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the pleughman!

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
His cares are light and few, man;
His mother's blessing's on his head,
That tents her weel — the pleughman.

The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet
The morning fresh and new, man —
Blithe though she be, as blithe is he,
That sings as sweet — the pleughman.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day,
Their labours they renew, man;
Heaven bless the seed, and bless the soil,
And Heaven bless the pleughman!

Lady C. Nairne

GEORGIAN VERSE

247. *Blithe Are We Set wi' Ither*

BLITHE are we set wi' ither;
Fling care ayont the moon!
Nae sae aft we meet thegither
Wha wad think o' partin' soon?
Though snaw bend down the forest trees,
And burn and river cease to flow,
Though Nature's tide ha'e shored to freeze,
And winter nithers a' below,
Blithe are we, etc.

Now round the ingle cheerly met,
We'll scog the blast, and dread nae harm;
Wi' jows o' toddy, reekin' het,
We'll keep the genial current warm.
The frien'ly crack, the cheerfu' sang
Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
Gar pleasure reign the e'enin' lang,
And laugh at bitin' frost and snaw.
Blithe are we, etc.

The cares that cluster roun' the heart,
And gar the bosom stoun' wi' pain,
Shall get a fright afore we part,
Will gar them fear to come again.
Then, fill about, my winsome chie!s!
The sparklin' glass will banish pine;
Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
Blithe are we, etc.

E. Picken

THE BOOK OF

248.

Song

I LOVE the jocund dance,
The softly-breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bow'r,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall;
But thou art all to me.

W. Blake

GEORGIAN VERSE

249.

A Wish

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

S. Rogers

250.

An Italian Song

DEAR is my little native vale:
The ringdove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

THE BOOK OF

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale!

S. Rogers

251.

The Auld House

OH, the auld house, the auld house!
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee!
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa':
How mony cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse!
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And the ledly, too, sae genty,
That sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue-bells sweetly blaw;
The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house!
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree,
The bairnies liked to see;
And oh, how often they did speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there;
The merry shout -- oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now,
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame;
Not here will meet again.
The kirkyaird! the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade,
And the dark sombre yew.

THE BOOK OF

The setting sun, the setting sun,
How glorious it gaed down!
The cloudy splendour raised our hearts
To cloudless skies abune.
The auld dial, the auld dial,
It tauld how time did pass;
The wintry winds ha'e dung it down,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

Lady C. Nairne

252. *The Poplar Field*

THE poplars are felled; farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew.
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charmed me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

GEORGIAN VERSE

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

W. Cowper

253. *The Shrubby*

O HAPPY shades! to me unblest!
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.

But fixed unalterable Care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
While Peace possessed these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing, slow;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe!

THE BOOK OF

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste,
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

W. Cowper

254. *Echo and Silence*

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs, with wonder mute I spy:—
And lo! she's gone—in robe of dark green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

Not so her sister. Hark! for onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill:
Ah! mark the merry maid, in mocking play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!
Sir S. E. Brydges

255. *The Wood of Craigie Lea*

THOU bonny wood of Craigie Lea!
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea!
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
And a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae Nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantain's shade
The cushat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O! in pity, let them be!

When winter blaws in sleety showers
Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Though Fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
The happy hours I'll ever min'
That I, in youth, hae spent in thee.

R. Tannabill

256.

London

I WANDER thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

THE BOOK OF

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
And blights with plague the Marriage hearse.

W. Blake

257.

To a Mouse

*On Turning Her up in Her Nest with the Plough,
November, 1785*

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle

GEORGIAN VERSE

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell —
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

THE BOOK OF

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

R. Burns

258.

The Worm

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm!
The frame thy scornful looks deride
Requir'd a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars He made
To all His creatures free:
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
O do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

T. Gisborne

259. *To a Mountain Daisy*

On turning one down with the Plough, in April, 1786

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

THE BOOK OF

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

R. Burns

260. *Poverty Parts Gude Companie*

WHEN my o'erlay was white as the foam o' the lin,
And siller was chinkin my pouches within,
When my lambkins were bleatin on meadow and brae,
As I went to my love in new cleeding sae gay,
Kind was she, and my friends were free,
But poverty parts good company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight,
The piper play'd cheerly, the crusie burn'd bright,
And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
As she footed the floor in her holyday gear!

Woe is me; and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic company?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk,
We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk;
And the sound o' her voice, and the blinks o' her een,
The cheerin and life of my bosom hae been.

THE BOOK OF

Leaves frae the tree, at Martinmass flee,
And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and in fair, I braced me wi' pride,
The broose I hae won, and a kiss o' the bride;
And loud was the laughter good fellows among,
As I utter'd my banter or chorus'd my song;
Dowie and dree are jestin and glee,
When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed kindly lasses look'd sweet,
And mithers and aunties were unco discreet;
While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board;
But now they pass by me, and never a word!
Sae let it be, for the worldly and slee
Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart,
And the spae-wife has tauld me to keep up my heart,
For, wi' my last saxpence, her loof I hae crost,
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.
Though cruelly we may ilka day see
How poverty parts dear company.

J. Baillie

261. *Blind-Man's Buff*

WHEN silver Snow decks Susan's clothes,
And jewel hangs at th' shepherd's nose,
The blushing bank is all my care,
With hearth so red, and walls so fair;

GEORGIAN VERSE

'Heap the sea-coal, come, heap it higher,
The oaken log lay on the fire;'
The well-wash'd stools, a circling row,
With lad and lass, how fair the show!
The merry can of nut-brown ale,
The laughing jest, the love-sick tale,
'Till, tir'd of chat, the game begins.
The lasses prick the lads with pins;
Roger from Dolly twitch'd the stool,
She, falling, kiss'd the ground, poor fool!
She blush'd so red, with side-long glance
At hob-nail Dick, who griev'd the chance.
But now for Blind-man's Buff they call;
Of each incumbrance clear the hall —
Jenny her silken 'kerchief folds,
And blear-ey'd Will the black lot holds.
Now laughing stops, with 'Silence! hush!'
And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.
The Blind-man's arms, extended wide,
Sam slips between: — 'O woe betide
Thee, clumsy Will!' — but titt'ring Kate
Is penn'd up in the corner strait!
And now Will's eyes beheld the play;
He thought his face was t'other way.
'Now, Kitty, now! what chance hast thou,
Roger so near thee! — Trips, I vow!'
She catches him — then Roger ties
His own head up — but not his eyes;
For thro' the slender cloth he sees,
And runs at Sam, who slips with ease
His clumsy hold; and, dodging round,
Sukey is tumbled on the ground! —

THE BOOK OF

' See what it is to play unfair!
Where cheating is, there's mischief there.'
But Roger still pursues the chase, —
' He sees! he sees!' cries softly Grace;
' O Roger, thou, unskill'd in art,
Must, surer bound, go thro' thy part!'
Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,
And Roger turns him round three times,
Then pauses ere he starts — but Dick
Was mischief bent upon a trick;
Down on his hands and knees he lay
Directly in the Blind-man's way,
Then cries out ' Hem!' Hodge heard, and ran
With hood-wink'd chance — sure of his man;
But down he came. Alas, how frail
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail!
With crimson drops he stains the ground;
Confusion startles all around.
Poor piteous Dick supports his head,
And fain would cure the hurt he made;
But Kitty hasted with a key,
And down his back they strait convey
The cold relief; the blood is stay'd,
And Hodge again holds up his head.
Such are the fortunes of the game,
And those who play should stop the same
By wholesome laws; such as all those
Who on the blinded man impose
Stand in his stead; as, long a-gone,
When men were first a nation grown,
Lawless they liv'd, till wantonness
And liberty began t' increase,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And one man lay in another's way;
Then laws were made to keep fair play.

W. Blake

262. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes, —
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin' stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,

THE BOOK OF

His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom — love sparkling in her e'e —
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly speirs:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet:
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears.
The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an cydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
'And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless
rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin youth, he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
But father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The younster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave,
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found:
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare, —
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare —
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair

THE BOOK OF

In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowp their only hawkie does afford,
That, yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha-bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet Zion glide,

GEORGIAN VERSE

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild warbling measure rise,
Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;
Or noble 'Elgin' beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian thrills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the sacred name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,

THE BOOK OF

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art;
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,

GEORGIAN VERSE

For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great unhappy Wallace' heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;

THE BOOK OF

But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!
R. Burns

263. *On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture* *. Out of Norfolk*

OH that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers — Yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where thou 'art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor:
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,

THE BOOK OF

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could these few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —
But no — what here we call our life is such
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell! — Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seemed to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,

THE BOOK OF

Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

W. Cowper

264.

The Nabob

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day: —
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne.

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand.
Nae weel-kenned face I saw,
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there;
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hung o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine —
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne.

Some pensy chieils, a new-sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine!'
'Na, na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.'

To wean me fra these waefu' thoughts
They took me to the town,
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine:
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.

THE BOOK OF

The sang had mony an artfu' turn:
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgi'e an auld man's spleen,
Wha midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' lang syne.

S. Blamire

265.

My Spectre

MY Spectre around me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way;
My Emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

A fathomless and boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep;
On the hungry craving wind
My Spectre follows thee behind.

He scents thy footsteps in the snow,
Wheresoever thou dost go,
Thro' the wintry hail and rain.
When wilt thou return again?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Dost thou not in pride and scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies and fears
Fill my pleasant nights with tears?

Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Has bereavèd of their life.
Their marble tombs I built with tears,
And with cold and shuddering fears.

Seven more loves weep night and day
Round the tombs where my loves lay,
And seven more loves attend each night
Around my couch with torches bright.

And seven more loves in my bed
Crown with wine my mournful head,
Pitying and forgiving all
Thy transgressions great and small.

When wilt thou return and view
My loves, and them to life renew?
When wilt thou return and live?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive?

‘Never, never, I return:
Still for victory I burn.
Living, thee alone I’ll have;
And when dead I’ll be thy grave.

THE BOOK OF

'Thro' the heaven and earth and hell
Thou shalt never, never quell:
I will fly and thou pursue:
Night and morn the flight renew.'

Till I turn from female love
And root up the infernal grove,
I shall never worthy be
To step into Eternity.

And, to end thy cruel mocks,
Annihilate thee on the rocks,
And another form create
To be subservient to my fate.

Let us agree to give up love,
And root up the infernal grove;
Then shall we return and see
The worlds of happy Eternity.

And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me.
As our dear Redeemer said:
'This the Wine, and this the Bread.'

W. Blake

266. *Mock On, Mock On, Voltaire, Rousseau*

MOCK on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And every sand becomes a gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back they blind the mocking eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The atoms of Democritus
And Newton's particles of light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

W. Blake

267.

The Mental Traveller

I TRAVEL'D thro' a land of men,
A land of men and women too;
And heard and saw such dreadful things
As cold earth-wanderers never knew.

For there the babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe;
Just as we reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow.

And if the babe is born a boy
He's given to a woman old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

She binds iron thorns around his head,
She pierces both his hands and feet,
She cuts his heart out at his side,
To make it feel both cold and heat.

THE BOOK OF

Her fingers number every nerve,
Just as a miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,
And she grows young as he grows old.

Till he becomes a bleeding youth,
And she becomes a virgin bright;
Then he rends up his manacles,
And binds her down for his delight.

He plants himself in all her nerves,
Just as a husbandman his mould;
And she becomes his dwelling-place
And garden fruitful seventy-fold.

An agèd shadow, soon he fades,
Wand'ring round an earthly cot,
Full-fillèd all with gems and gold
Which he by industry had got.

And these are gems of the human soul,
The rubies and pearls of a love-sick eye,
The countless gold of the aching heart,
The martyr's groan and lover's sigh.

They are his meat, they are his drink;
He feeds the beggar and the poor
And the wayfaring traveller:
For ever open is his door.

His grief is their eternal joy;
They make the roofs and walls to ring,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Till from the fire on the hearth
A little female babe does spring;

And she is all of solid fire
And gems and gold, that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her baby form,
Or wrap her in his swaddling band.

But she comes to the man she loves,
If young or old, or rich or poor;
They soon drive out the aged host,
A beggar at another's door.

He wanders weeping far away,
Until some other take him in;
Oft blind and age-bent, sore distress,
Until he can a maiden win.

And to allay his freezing age,
The poor man takes her in his arms;
The cottage fades before his sight,
The garden and its lovely charms.

The guests are scatter'd thro' the land,
For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat earth becomes a ball;

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
A desert vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desert all around.

THE BOOK OF

The honey of her infant lips,
The bread and wine of her sweet smile,
The wild game of her roving eye,
Does him to infancy beguile;

For as he eats and drinks he grows
Younger and younger every day;
And on the desert wild they both
Wander in terror and dismay.

Like the wild stag she flees away,
Her fear plants many a thicket wild;
While he pursues her night and day,
By various arts of love beguil'd;

By various arts of love and hate,
Till the wide desert planted o'er
With labyrinths of wayward love,
Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar.

Till he becomes a wayward babe,
And she a weeping woman old.
Then many a lover wanders here;
The sun and stars are nearer roll'd;

The trees bring forth sweet ecstasy
To all who in the desert roam;
Till many a city there is built,
And many a pleasant shepherd's home.

But when they find the frowning babe,
Terror strikes thro' the region wide:

GEORGIAN VERSE

They cry 'The Babe! the Babe is born!'
And flee away on every side.

For who dare touch the frowning form,
His arm is wither'd to its root;
Lions, boars, wolves, all howling flee,
And every tree does shed its fruit.

And none can touch that frowning form,
Except it be a woman old;
She nails him down upon the rock,
And all is done as I have told.

W. Blake

268. *The Crystal Cabinet*

THE maiden caught me in the wild,
Where I was dancing merrily;
She put me in her cabinet,
And lock'd me up with a golden key.

This cabinet is form'd of gold
And pearl and crystal shining bright,
And within it opens into a world
And a little lovely moony night.

Another England there I saw,
Another London with its Tower,
Another Thames and other Hills
And another pleasant Surrey Bower,

THE BOOK OF

Another maiden like herself,
Translucent, lovely, shining clear,
Threefold each in the other clos'd, —
O what a pleasant trembling fear!

O what a smile! a threefold smile
Fill'd me that like a flame I burn'd
I bent to kiss the lovely maid,
And found a threefold kiss return'd.

I strove to seize the inmost form
With ardour fierce and hands of flame,
But burst the Crystal Cabinet,
And like a weeping babe became —

A weeping babe upon the wild,
And weeping woman pale reclin'd,
And in the outward air again
I fill'd with woes the passing wind.

W. Blake

269.

Boadicea: An Ode

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
’Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

‘Rome shall perish, — write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

‘Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground, —
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

‘Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

‘Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

‘Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.’

THE BOOK OF

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you!'

W. Cowper

270.

Symon and Janet

SURROUNDED wi' bent and wi' heather,
Where muircocks and plivers are rife,
For mony a lang towmont thegither
There lived an auld man and his wife.

About the affairs o' the nation
The twasome they seldom were mute;
Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,
Did saur in their wizens like soot.

In winter, when deep are the gutters,
And night's gloomy canopy spread,
Auld Symon sat luntin' his cuttie,
And lowsin' his buttons for bed:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazin'
(To lock in the door was her care),
She, seeing our signals a-blazin',
Cam' running in rivin' her hair.

'O Symon, the Frenchmen are landit!
Gae look, man, and slip on your shoon;
Our signals I see them extendit,
Like the red rising blaze o' the moon!'

'What plague, the French landit!' quo' Symon,
And clash! gaed his pipe to the wa';
'Faith, then there's be loadin' and primin',
Quo' he, 'if they're landit ava'!

'Our youngest son's in the militia;
Our eldest grandson's volunteer;
And the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',
I too in the ranks will appear.'

His waistcoat-pouch fill'd he wi' pouter,
And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;
His bullets he put in the other,
That he for the purpose had run.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,
While Janet his courage bewails,
And cries out, 'Dear Symon, be wary';
Whilst toughly she hung by his tails.

'Let be wi' your kindness,' quo' Symon,
'Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares;

THE BOOK OF

If now I be ruled by a woman,
Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs.'

Quo' Janet, 'O keep frae the riot!
Last night, man, I dreamt ye was dead; —
This aught days I've tentit a pyot
Sit chatterin' upon the house-head.

'And yesterday, workin' my stockin',
And you wi' your sheep on the hill,
A muckle black corbie sat croackin', —
I kenn'd it foreboded some ill.'

'Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty;
For, ere the next sun may gae down,
Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
And end my auld days in renown?'

'Then, hear me,' quo' Janet, 'I pray thee;
I'll tend thee, love, livin' or dead;
And if thou should fa' I'll die wi' thee,
Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.'

Syne aff in a hurry he stumpled,
Wi' bullets, and poulder, and gun;
At's curpin auld Janet too humpled, —
Awa' to the neighbouring toon.

There footmen and yeomen, paradin',
To scour aff in dirdum were seen —
Auld wives and young lassies a-sheddin'
The briny saut tears frae their een.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then aff wi' his bonnet gat Symon,
And to the commander he gaes;
Quo' he, 'Sir, I mean to go wi' ye, man,
And help ye to lounder our faes.

'I'm auld, yet I'm teugh as the wire;
Sae we'll at the rogues have a dash —
And, fegs, if my gun winna fire,
I'll turn her butt-end and I'll thrash!'

'Well spoken, my hearty auld hero!'
The Captain did smiling reply;
But begg'd he would stay till to-morrow,
Till daylight should glent in the sky.

What reck? a' the stour cam' to naething;
Sae Symon and Janet, his dame,
Hale-skart frae the wars, without skaithing
Gaed bannin' the French again hame.

A. Scott

271.

Bannockburn

Robert Bruce's Address to His Army

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

THE BOOK OF

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa'
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!

R. Burns

272. *Wha'll Be King But Charlie?*

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landit Royal Charlie.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha but Charlie.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan',
But vows baith late and early,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart or han',
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms;
To arms for Royal Charlie!

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;

THE BOOK OF

Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

Lady C. Nairne

273. *Charlie Is My Darling*

'TWAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling —
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!

As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' running out
To meet the Chevalier.
O Charlie is my darling, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.
O Charlie is my darling, etc.

GEORGIAN VERSE

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
O Charlie is my darling, etc.

O, there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling —
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!

Lady C. Nairne

274. *There'll Never Be Peace Till Jamie Comes Hame*

BY yon Castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey:
And as he was singing, the tears doon came, —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame, —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE BOOK OF

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame, —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same, —
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

R. Burns

275. *The White Rose o' June*

NOW the bricht sun, and the soft simmer showers
Deck a' the woods and the gardens wi' flowers;
But bonnie and sweet though the hale o' them be,
There's ane abune a' that is dearest to me;
And O, that's the white rose, the white rose o' June,
And may he that should wear it come back again sune!

It's no on my breast, nor yet in my hair
That the emblem dear I venture to wear;
But it blooms in my heart, and its white leaves I weet,
When alane in the goamin' I wander to greet,
O'er the white rose, the white rose, the white rose o' June;
And may he that should wear it come back again sune!

Mair fragrant and rich the red rose may be,
But there is nae spell to bind it to me;
But dear to my heart and to fond memorie,
Though scathed and though blighted the white rose may be.

GEORGIAN VERSE

O the white rose, the white rose, the white rose o' June,
O may he that should wear it come back again sune!

And oh! may the true hearts thy perils who share,
Remembered wi' tears and remembered in prayer,
Whom misfortune's rude blast has sent far awa',
Fair breezes bring back sune to cottage and ha';—
Then, O sing the white rose, the white rose o' June,
And may he that should wear it wear Scotland's auld croun!

Lady G. Nairne

276. *Lewie Gordon*

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name!
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
Ohone! my Highlandman;
Oh! my bonnie Highlandman!
Weel wad I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeled shoes,
Philabeg abune his knee!—
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Ohone! my Highwayman.

Princely youth of whom I sing,
Thou wert born to be a king!

THE BOOK OF

On thy breast a regal star
Shines on loyal hearts afar.
Ohone! my Highlandman.

Oh! to see the wished-for one
Seated on a kingly throne!
All our griefs would disappear,
We should hail a joyful year.
Ohone! my Highlandman.

A. Geddes

277. *He's Ower the Hills That I Lo'e Weel*

HE'S ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's ower the hills we daurna name;
He's ower the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My faither's gane to fecht for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame;
My mither greets and prays for them,
And, 'deed, she thinks they're no to blame.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But ah! that love maun be sincere
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
And for his sake leaves a' beside.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
O'er Hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our lads will do;
Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
O did ye but see him ye'd do as we've done;
Hear him but once, to his standard you'll run.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel;
He's ower the hills we daurna name;
He's ower the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

Lady G. Nairne

278. *The Flowers of the Forest*

A Lament for Flodden

I'VE heard them lilting, at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runckled and grey;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

THE BOOK OF

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile won the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae more lilting at our ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

J. Elliot

279. It Was a' for Our Rightfu' King

IT was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

GEORGIAN VERSE

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again, my dear.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night and weep.

R. Burns

280. *The Deserter's Meditation*

IF sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking my cares compose,
A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
But as in wailing there's nought availing,
And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
Then for that reason, and for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

THE BOOK OF

To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,
In every danger my course I've run;
Now hope all ending, and death befriending
His last aid lending, my cares are done.
No more a rover, or hapless lover,
My griefs are over — my glass runs low;
Then for that reason, and for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

J. P. Curran

281

The Bay of Biscay, O!

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers,
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor deluded bark
Till next day there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak!
To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till next day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

GEORGIAN VERSE

At length, the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears;
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

A. Cherry

282. *On the Loss of the Royal George*

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

THE BOOK OF

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

GEORGIAN VERSE

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

W. Cowper

283. *Verses Supposed to Be Written by Alexander Selkirk During His Solitary Abode on the Island of Juan Fernandez*

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,

THE BOOK OF

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, — do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;

GEORGIAN VERSE

But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Cowper

284.

The Castaway

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;

THE BOOK 'OF

Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried 'Adieu!'

GEORGIAN VERSE

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave; and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere.
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

W. Cowper

THE BOOK OF

285.

The Tiger

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

W. Blake

GEORGIAN VERSE

286.

Song

MEMORY, hither come,
And tune your merry notes;
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song;
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along:
And when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darken'd valley
With silent melancholy.

W. Blake

287.

The Garden of Love

I WENT to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door:
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

THE BOOK OF

And I saw it was fillèd with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be:
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

W. Blake

288. *The Whistling Boy That Holds the Plough*

THE whistling Boy that holds the plough.
Lured by the tale that soldiers tell,
Resolves to part, yet knows not how
To leave the land he loves so well.
He now rejects the thought, and now
Looks o'er the lea, and sighs 'Farewell!'

Farewell! the pensive maiden cries.
Who dreams of London, dreams awake —
But when her favourite Lad she spies,
With whom she loved her way to take,
Then Doubts within her soul arise,
And equal Hopes her bosom shake!

Thus, like the Boy, and like the Maid,
I wish to go, yet tarry here,
And now resolved, and now afraid:
To minds disturb'd old views appear
In melancholy charms array'd,
And once, indifferent, now are dear.
How shall I go, my fate to learn —
And, oh! how taught shall I return?

G. Crabbe

GEORGIAN VERSE

289. *We've Trod the Maze of Error Round*

WE'VE trod the maze of error round,
Long wandering in the winding glade;
And now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we strayed:
By long experience taught, we know —
Can rightly judge of friends and foes;
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all the faults discern in those.

Now, 'tis our boast that we can quell
The wildest passions in their rage,
Can their destructive force repel,
And their impetuous wrath assuage. —
Ah, Virtue! dost thou arm when now
This bold rebellious race are fled?
When all these tyrants rest, and thou
Art warring with the mighty dead?

G. Crabbe

290. *Written at Ostend*

HOW sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!
As when at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of pale disease
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall!
And now along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall

THE BOOK OF

Of summer days, and those delightful years
When from an ancient tower in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.
W. L. Bowles

291. *Give Me a Cottage on Some Cambrian Wild*

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But, with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.
H. K. White

292. *Life*

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

GEORGIAN VERSE

But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither, dost thou fly?
Where bend unseen thy trackless course?
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years th' appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning!

A. L. Barbauld

THE BOOK OF

293.

Sir Eustace Grey

Scene — A Mad-house

PERSONS — Visitor, Physician, and Patient

Visitor

I'LL know no more; — the heart is torn
By views of woe we cannot heal;
Long shall I see these things forlorn,
And oft again their griefs shall feel,
As each upon the mind shall steal;
That wan projector's mystic style,
That lumpish idiot leering by,
That peevish idler's ceaseless wile,
And that poor maiden's half-form'd smile,
While struggling for the full-drawn sigh! —

I'll know no more.

.

Physician

— Yes, turn again;
Then speed to happier scenes thy way,
When thou hast view'd, what yet remain,
The ruins of Sir Eustace Grey,
The sport of madness, misery's prey.
But he will no historian need;
His cares, his crimes, will he display,
And show (as one from frenzy freed)
The proud-lost mind, the rash-done deed.

GEORGIAN VERSE

That cell to him is Greyling Hall:—
Approach; he'll bid thee welcome there;
Will sometimes for his servant call,
And sometimes point the vacant chair:
He can, with free and easy air,
Appear attentive and polite;
Can veil his woes in manners fair,
And pity with respect excite.

Patient

Who comes? — Approach! — 'tis kindly done:—
My learned physician, and a friend,
Their pleasures quit, and to visit one
Who cannot to their ease attend,
Nor joys bestow, not comforts lend,
As when I lived so bless'd, so well,
And dreamt not I must soon contend
With those malignant powers of hell.

Physician

Less warmth, Sir Eustace, or we go.—

Patient

See! I am calm as infant-love,
A very child, but one of wo,
Whom you should pity, not reprove:—
But men at ease, who never strove
With passions wild, will calmly show
How soon we may their ills remove,
And masters of their madness grow.

THE BOOK OF

Some twenty years I think are gone;—
(Time flies, I know not how, away;)—
The sun upon no happier shone,
Nor prouder man, than Eustace Grey.
Ask where you would, and all would say,
The man admired and praised of all,
By rich and poor, by grave and gay,
Was the young lord of Greyling Hall.

Yes! I had youth, and rosy health;
Was nobly form'd, as man might be;
For sickness then, of all my wealth,
I never gave a single fee:
The ladies fair, the maidens free,
Were all accustomed then to say,
Who would a handsome figure see
Should look upon Sir Eustace Grey.

He had a frank and pleasant look,
A cheerful eye and accent bland;
His very speech and manner spoke
The generous heart, the open hand;
About him all was gay or grand,
He had the praise of great and small;
He bought, improved, projected, plann'd,
And reign'd a prince at Greyling Hall.

My lady! — she was all we love;
All praise (to speak her worth) is faint;
Her manners show'd the yielding dove,
Her morals, the seraphic saint;

GEORGIAN VERSE

She never breathed nor look'd complaint;
No equal upon earth had she:—
Now, what is this fair thing I paint?
Alas! as all that live shall be.

There was, beside, a gallant youth,
And him my bosom's friend I had:—
Oh! I was rich in very truth,
It made me proud — it made me mad!—
Yes, I was lost — but there was cause!—
Where stood my tale? — I cannot find —
But I had all mankind's applause,
And all the smiles of womankind.

There were two cherub-things beside,
A gracious girl, a glorious boy;
Yet more to swell my full-blown pride,
To varnish higher my fading joy,
Pleasures were ours without alloy,
Nay, Paradise, — till my frail Eve
Our bliss was tempted to destroy,
Deceived and fated to deceive.

But I deserved; for all that time,
When I was loved, admired, caress'd,
There was within each secret crime,
Unfelt, uncancell'd, unconfess'd:
I never then my God address'd,
In grateful praise or humble prayer;
And, if 'His Word was not my jest,
(Dread thought!) it never was my care.

THE BOOK OF

I doubted — fool I was to doubt! —
If that all-piercing eye could see;
If He who looks all worlds throughout,
Would so minute and careful be,
As to perceive and punish me: —
With man I would be great and high,
But with my God so lost, that He,
In his large view, should pass me by.

Thus bless'd with children, friend, and wife,
Bless'd far beyond the vulgar lot;
Of all that gladdens human life,
Where was the good, that I had not?
But my vile heart had sinful spot,
And Heaven beheld its deep'ning stain;
Eternal justice I forgot,
And mercy sought not to obtain.

Come near — I'll softly speak the rest! —
Alas! 'tis known to all the crowd,
Her guilty love was all confess'd,
And his, who so much truth avowed,
My faithless friend's. — In pleasure proud
I sat, when these cursed tidings came;
Their guilt, their flight was told aloud,
And Envy smiled to hear my shame!

I call'd on vengeance; at the word
She came: — Can I the deed forget?
I held the sword, th' accursed sword,
The blood of his false heart made wet;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And that fair victim paid her debt;
She pined, she died, she loath'd to live;—
I saw her dying — see her yet:
Fair fallen thing! my rage forgive!

Those cherubs still, my life to bless
Were left; could I my fears remove,
Sad fears that check'd each fond caress,
And poison'd all parental love?
Yet that with jealous feelings strove,
And would at last have won my will,
Had I not, wretch! been doom'd to prove
Th' extremes of mortal good and ill.

In youth! health! joy! in beauty's pride!
They droop'd: as flowers when blighted bow,
The dire infection came. — They died,
And I was cursed — as I am now. —
Nay, frown not, angry friend — allow
That I was deeply, sorely tried;
Hear then, and you must wonder how
I could such storms and strifes abide.

Storms! — not that clouds embattled make,
When they afflict this earthly globe;
But such as with their terrors shake
Man's breast, and to the bottom probe:
They make the hypocrite disrobe,
They try us all, if false or true;
For this, one devil had pow'r on Job;
And I was long the slave of two.

THE BOOK OF

Physician

Peace, peace, my friend; these subjects fly;
Collect thy thoughts — go calmly on. —

Patient

And shall I then the fact deny?

I was, — thou know'st — I was begone,
Like him who filled the eastern throne,
To whom the Watcher cried aloud;
That royal wretch of Babylon,
Who was so guilty and so proud.

Like him, with haughty, stubborn mind,

I, in my state, my comforts sought;
Delight and praise I hoped to find,

In what I builded, planted, bought!
Oh! arrogance! by misery taught —

Soon came a voice! I felt it come:

'Full be his cup, with evil fraught,
Demons his guides, and death his doom!'

Then was I cast from out my state;

Two fiends of darkness led my way;

They waked me early, watch'd me late,

My dread by night, my plague by day!

Oh! I was made their sport, their play,

Through many a stormy troubled year;

And how they used their passive prey

Is sad to tell; — but you shall hear.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And first, before they sent me forth,
Through this unpitying world to run,
They robb'd Sir Eustace of his worth,
Lands, manors, lordships, every one;
So was that gracious man undone,
Was spurn'd as vile, was scorn'd as poor,
Whom every former friend would shun,
And menials drove from every door.

Then those ill-favour'd Ones, whom none
But my unhappy eyes could view,
Led me, with wild emotion, on,
And, with resistless terror, drew.
Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
And halted on a boundless plain;
Where nothing fed, nor breathed, nor grew,
But silence ruled the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep, or dead;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had form'd a bed,
And cloth'd the crumbling spoils of time.

There was I fix'd, I know not how,
Condemn'd for untold years to stay:
Yet years were not;—one dreadful *now*
Endured no change of night or day;

THE BOOK OF

The same mild evening's sleeping ray
Shone softly-solemn and serene,
And all that time I gazed away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.

At length a moment's sleep stole on —
Again came my commission'd foes;
Again through sea and land we're gone,
No peace, no respite, no repose:
Above the dark broad sea we rose,
We ran through bleak and frozen land;
I had no strength their strength t' oppose,
An infant in a giant's hand.

They placed me where those streamers play,
Those nimble beams of brilliant light;
It would the stoutest heart dismay,
To see, to feel, that dreadful sight:
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
They pierced my frame with icy wound,
And, all that half-year's polar night,
Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round.

Slowly that darkness pass'd away,
When down upon the earth I fell; —
Some hurried sleep was mine by day;
But, soon as toll'd the evening bell,
They forced me on, where ever dwell
Far-distant men in cities fair,
Cities of whom no trav'lers tell,
Nor feet but mine were wanderers there.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Their watchmen stare, and stand aghast,
As on we hurry through the dark;
The watch-light blinks as we go past,
The watch-dog shrinks and fears to bark;
The watch-tower's bell sounds shrill; and, hark!
The free wind blows — we've left the town —
A wide sepulchral ground I mark,
And on a tombstoné place me down.

What monuments of mighty dead!
What tombs of various kinds are found!
And stones erect their shadows shed
On humble graves, with wickers bound;
Some risen fresh, above the ground,
Some level with the native clay,
What sleeping millions wait the sound,
'Arise, ye dead, and come away!'

Alas! they stay not for that call;
Spare me this wo! ye demons, spare! —
They come! the shrouded shadows fall —
'Tis more than mortal brain can bear;
Rustling they rise, they sternly glare
At man, upheld by vital breath;
Who, led by wicked fiends, should dare
To join the shadowy troops of death!

Yes, I have felt all man can feel,
Till he shall pay his nature's debt:
Ills that no hope has strength to heal,
No mind the comfort to forget:

THE BOOK OF

Whatever cares the heart can fret,
The spirits wear, the temper gall,
Wo, want, dread, anguish, all beset
My sinful soul! — together all!

Those fiends upon a shaking fen
Fix'd me, in dark tempestuous night;
There never trod the foot of men;
There flock'd the fowl in wint'ry flight;
There danced the moor's deceitful light
Above the pool where sedges grow;
And, when the morning-sun shone bright,
It shone upon a field of snow.

They hung me on a bough so small,
The rook could build her nest no higher;
They fix'd me on the trembling ball
That crowns the steeple's quiv'ring spire;
They set me where the seas retire,
But drown with their returning tide;
And made me flee the mountain's fire
When rolling from its burning side.

I've hung upon the ridgy steep
Of cliffs, and held the rambling brier;
I've plunged below the billowy deep,
Where air was sent me to respire;
I've been where hungry wolves retire;
And (to complete my woes) I've ran
Where Bedlam's crazy crew conspire
Against the life of reasoning man.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I've furl'd in storms the flapping sail,
By hanging from the topmast head;
I've served the vilest slaves in jail,
And pick'd the dunghill's spoil for bread;
I've made the badger's hole my bed,
I've wander'd with a gipsy crew;
I've dreaded all the guilty dread,
And done what they would fear to do.

On sand, where ebbs and flows the flood,
Midway they placed and bade me die;
Propp'd on my staff, I stoutly stood,
When the swift waves came rolling by;
And high they rose, and still more high,
Till my lips drank the bitter brine;
I sobb'd convulsed, then cast mine eye,
And saw the tide's re-flowing sign.

And then, my dreams were such as nought
Could yield but my unhappy case;
I've been of thousand devils caught,
And thrust into that horrid place,
Where reign dismay, despair, disgrace;
Furies with iron fangs were there,
To torture that accursed race,
Doom'd to dismay, disgrace, despair.

Harmless I was, yet hunted down
For treasons, to my soul unfit;
I've been pursued through many a town,
For crimes that petty knaves commit;

THE BOOK OF

I've been adjudged t' have lost my wit,
Because I preach'd so loud and well;
And thrown into the dungeon's pit,
For trampling on the pit of hell.

Such were the evils, man of sin,
That I was fated to sustain;
And add to all, without — within,
A soul defiled with every stain
That man's reflecting mind can pain;
That pride, wrong, rage, despair, can make;
In fact, they'd nearly touch'd my brain,
And reason on her throne would shake.

But pity, will the vilest seek,
If punish'd guilt will not repine; —
I heard a heavenly teacher speak,
And felt the *Sun of Mercy* shine:
I hail'd the light! the birth divine!
And then was seal'd among the few;
Those angry fiends beheld the sign,
And from me in an instant flew.

Come, hear how thus the charmers cry
To wandering sheep, the strays of sin,
While some the wicket-gate pass by,
And some will knock and enter in:
Full joyful 'tis a soul to win,
For he that winneth souls is wise;
Now, hark! the holy strains begin,
And thus the sainted preacher cries: —

GEORGIAN VERSE

' Pilgrim, burthen'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till Mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
 Knock! — He knows the sinner's cry;
 Weep! — He loves the mourner's tears;
 Watch! — for saving grace is nigh;
 Wait! — till heavenly light appears.

' Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice;
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and seal'd, and bought and bless'd!
 Safe! — from all the lures of vice;
 Seal'd — by signs the chosen know;
 Bought — by love and life the price;
 Bless'd — the mighty debt to owe.

' Holy Pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
 Fear — the hope of Heaven shall fly,
 Shame — from glory's view retire;
 Doubt — in certain rapture die;
 Pain — in endless bliss expire.'

But though my day of grace was come,
Yet still my days of grief I find;
The former clouds' collected gloom
Still sadden the reflecting mind;

THE BOOK OF

The soul, to evil things consign'd,
Will of their evil some retain;
The man will seem to earth inclined,
And will not look erect again.

Thus, though elect, I feel it hard
To lose what I possess'd before,
To be from all my wealth debarr'd:—
The brave Sir Eustace is no more.
But old I wax and passing poor,
Stern, rugged men my conduct view;
They chide my wish, they bar my door,
'Tis hard—I weep—you see I do.—

Must you, my friends, no longer stay?
Thus quickly all my pleasures end;
But I'll remember, when I pray,
My kind physician and his friend;
And those sad hours you deign to spend
With me, I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send,
And thank their love at Greyling Hall.

Visitor

The poor Sir Eustace!—Yet his hope
Leads him to think of joys again;
And when his earthly visions droop,
His views of heavenly kind remain.—
But whence that meek and humbled strain,
That spirit wounded, lost, resign'd?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Would not so proud a soul disdain
That madness of the poorest mind?

Physician

No! for the more he swell'd with pride,
The more he felt misfortune's blow;
Disgrace and grief he could not hide,
And poverty had laid him low:
Thus shame and sorrow working slow,
At length this humble spirit gave;
Madness on these began to grow,
And bound him to his fiends a slave.

Though the wild thoughts had touch'd his brain,
Then was he free. — So, forth he ran;
To soothe or threat, alike were vain:
He spake of fiends; look'd wild and wan;
Year after year, the hurried man
Obey'd those fiends from place to place;
Till his religious change began
To form a frenzied child of grace.

For, as the fury lost its strength,
The mind reposed; by slow degrees
Came lingering hope, and brought at length,
To the tormented spirit ease:
This slave of sin, whom fiends could seize,
Felt or believed their power had end; —
' 'Tis faith,' he cried, 'my bosom frees,
And now my Saviour is my friend.'

THE BOOK OF

But ah! though time can yield relief,
And soften woes it cannot cure,
Would we not suffer pain and grief,
To have our reason sound and sure?
Then let us keep our bosoms pure,
Our fancy's favourite flights suppress;
Prepare the body to endure,
And bend the mind to meet distress;
And then *His* guardian care implore,
Whom demons dread and men adore.

G. Crabbe

294. *Influence of Time on Grief*

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while;—
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.

W. L. Bowles

GEORGIAN VERSE

295. *Written Under the Influence of Delirium*

HATRED and vengeance, — my eternal portion
Scarce can endure delay of execution, —
Wait with impatient readiness to seize my
Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas; more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!
Twice-betrayed Jesus me, the last delinquent,
Deems the profanest. .

Man disavows, and Deity disowns me,
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore, Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

Hard lot! encompassed with a thousand dangers;
Weary, faint, trembling with a thousand terrors,
I'm called, if vanquished! to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's.

Him the vindictive rod of angry Justice
Sent quick and howling to the centre headlong;
I, fed with judgment, in a fleshly tomb, am
Buried above ground.

W. Cowper

THE BOOK OF

296. *Tom Bowling's Epitaph*

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew.
No more he'll hear the tempest howling;
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below, he did his duty:
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft,
But mirth is turned to melancholy —
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call Life's crew together,
The word to 'pipe all hands!'
Thus Death, who Kings and Tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed —
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft!

C. Dibdin

GEORGIAN VERSE

297.

Epitaph on a Hare

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow;
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo.

Old Tiney, the surliest of his kind!
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look;
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead;
And sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel;
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip, and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

THE BOOK OF

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake;
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath his walnut shade,
He finds his long last home;
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more agèd, feels the shocks
From which no care can save;
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave!

W. Cowper

298.

November, 1793

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,
When lowers the autumnal eve, and all alone
To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclined
Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sere.
If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
Thou late hast passed the happier hours of spring,
With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year;
Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets at morn
Or evening thou hast shared, far off shall stray.
O Spring, return! return, auspicious May!
But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,
If she return not with thy cheering ray,
Who from these shades is gone, gone far away.
W. L. Bowles

299.

Bereavement

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promised methought long days of bliss sincere!
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of
Hope.
Of love, and social scenes, it seemed to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me! the prospect saddened as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers,
Whilst Horror pointing to yon breathless clay,
'No peace be thine,' exclaimed, 'away, away!'
W. L. Bowles

THE BOOK OF

300.

The Sick Rose

O ROSE, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

W. Blake

301.

A Retrospect

YES, I behold again the place,
The seat of joy, the source of pain;
It brings in view the form and face
That I must never see again.

The night bird's song that sweetly floats
On this soft gloom — this balmy air,
Brings to the mind her sweeter notes
That I again must never hear.

Lo! yonder shines that window's light;
My guide, my token, heretofore;
And now again it shines as bright,
When those dear eyes can shine no more.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then hurry from this place away!
It gives not now the bliss it gave;
For Death has made its charm his prey,
And joy is buried in her grave.

G. Crabbe

302. *To Him Is Reared No Marble Tomb*

TO him is reared no marble tomb,
Within the dim cathedral fane;
But some faint flowers of summer bloom,
And silent falls the wintry rain.

No village monumental stone
Records a verse a date, a name —
What boots it? when the task is done,
Christian, how vain the sound of fame!

W. L. Bowles

303. *Dedication of the Designs to Blair's 'Grave'*

To Queen Charlotte

THE door of death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes cannot behold;
But, when the mortal eyes are clos'd,
And cold and pale the limbs repos'd,
The soul awakes; and, wond'ring, sees
In her mild hand the golden keys:

THE BOOK OF

The grave is heaven's golden gate;
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's fold,
Behold this gate of pearl and gold!

To dedicate to England's Queen
The visions that my soul has seen,
And, by Her kind permission, bring
What I have borne on solemn wing,
From the vast regions of the grave,
Before Her throne my wings I wave,
Bowing before my Sov'reign's feet,
'The Grave produc'd these blossoms sweet
In mild repose from earthly strife;
The blossoms of eternal life!'

W. Blake

304.

Tomorrow

IN the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for Tomorrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:

GEORGIAN VERSE

A cow for my dairy, a log for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Or what honours may wait him Tomorrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill.
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what Today may afford
And let them spread the table Tomorrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring,
Which I've worn for three score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare Today,
May become everlasting Tomorrow.

J. Collins

305.

Night

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,

THE BOOK OF

With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, 'Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.'

W. Blake

306. *'Bonnie Ran the Burnie Doon'*

BONNIE ran the burnie doon,
Wand'rin' and windin';
Sweetly sang the birds abune,
Care never mindin'.

The gentle simmer wind
Was their nursie soft and kind,
And it rockit them, and rockit them,
All in their bowers sae hie.
Bonnie ran, etc.

The mossy rock was there,
And the water-lily fair,

THE BOOK OF

And the little trout would sport about
All in the sunny beam.
Bonnie ran, etc.

Though simmer days be lang,
And sweet the birdies' sang,
The wintry night and chilling blight
Keep aye their eerie roun'.
Bonnie ran, etc.

And then the burnie's like a sea,
Roarin' and reamin';
Nae wee bit sangster's on the tree,
But wild birds screamin'.
Bonnie ran, etc.

O that the past I might forget,
Wand'rin' and weepin'!
O that aneath the hillock green
Sound I were sleepin'!

Bonnie ran the burnie doon,
Wand'rin' and windin';
Sweetly sang the birds abune,
Care never mindin'.

Lady C. Nairne

307.

Good Night

THE evening sun's gaen down the west,
The birds sit nodding on the tree;
All nature now p'pares for rest,
But rest prepared there's none for me.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,
The drums they beat, the fifes they play, —
Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,
For the morn I will be far away.

*Good night, and joy — good night, and joy,
'Good night, and joy be wi' you a';
For since it's so that I must go,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!*

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
I mourn to leave my native shore;
To leave my agèd parents here,
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.
But tender thoughts maun now be hushed,
When danger calls I must obey,
The transport waits us on the coast,
And the morn I will be far away.
Good night, and joy, etc.

Adieu, dear Scotia's sea-beat coast!
Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,
When on the heaving ocean tost
I'll cast a wishful look to thee!
And now, dear Mary, fare thee well,
May Providence thy guardian be!
Or in the camp, or on the field,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee!

*Good night, and joy — good night, and joy,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a';*

THE BOOK OF

*For since it's so that I must go,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!*
R. Tannabill

308. *Midges Dance Aboon the Burn*

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
The dewes begin to fa';
The pairtricks doun the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinkling through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let ithers crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

R. Tannabill

309. *Fragment of an Ode to the Moon*

MILD orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.
Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
Nocturnal study's still retreat,
It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,
And through my lofty casement weaves,
Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
An intermingled beam.

These feverish dewes that on my temples hang,
This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame;
These the dread signs of many a secret pang,
These are the meed of him who pants for fame!
Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul;
Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high;
My lamp expires; — beneath thy mild control
These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
And breathe the soul of peace;
Mild visitor, I feel thee here,
It is not pain that brings this tear,
For thou hast bid it cease.

THE BOOK OF

Oh! many a year has pass'd away
Since I, beneath thy fairy ray,
Attuned my infant reed;
When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,
Those happy moments now no more —

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
To inspire my trance.

Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign
Your magic sweets on me to shed,
In vain your powers are now essay'd
To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb!
So swiftly pleasure flies,
So to mankind, in darkness lost,
The beam of ardour dies.
Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done,
And now, encurtain'd in the main,
Thou sinkest into rest;
But I, in vain, on thorny bed
Shall woo the god of soft repose —

H. K. White

310. *Before the Sacrament*

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

R. Heber

311. *By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill*

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike Divine,

THE BOOK OF

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

R. Heber

312. *The Star of Bethlehem*

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, — the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd — and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd — my peril's o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

GEORGIAN VERSE

For ever, and for evermore,
The Star! — The Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. White

313. *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

THE BOOK OF

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

R. Heber

314.

Heavenward

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I —
One tear to memory giv'n,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward — away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Dear and more dear, tho' now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly time — fly speedily,
Come life and light.

Lady C. Nairne

315. *The Land o' the Leal*

I 'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John —
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither could nor care, John —
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;
She was baith guid and fair, John;
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-coming fast, John —
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's the joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

THE BOOK OF

O, dry your glistening e'e, John!
My saul longs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John;
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John:
This world's cares are vain, John;—
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Lady C. Nairne

316. *The Land of Dreams*

A WAKE, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! thy father does thee keep.

'O, what land is the Land of Dreams?
What are its mountains, and what are its streams?
O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

'Among the lambs, clothèd in white,
She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn,
O! when shall I again return?'

GEORGIAN VERSE

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wander'd all night in the Land of Dreams;
But tho' calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

' Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the Morning Star.'

W. Blake

317.

The Divine Image

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is Man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

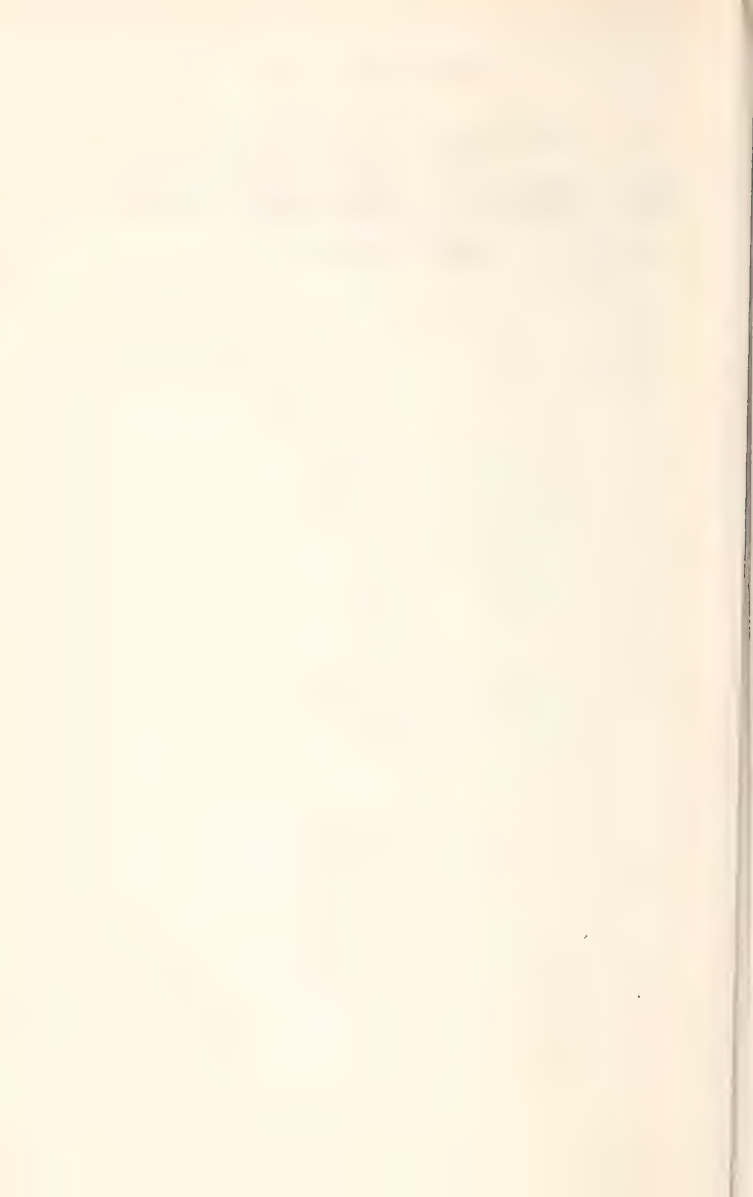
THE BOOK OF

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

W. Blake

The Book of Georgian Verse

Book Third



GEORGIAN VERSE

318.

Proem

FROM 'ENDYMION'

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth.
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,

THE BOOK OF

The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send

GEORGIAN VERSE

My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

J. Keats

319. *Hymn Before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his deep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy:

THE BOOK OF

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adorn enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast —
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,

THE BOOK OF

To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. Coleridge

320. *Composed upon Westminster Bridge*

September 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

321. *To Jane: the Invitation*

BEST and brightest, come away!
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Thro' the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halycon Morn
To hoar February born;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild woods and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

THE BOOK OF

I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor:—
'I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields;—
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.—
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
I will pay you in the grave,—
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation too, be off!
To-day is for itself enough;
Hope, in pity mock not Woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain—with all your love,
This you never told me of.'

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where Winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves.
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

P. B. Shelley

322.

Hunting Song

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

THE BOOK OF

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

Sir W. Scott

323. *Written in March*

While resting on the Bridge at the foot of Brother's Water

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;

GEORGIAN VERSE

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The Snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

W. Wordsworth

324.

To My Sister

IT is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before,
The Redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My Sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

THE BOOK OF

Edward will come with you; — and pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living Calendar:
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth,
— It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;

GEORGIAN VERSE

— And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

W. Wordsworth

325. *After Dark Vapours Have Oppressed Our Plains*

AFTER dark vapours have oppressed our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious month, relievèd of its pains,
Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May;
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,
Like rose leaves with the drip of summer rains.
The calmest thoughts come round us — as of leaves
Budding, — fruit ripening in stillness, — autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves, —
Sweet Sappho's cheek, — a smiling infant's breath, —
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs, —
A woodland rivulet, a Poet's death.

J. Keats

326. *Song to May*

MAY, queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?

THE BOOK OF

Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire;
Thou hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free-livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plummy flight,
Warbling the day and night —
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

Edward, Lord Thurlow

327. *Fragment of an Ode to Maia*

(Written on May-day, 1818)

MOTHER of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!
May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymnèd on the shores of Baiæ?
Or may I woo thee

GEORGIAN VERSE

In earlier Sicilian? or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
O give me their old vigour! and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of heaven, and few ears,
Rounded by thee, my song should die away
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

J. Keats

328.

The Skylark

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red steamer that heralds the day,

THE BOOK OF

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee!

J. Hogg

329.

To a Skylark

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The pale purple even
Melt around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,

THE BOOK OF

Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What field, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;

THE BOOK OF

If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now.
P. B. Shelley

330. *To a Sky-Lark*

UP with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.

GEORGIAN VERSE

There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain River
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind,
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is done.

W. Wordsworth

331. *To a Sky-Lark*

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

THE BOOK OF

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!
W. Wordsworth

332. *On a Faded Violet*

THE odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep, — my tears revive it not!
I sigh, — it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.
P. B. Shelley

333. *Hie Away, Hie Away*

HIE away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:

Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

Sir W. Scott

334. *The Beech Tree's Petition*

O LEAVE this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;

THE BOOK OF

Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear;
As Love's own altar honour me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
T. Campbell

335.

The Green Linnet

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

Once have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

GEORGIAN VERSE

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves:
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

W. Wordsworth

THE BOOK OF

336.

To the Cuckoo

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No Bird, but an invisible Thing,
A Voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my School-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

W. Wordsworth

337.

Fiesolan Idyl

HERE, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires,
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
And softer sighs that know not what they want,
Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesolé right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stepped forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
Such I believed it must be. How could I
Let beast o'erpower them? When hath wind or rain
Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
And I (however they might bluster round)

THE BOOK OF

Walked off? 'Twere most ungrateful: for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love.

And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me: the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot that, altho' half-erect
From its gray slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gather'd her some blossoms; since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro'
And scattering them in fragments underfoot.
So crisp were some; they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detached,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen thro', by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,

GEORGIAN VERSE

But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said, 'You find the largest.'

'This indeed,'
Cried she, 'is large and sweet.' She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubt.
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tender'd, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropped it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

W. S. Landor

338.

To the Daisy

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere!
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow.
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,

THE BOOK OF

But Thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased, and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

W. Wordsworth

339. *The Small Celandine*

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green fields and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
And recognized it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold:
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

'The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew:
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue.'
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite — then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner — behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!
W. Wordsworth

340. *Upon a Sweet-Briar*

MY briar that smelledst sweet
When gentle spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins, —
Thou that wouldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet-breathing briar,
Hung fondly, ill or well?
And yet methinks with thee
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might dwell.

THE BOOK OF

Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
 Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet, but freed
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets too.

.

And art thou yet alive?
And shall the happy hive
 Send out her youth to cull
Thy sweets of leaf and flower,
And spend the sunny hour
With thee, and thy faint heart with murmuring music
lull?

Tell me what tender care,
Tell me what pious prayer,
 Bade thee arise and live.
The fondest-favoured bee
Shall whisper nought to thee
More loving than the song my grateful muse shall give.
W. S. Landon

341. *The Sparrow's Nest*

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
 Those bright blue eggs together laid
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
 I started — seeming to espy

GEORGIAN VERSE

The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry
My Sister Emmeline and I

Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.

The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a Boy:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

W. Wordsworth

342.

To a Butterfly

STAY near me — do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!

Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my Infancy!

Float near me; do not yet depart!

Dead times revive in thee:

Thou bring'st, gay Creature as thou art!

A solemn image to my heart,

My Father's Family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,

THE BOOK OF

My Sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the Butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey: — with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

W. Wordsworth

343.

To a Butterfly

I'VE watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers:
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

344. 'O Nightingale, Thou Surely Art'

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A Creature of a fiery heart: —
These notes of thine — they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among the trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;
He did not cease; but cooed — and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the Song — the Song for me!

W. Wordsworth

345. *The Heron*

O MELANCHOLY Bird, a winter's day,
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To Patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the Fish thy prey;

THE BOOK OF

And giv'n thyself a lesson to the Fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools, nor the Professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart;
He, who has not enough for these to spare,
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

Edward, Lord Thurlow

346. *On the Grasshopper and Cricket*

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never;
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

J. Keats

GEORGIAN VERSE

347.

The Sylvan Life

WHEN in the woods I wander all alone.
The woods that are my solace and delight,
Which I more covet than a prince's throne,
My toil by day and canopy by night;
(Light heart, light foot, light food, and slumber light,
These lights shall light me to old age's gate,
While monarchs, whom rebellious dreams affright,
Heavy with fear, death's fearful summons wait;)
Whilst here I wander, pleased to be alone,
Weighing in thought the world's no-happiness,
I cannot choose but wonder at its moan,
Since so plain joys the woody life can bless:
Then live who may where honied words prevail,
I with the deer, and with the nightingale!

Edward, Lord Thurlow

348.

Hymn to Pan

From 'Endymion'

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds —
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth

THE BOOK OF

Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx — do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
Broad leaved fig trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest-blossom'd beans and poppi'd corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions — be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown —
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge — see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal — a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown — but no more: we humbly screen

THE BOOK OF

With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

J. Keats

349.

Hymn of Pan

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 SPEEDED by my sweet pipings —
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven — and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth, —
And then I changed my pipings, —
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasp'd a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.
P. B. Shelley

350. *Invocation to the Spirit of Achilles*

BEAUTIFUL shadow
Of Thetis's boy!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:
From the red earth, like Adam,
Thy likeness I shape,
As the being who made him,
Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing
Till the rose in his cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
It wears its first streak!

THE BOOK OF

Ye violets, I scatter,
Now turn into eyes!
And thou, sunshiny water,
Of blood take the guise!
Let these hyacinth boughs
Be his long flowing hair,
And wave o'er his brows
As thou wavest in air!
Let his heart be this marble
I tear from the rock!
But his voice as the warble
Of birds on yon oak!
Let his flesh be the purest
Of mould, in which grew
The lily-root surest,
And drank the best dew!
Let his limbs be the lightest
Which clay can compound,
And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found!
Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stirr'd,
Know me, and hear me,
And leap to my word!
Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation!
'Tis done! He hath taken
His stand in creation!

Lord Byron

GEORGIAN VERSE

351.

Echo

HOW sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then —
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

T. Moore

352.

Ode to Psyche

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conched ear;
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
The wingèd Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on a sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side

THE BOOK OF

In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran

A brooklet, scarce espied:

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;
Their arms embracèd, and their pinions too;
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoinèd by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love:
The wingèd boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phoebe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming,

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Yet even in these days so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swingèd censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my kind,
Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

J. Keats.

THE BOOK OF

353.

Arethusa

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains, —
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams; —
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered toward the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook
And opened a chasm
In the rocks: — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder

GEORGIAN VERSE

The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

‘Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!’
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream:—
Like a gloomy stain,
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind, —
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,

THE BOOK OF

Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night;—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain cliffs
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

P. B. Shelley

354. *Sappho to Hesperus*

I HAVE beheld thee in the morning hour
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise
When sleep all night had wandered from my bower.

Can it be true that thou art he
Who shines now above the sea
Amid a thousand, but more bright?
Ah yes! the very same art thou
That heard me then and hearest now . . .
Thou seemest, star of love! to throb with light.

W. S. Landor

355. *Love's Philosophy*

THE Fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine? —

THE BOOK OF

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

P. B. Shelley

356. *Love's Young Dream*

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,

GEORGIAN VERSE

In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear,
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No, — that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

T. Moore

357. *True-Love, an Thou Be True*

TRUE - LOVE, an thou be true,
Thou hast ane kittle part to play,
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony a friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail,
A true love-knot to untwine.

Sir W. Scott

THE BOOK OF

358. *The Young May Moon*

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love;
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! — the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear;
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star
More glorious far
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake! — till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or in watching the flight
Of bodies of light
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

T. Moore

359. *For Music*

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like to thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:

GEORGIAN VERSE

When, as if its sound were causing
The charmèd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming;

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Lord Byron

360. *She Walks in Beauty*

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

THE BOOK OF

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Lord Byron

361.

The Question

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint ox lips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets —
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth —
Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge,
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white.
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand — and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! — oh! to whom?
P. B. Shelley

362. *Heart's Ease*

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you . . .
Heart's-ease . . . of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

W. S. Landor

THE BOOK OF

363. *Time's Sea Hath Been Five Years at Its Slow Ebb*

TIME'S sea hath been five years at its slow ebb,
Long hours have to and fro let creep the sand,
Since I was tangled in thy beauty's web,
And snared by the ungloving of thine hand.
And yet I never look on midnight sky,
But I behold thine eyes' well memoried light;
I cannot look upon the rose's dye,
But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight.
I cannot look on any budding flower,
But my fond ear, in fancy at thy lips
And harkening for a love-sound, doth devour
Its sweets in the wrong sense: — Thou dost eclipse
Every delight with sweet remembering,
And grief unto my darling joys dost bring.

J. Keats

364. *Love*

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve:
And she was there, my hope, my joy
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone

THE BOOK OF

With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own. .

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade, —

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain —
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain; —

GEORGIAN VERSE

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay;—

His dying words — but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin-shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
 She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace:

THE BOOK OF

And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. Coleridge

365. *With a Guitar, To Jane*

ARIEL to Miranda. — Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain;
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue

GEORGIAN VERSE

Your happiness; — for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run,
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps, and served your will;
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave; —
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep

THE BOOK OF

The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree, —
Oh that such our death may be! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
The pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Our world enkindles on its way —
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day:
But sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps it highest, holiest tone
For our belovèd Jane alone.

P. B. Shelley

366.

The Indian Serenade

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
And the Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,

THE BOOK OF

As I must on thine,
Oh! belovèd as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

P. B. Shelley

367.

Eileen Aroon

I'LL love thee evermore,
Eileen Aroon!
I'll bless thee o'er and o'er,
Eileen Aroon!
Oh, for thy sake I'll tread
Where the plains of Mayo spread,
By hope still fondly led,
Eileen Aroon!

Oh, how may I gain thee,
Eileen Aroon?
Shall feasting entertain thee,
Eileen Aroon?
I would range the world wide,
With love alone to guide,
To win thee for my bride,
Eileen Aroon!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then wilt thou come away,
Eileen Aroon?
Oh, wilt thou come to stay,
Eileen Aroon?
Oh, oh, yes, with thee,
I will wander far and free,
And thy only love shall be,
Eileen Aroon!

A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen Aroon!
A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen Aroon!
Oh, welcome evermore,
With welcomes yet in store,
Till love and life are o'er,
Eileen Aroon!

T. Furlong

8. *Of Clementina*

IN Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that 'be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before:
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

THE BOOK OF

I now behold another scene,
Where Pleasure beams with Heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

W. S. Landor

369. *To Lady Anne Hamilton*

TOO late I stay'd! forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours.
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

W. R. Spencer

GEORGIAN VERSE

370.

Verses

WHY write *my* name 'midst songs and flowers,
To meet the eye of lady gay?
I have no voice for lady's bowers —
For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet tho' my heart no more must bound
At witching call of sprightly joys,
Mine is the brow that never frown'd
On laughing lips, or sparkling eyes.

No — though behind me now is clos'd
The youthful paradise of Love,
Yet can I bless, with soul compos'd,
The lingerers in that happy grove!

Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take!
Where'er amid its charms you roam;
Or where, by western hill or lake,
You brighten a serener home.

And while the youthful lover's name
Here with the sister beauty's blends,
Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim,
That to their list would add a friend's!

Francis, Lord Jeffrey

THE BOOK OF

371.

Time to Be Wise

YES; I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talked of by young men

As rather clever:

In the last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size;
Is it not time then to be wise?

Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!
While Time allows the short reprieve,
Just look at me! would you believe

'Twas once a lover?

I cannot clear the five-bar gate,
But, trying first its timbers' state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait
To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I cannot swing
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring:

I cannot say the tender thing,

Be't true or false,

And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half-divine
Whose waists yon wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Sedater, and no harm if colder
And panting less.
Ah! people were not half so wild
In former days, when, starchly mild,
Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
The brave Queen Bess.

W. S. Landor

372. *Lesbia Hath a Beaming Eye*

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold;
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free

THE BOOK OF

To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined;
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

T. Moore

373.

To Ianthe

YOU smil'd, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

W. S. Landon

GEORGIAN VERSE

374. *Let Love Remain*

SOON, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
Grant only (and I ask no more),
Let love remain that little while.

W. S. Landor

375. *'Do You Remember Me?'*

'DO you remember me? or are you proud?'
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
Ianthe said, and looked into my eyes.
'A yes, a yes, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise.'

W. S. Landor

376. *Ianthe! You Are Call'd to Cross the Sea*

IANTHE! you are call'd to cross the sea!
A path forbidden *me*!
Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watched him laying down
His brow, and dropped our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblessed,
Ianthe! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with pain.
O bid me hope again!

THE BOOK OF

O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
Not Heaven itself can do,
One of the golden days that we have past;
And let it be my last!
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
Fragile and incomplete.

W. S. Landor

377. *On the Smooth Brow*

ON the smooth brow and clustering hair
Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine,
The duller olive I would wear,
Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

W. S. Landor

378. *The Adieu*

MORAVIANS their minstrelsy bring
The death-bed with music to smooth:
So you, lovely comforter, sing
My pangs of departure to soothe!

You sing — but my silent adieu
A sorrow still keener will prove:
You lose but *one friend who loves you,*
How many I lose whom I love!

When we go from each pleasure refined,
Which the sense or the soul can receive
With no hope in our wanderings to find
One ray of the sunshine we leave:

GEORGIAN VERSE

An adieu should in utterance die,
Or if written, but faintly appear;
Only heard thro' the burst of a sigh,
Only read thro' the blot of a tear!

W. R. Spencer

379.

The Devon Maid

WHERE be ye going, you Devon Maid?
And what have ye there in the basket?
Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

I love your meads, and I love your flowers,
And I love your junkets mainly,
But 'hind the door I love kissing more,
O look not so disdainly.

I love your hills, and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating —
But O, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!

I'll put your Basket all safe in a nook,
Your shawl I hang up on the willow,
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye
And kiss on a grass green pillow.

J. Keats

THE BOOK OF

380.

To —

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

P. B. Shelley

381. *Believe Me, if All Those Endear- ing Young Charms*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,

GEORGIAN VERSE

As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

T. Moore

382. *Maid of Athens, Ere We Part*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow, before I go,
Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the rose,
Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;

THE BOOK OF

Can I cease to love thee? No!

Zōη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Lord Byron

383.

Kilmeny

BONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed and the dead bell rung,
Late, late in gloamin' when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle low'd wi' an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den ;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o’ the lily sheen ?
That bonnie snood of the birk sae green ?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ? ’

Kilmeny look’d up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny’s face ;
As still was her look, and as still was her e’e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare ;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seem’d as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven play’d round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been ;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
Where the river swa’d a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam ;
The land of vision, it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,

THE BOOK OF

That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happ'd wi' flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kenn'd nae mair, nor open'd her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'waken'd on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travell'd mortal life;
And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer,
'What spirit has brought this mortal here?'—

'Lang have I journey'd, the world wide,'
A meek and reverend fere replied;
'Baith night and day I have watch'd the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watch'd o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonnie maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye;

GEORGIAN VERSE

I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken.' —

They clasp'd her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kiss'd her cheek and they kemed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, ' Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year, in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commission'd to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watch'd their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

' O would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanity!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!

THE BOOK OF

And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kyth as the body fair!

'O bonnie Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be.' —

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walk'd in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wander'd bye.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn:
'O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright
A borrow'd gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom! —

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wain'd her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seem'd to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumber'd groves below them grew,
They came, they pass'd, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appear'd like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And Heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.

THE BOOK OF

She look'd, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes:
She look'd, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linkèd flame.
She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view;
She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marlèd seas, and a thousand isles.
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seem'd to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sigh'd and seem'd to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion lick'd her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting e'e;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedesman came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
She dropp'd a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;
Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turn'd away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girn'd amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapp'd the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crown'd with the rose and clover leaf,
He gowl'd at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.

THE BOOK OF

He gowl'd at the carle, and geck'd at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her e'en withdrew;
She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw before her fair unfurl'd
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans roll'd, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagles flew;
And she herkèd on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapp'd in a blaze,
And the thunder it roar'd o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wail'd, and the red blood ran,
And she threaten'd an end to the race of man;
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
O, then the eagle swink'd for life,
And brainzell'd up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

GEORGIAN VERSE

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begg'd again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrie;
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirit's care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music soft and deep,
They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awaken'd, she lay her lane,
All happ'd with flowers, in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remember'd Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's e'en
In that mild face could never be seen.

THE BOOK OF

Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melody,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
And keepèd afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appear'd,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheer'd;
The wolf play'd blythly round the field,
The lordly byson low'd and kneel'd;
The dun deer woo'd with manner bland,
And cower'd aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charm'd and amazed;
Even the dull cattle croon'd and gazed,
And murmur'd and look'd with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raikie began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooy'd their young;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And all in a peaceful ring were hurl'd;
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And return'd to the land of thought again.

J. Hogg

384. *'She Was a Phantom of Delight'*

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!

THE BOOK OF

Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

W. Wordsworth

385.

The Solitary Reaper

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

GEORGIAN VERSE

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of Travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

W. Wordsworth

THE BOOK OF

586.

To a Highland Girl

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode —
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need

GEORGIAN VERSE

The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood,
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father — anything to thee!

THE BOOK OF

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompence.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the Cabin small,
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

W. Wordsworth

387.

The Hamadryad

RHAICOS was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd,
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was intertwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.

GEORGIAN VERSE

For various men wore various coronals;
But one was their devotion; 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
And said, 'Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
Long enough I have lived to find them so.'
And ere he ended sighed; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
'I have not yet,' thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.

'Suppose thou go and help
Echeion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
This we may do in winter.'

Rhaicos went;
For thence he could see farther, and see more

THE BOOK OF

Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echeion he found there with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall:
He held it upright. 'There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets,' said the cautious eld,
'Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!' The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said, 'Echeion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow; for some god
Speaks from within. Come thyself near.' Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor wère the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth and wavering like the face beneath.
'What dost thou here?' Echeion, half-afraid,
Half-angry cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.

'O send away

That sad old man!' said she. The old man went

GEORGIAN VERSE

Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

Hamad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? No vow demands it; no god wills
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue, that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side?

Hamad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?

Rhaicos. Indeed

I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birthday since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.

Hamad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it; 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever; one who says that she

THE BOOK OF

Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough . . .
It shows such kindness . . . if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.

Hamad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?

Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learned to love.

Hamad. But wilt thou spare the tree?

Rhaicos. My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.

Hamad. Awhile! thy father numbers then my days?

Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss be-
neath

Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?

Hamad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?

Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Hamad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.

Rhaicos. O sight for gods! ye men below! adore
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below?

Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

Hamad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay —
Ask not how much — but very much. Rise not;
No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.

Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphroditè!
O Herè! Let my vow be ratified!
But wilt thou come into my father's house?

Hamad. Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.

Rhaicos. Where is it?

Hamad. In this oak.

Rhaicos. Ay; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad; tell it through.

Hamad. Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man! rise up; for shame!

Rhaicos. For shame I cannot rise. O pity me!
I dare not sue for love . . . but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee . . . not once more,
But many days: let me love on . . . unloved!

THE BOOK OF

I aimed too high: on my head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

Hamad. Go . . . rather go, than make me say I love.

Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)

I am immortal too: my vow is heard:

Hark! on the left . . . Nay, turn not from me now,

I claim my kiss.

Hamad. Do men take first, then claim?

Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast.

'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:

But who should hear them? . . . and whose laughs? and
why?

Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,

Thallinos! in thy house: for marjoram,

Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,

Were sprinkled on the kid's well-roasted length,

Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,

Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,

With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.

'Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,

Boy Rhaicos!' said the father. 'That oak's bark

Must have been tough, with little sap between;

It ought to run; but it and I are old.'

Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread

Increased by chewing, and the meat grew cold

And tasteless to his palate, took a draught

Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,

He thought not of until his father fill'd

The cup, averring water was amiss,

GEORGIAN VERSE

But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid,
It was religion.

He thus fortified
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abashed,
'Father, that oak is Zeus's own; that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love — that one'
(He blushed, nor said
What one)

'Has promised this, and may do more.
Thou hast not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best; if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn.'
'Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,'
Said the glad sire: 'but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find
In every crevice, over and above
What has been promised; would they reckon that?'

Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs;
They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out, they pleased.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said

THE BOOK OF

'Come back!' and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander, there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain; for those who most are loved
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
'O thou inconstant!' said he, 'if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here.'
He spake; and pluck'd it from its pliant stem.
'Impatient Rhaicos! Why thus intercept
The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes: I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away; then shall I know my fate,
And — for thou must be wretched — weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe.'

Day after day the Hours beheld them blessed,
And season after season: years had past,
Blessed were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods; one did, alas! She called
Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
The draft-board was expanded; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son
Was puzzled, vexed, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd, (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight

Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound

THE BOOK OF

Even of insect wing; but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

W. S. Landor

388. *When the Kye Come Hame*

COME all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloaming an' the mirk
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great —
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye come hame.

GEORGIAN VERSE

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loes to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,

THE BOOK OF

O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye come hame!
When the kye come hame, &c.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonny lassie
When the kye come hame?
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

J. Hogg

389. *On a Picture of Leander*

COME hither all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking aye, and with a chastened light
Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joinèd be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see,
Untouched, a victim of your beauty bright,
Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea:
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
O horrid dream! see how his body dips
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:
He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath!

J. Keats

390.

Epipsychidion

SWEET Spirit! Sister of that orphan one,
Whose empire is the name thou weepest on,
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee
These votive wreaths of withered memory.

Poor captive bird! who, from thy narrow cage,
Pourest such music, that it might assuage
The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,
Were they not deaf to all sweet melody;
This song shall be thy rose: its petals pale
Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightingale!
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-wingèd Heart! who dost for ever
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,
Till those bright plumes of thought, in which arrayed
It over-soared this low and worldly shade,
Lie shattered; and thy panting, wounded breast
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest!
I weep vain tears: blood would less bitter be,
Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit thee.

THE BOOK OF

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!
Veiled Glory of this lampless Universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
Among the Dead! Thou Star above the Storm!
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendour of the Sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now
Flash, lighting-like, with unaccustomed glow;
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song
All of its much mortality and wrong,
With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,
Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy:
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see
Youth's vision thus made perfect. Emily,
I love thee; though the world by no thin name
Will hide that love, from its unvalued shame.
Would we two had been twins of the same mother!
Or, that the name my heart lent to another
Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,
Blending two beams of one eternity!
Yet were one lawful and the other true,
These names, though dear, could paint not, as is
due,

GEORGIAN VERSE

How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me!
I am not thine: I am a part of thee.

Sweet Lamp! my moth-like Muse has burnt its wings;
Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,
Young Love should teach Time, in his own gray style,
All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless?
A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom? A Star
Which moves not in the moving Heavens, alone?
A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle tone
Amid rude voices? a beloved light?
A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight?
A Lute, which those whom Love has taught to play
Make music on, to soothe the roughest day
And lull fond grief asleep? a buried treasure?
A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure;
A violet-shrouded grave of Woe? — I measure
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
And find — alas! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,
And lured me towards sweet Death; as Night by Day,
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,
Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
Were less ethereally light: the brightness
Of her divinest presence trembles through
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew

THE BOOK OF

Embodied in the windless Heaven of June
Amid the splendour-wingèd stars, the Moon
Burns, inextinguishably beautiful:
And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
Killing the sense with passion; sweet as stops
Of planetary music heard in trance.
In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,
The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap
Under the lightnings of the soul — too deep
For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense.
The glory of her being, issuing thence,
Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade
Of unentangled intermixture, made
By Love, of light and motion: one intense
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing
With the unintermitted blood, which there
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver),
Continuously prolonged, and ending never,
Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled
Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world;
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.
Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress
And her loose hair; and where some heavy tress
The air of her own speed has disentwined,
The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind;
And in the soul a wild odour is felt,
Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt
Into the bosom of a frozen bud. —

GEORGIAN VERSE

See where she stands! a mortal shape indued
With love and life and light and deity,
And motion which may change but cannot die;
An image of some bright Eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream; a Splendour
Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a tender
Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love
Under whose motion life's dull billows move;
A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning;
A Vision like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
Into his summer grave.

Ah, woe is me!

What have I dared? where am I lifted? how
Shall I descend, and perish not? I know
That Love makes all things equal: I have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred:
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship, blends itself with God.

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the Fate
Whose course has been so starless! Oh, too late
Belovèd! Oh, too soon adored, by me!
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,
A divine presence in a place divine;
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,
A shadow of that substance, from its birth;
But not as now:—I love thee; yes, I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal

THE BOOK OF

Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast delight.
We — are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar;
Such difference without discord, as can make
Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous air?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wrecked.
I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion, though it is in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go,

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy light,
Imagination! which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The Universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow

GEORGIAN VERSE

The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
One object, and one form, and builds thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this:
Evil from good: misery from happiness;
The baser from the nobler; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must endure.
If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared:
This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope; the eternal law
By which those live, to whom this world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps;—on an imagined shore,
Under the gray beak of some promontory
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,

THE BOOK OF

That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
And from the fountains, and the odours deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance, — in form,
Sound, colour — in whatever checks that Storm
Which with the shattered present chokes the past;
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth. —

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth
I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,
And towards the loadstar of my one desire,
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame. —
But She, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,
Passed, like a God throned on a wingèd planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade;
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,
I would have followed, though the grave between

GEORGIAN VERSE

Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen:
When a voice said: — ‘O Thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest.’
Then I — ‘Where?’ the world’s echo answered ‘where!’
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither ’twas fled, this soul out of my soul;
And murmured names and spells which have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate;
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate
The night which closed on her; nor uncreate
That world within this Chaos, mine and me,
Of which she was the veiled Divinity,
The world I say of thoughts that worshipped her:
And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear
And every gentle passion sick to death,
Feeding my course with expectation’s breath,
Into the wintry forest of our life;
And struggling through its error with vain strife,
And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,
And half bewildered by new forms, I past
Seeking among those untaught foresters
If I could find one form resembling hers,
In which she might have masked herself from me.
There, — One, whose voice was venom’d melody
Sate by a well, under blue nightshade bowers;
The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,
Her touch was as electric poison, — flame
Out of her looks into my vitals came,
And from her living cheeks and bosom flew
A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew

THE BOOK OF

Into the core of my green heart, and lay
Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown gray
O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime
With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of that idol of my thought,
And some were fair — but beauty dies away:
Other were wise — but honeyed words betray:
And One was true — oh! why not true to me?
Then, as a hunted deer that could not flee,
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,
Wounded and weak and panting; the cold day
Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain.
When, like a noonday dawn, there shone again
Deliverance. One stood on my path who seemed
As like the glorious shape which I had dreamed,
As is the Moon, whose changes ever run
Into themselves, to the eternal Sun;
The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright
isles,

Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles,
That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame
Which ever is transformed, yet still the same,
And warms not but illumines. Young and fair
As the descended Spirit of that Sphere,
She hid me, as the Moon may hide the night
From its own darkness, until all was bright
Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind.
And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,
She led me to a cave in that wild place,
And sate beside me, with her downward face

GEORGIAN VERSE

Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon
Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.
And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
And all my being became bright or dim
As the Moon's image in a summer sea,
According as she smiled or frowned on me;
And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed:
Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead:—
For at her silver voice came Death and Life,
Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,
Masked like twin babes, a sister and a brother,
The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,
And through the cavern without wings they flew,
And cried, 'Away, he is not of our crew.'
I wept, and though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,
Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips
Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse:—
And how my soul was as a lampless sea,
And who was then its Tempest; and when She,
The Planet of that hour, was quenched, what frost
Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast
The moving billows of my being fell
Into a death of ice, immovable:—
And then—what earthquakes made it gape and split,
The white Moon smiling all the while on it,
These words conceal:—If not, each word would be
The key of staunchless tears. Weep not for me!

At length, into the obscure Forest came
The Vision I had sought through grief and shame.

THE BOOK OF

Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flashed from her motion splendour like the Morn's
And from her presence life was radiated
Through the gray earth and branches bare and dead;
So that her way was paved, and roofed above
With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love;
And music from her respiration spread
Like light, — all other sounds were penetrated
By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,
So that the savage winds hung mute around;
And odours warm and fresh fell from her hair,
Dissolving the dull cold in the froze air:
Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
When light is changed to love, this glorious One
Floated into the cavern where I lay,
And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
Was penetrating me with living light:
I knew it was the Vision veiled from me
So many years — that it was Emily.

Twin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,
This world of love, this *me*; and into birth
Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart
Magnetic might into its central heart;
And lift its billows and its mists, and guide
By everlasting laws, each wind and tide
To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave;
And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave
Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers

GEORGIAN VERSE

The armies of the rainbow-wingèd showers;
And, as those married lights, which from the towers
Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe
In liquid sleep and splendour, as a robe;
And all their many-mingled influence blend,
If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end;—
So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway
Govern my sphere of being, night and day!
Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed might;
Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light;
And, through the shadows of the seasons three,
From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,
Light it into the Winter of the tomb,
Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.
Thou too, O Comet beautiful and fierce,
Who drew the heart of this frail Universe
Towards thine own; till, wrecked in that convulsion,
Alternating attraction and repulsion,
Thine went astray and that was rent in twain;
Oh, float into our azure heaven again!
Be there love's folding-star at thy return;
The living Sun will feed thee from its urn
Of golden fire; the Moon will veil her horn
In thy last smiles; adoring Even and Morn
Will worship thee with incense of calm breath
And lights and shadows; as the star of Death
And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild
Called Hope and Fear—upon the heart are piled
Their offerings,—of this sacrifice divine
A World shall be the altar.

Lady mine,

Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth

THE BOOK OF

Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth
Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,
Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.
To whatso'er of dull mortality
Is mine, remain a vestal sister still;
To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,
Not mine but me, henceforth be thou united
Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.
The hour is come: — the destined Star has risen
Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.
The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set
The sentinels — but true Love never yet
Was thus constrained: it overleaps all fence:
Like lightning, with invisible violence
Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,
Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,
Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array
Of arms; more strength has Love than he or they;
For it can burst his charnel, and make free
The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,

A ship is floating in the harbour now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever ploughed that path before;
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles;
The treacherous ocean has foresworn its wiles;
The merry mariners are bold and free;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me?
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
Is a far Eden of the purple East;
And we between her wings will sit, while Night
And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
It is an Isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elsyian, clear and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide:
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year),
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears

THE BOOK OF

Is heavy with scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain,
And every motion, odour, beam and tone
With that deep music is in unison:
Which is a soul within the soul — they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream. —
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.
It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
The wingèd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm
To other Lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess:
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,

GEORGIAN VERSE

An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen
O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices. —
But the chief marvel of the wilderness
Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how
None of the rustic island-people know;
'Tis not a tower of strength, though with its height
It overtops the woods; but, for delight,
Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere crime
Had been invented, in the world's young prime,
Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,
An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house
Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.
It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,
But, as it were Titanic; in the heart
Of Earth having assumed its form, then grown
Out of the mountains, from the living stone,
Lifting itself in caverns light and high;
For all the antique and learnèd imagery
Has been erased, and in the place of it
The ivy and the wild vine interknit
The volumes of their many twining stems;
Parasite flowers illume with dewy gems
The lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky
Peeps through their winter-roof of tracery
With Moonlight patches, or star atoms keen,
Or fragments of the day's intense serene: —
Working mosaic on their Parian floors.
And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream

THE BOOK OF

Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that
we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed
Thee to be lady of the solitude. —
And I have fitted up some chambers there
Looking toward the golden Eastern air,
And level with the living winds, which flow
Like waves above the living waves below. —
I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die.
Folded within their own eternity.
Our simple life wants little, and true taste
Hires not the pale drudge Luxury, to waste
The scene it would adorn, and therefore still,
Nature, with all her children, haunts the hill.
The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit
Round the evening tower, and the young stars glance
Between the quick bats in their twilight dance;
The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight
Before our gate, and the slow, silent night
Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.
Be this our home in life, and when years heap
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay,
Let us become the overhanging day,
The living soul of this Elysian isle,
Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile

GEORGIAN VERSE

We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend,
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour;
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy, —
Possessing and possessed by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and live
Be one: — or, at the noontide hour, arrive
Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,
Through which the awakened day can never peep;
A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's,
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights;
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.
And we will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
Harmonising silence without a sound.
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together; and our lips
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them, and the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the Morning Sun.

THE BOOK OF

We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames, oh! wherefore two?
One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew,
Till like two meteors of expanding flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
Touch, mingle, are tranfigured; ever still
Burning, yet ever inconsumable:
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure and light and unimbued
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away:
One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation. Woe is me!
The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the heights of Love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire —
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,
And say: — 'We are the masters of thy slave;
What wouldst thou with us and ours and thine?'
Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,
All singing loud: 'Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the world divine
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.'
So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,
And bid them love each other and be blest;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,
And come and be my guest, — for I am Love's.

P. B. Shelley

391. *Music, When Soft Voices Die*

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory —
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken,

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. Shelley

392. *Last Sonnet*

BRIGHT Star, would I were steadfast as thou art —
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —
No, — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,

THE BOOK OF

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

J. Keats

393.

Nora's Vow

HEAR what Highland Nora said, —
‘The Earlie’s son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie’s son.’

‘A maiden’s vows,’ old Callum spoke,
‘Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain’s height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie’s son.’ —

‘The swan,’ she said, ‘the lake’s clear breast
May barter for the eagle’s nest;
The Awe’s fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie’s son.’

GEORGIAN VERSE

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's swift river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
— She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

Sir W. Scott

394. *Brignall Banks*

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily:

*'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green:
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.'*

'If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down,

THE BOOK OF

And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May.'

Yet sung she, '*Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.*

'I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood.'
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.'

Yet sung she, '*Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!*'

'With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.'
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

GEORGIAN VERSE

*' And O, though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!*

*' Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.*

*' Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.'*

Sir W. Scott

395. *Lord Ullin's Daughter*

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, ' Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'

*' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water? '
' O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.*

THE BOOK OF

‘ And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

‘ His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?’

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight:
‘ I’ll go, my chief — I’m ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

‘ And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.’

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men —
Their trampling sounded nearer.

‘ O haste thee, haste!’ the lady cries,
‘ Though tempests round us gather;

GEORGIAN VERSE

I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore —
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh, my daughter!'

'Twas vain: — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing; —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. Campbell

THE BOOK OF

396.

Isabella

or

The Pot of Basil

F AIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!

Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothèd each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber-window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers would he watch,
Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

GEORGIAN VERSE

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
'To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon.' —
'O may I never see another night,
Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune.' —
So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
'How ill she is,' said he, 'I may not speak,
And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
And at the least 'twill startle off her cares.'

So said he one fair morning, and all day
His heart beat awfully against his side;
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve away —
Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

So once more he had wak'd and anguishèd
A dreary night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
To every symbol on his forehead high;

THE BOOK OF

She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
And straight all flush'd; so, lispèd tenderly,
'Lorenzo!' here she ceas'd her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

'O Isabella, I can half perceive
That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
If thou didst ever anything believe,
Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
Another night, and not my passion thrive.

'Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
Lady! thou ledest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time.'
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

GEORGIAN VERSE

All close they met again, before the dusk
 Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
 Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
 Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

Were they unhappy then? — It cannot be —
 Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
 Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
 Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;
Except in such a page where 'Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

But, for the general award of love,
 The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
 And Isabella's was a great distress.
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
 Was not embalm'd, this truth is not the less —
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
 Enrichèd from ancestral merchandise,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
 In torchèd mines and noisy factories,

THE BOOK OF

And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip; — with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark;
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazarus stairs? —
Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years? —
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

Yet were these Florentines as self retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
The hawks of ship-mast forests — the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies —
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away, —
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

GEORGIAN VERSE

How was it these same ledgermen could spy
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
Into their vision covetous and sly!
How could these money-bags see east and west? —
Yet so they did — and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lilies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy ghittren's tune,
For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet:
But it is done — succeed the verse or fail —
To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she lov'd him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh mad

THE BOOK OF

That he, the servant of their trade designs,
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolvèd in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews; and to him said,
'You seem there in the quiet of content,
Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

'To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine.'
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

'Love, Isabel!' said he, 'I was in pain
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
Good bye! I'll soon be back.'—'Good bye!' said she:—
And as he went she chanted merrily.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love. — They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness — is ill at peace

THE BOOK OF

As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:

They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsèd spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,

Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need

In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.

Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,

And 'scape at once from Hope's accursèd bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;

Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!

She brooded o'er the luxury alone:

His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,

And to the silence made a gentle moan,

Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,

And on her couch low murmuring, "Where? O where?"

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long

Its fiery vigil in her single breast;

She fretted for the golden hour, and hung

Upon the time with feverish unrest —

Not long — for soon into her heart a throng

Of higher occupants, a richer zest,

Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,

And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

GEORGIAN VERSE

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves
The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
To make all bare before he cares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale,
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pall
For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

It was a vision. — In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb
Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot

THE BOOK OF

Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom

Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamèd ears
Had made a miry channel for his tears.

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;

For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:
Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song,
Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars among.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright

With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light,
The while it did unthread the horrid woof
Of the late darken'd time, — the murderous spite
Of pride and avarice, the dark pine roof
In the forest, — and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

Saying moreover, 'Isabel, my sweet!

Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed
Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
Comes from beyond the river to my bed:
Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
And it shall comfort me within the tomb

GEORGIAN VERSE

'I am a shadow now, alas! alas!

Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,

While little sounds of life are round me knelling,
And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,

And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me,
And thou art distant in Humanity.

'I know what was, I feel full well what is,
And I should rage, if spirits could go mad;
Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,

That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss

To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad;
Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
A greater love through all my essence steal.'

The Spirit mourn'd 'Adieu!' — dissolv'd, and left

The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,

Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,

And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil:
It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
And in the dawn she started up awake;

'Ha! ha!' said she, 'I knew not this hard life,

I thought the worst was simple misery;
I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
Portion'd us — happy days, or else to die;

THE BOOK OF

But there is crime — a brother's bloody knife!

Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy:
I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
And greet thee morn and even in the skies.'

When the full morning came, she had devised
How she might secret to the forest hie;
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
And sing to it one latest lullaby;
How her short absence might be unsurmised,
While she the inmost of the dream would try.
Resolv'd, she took with her an agèd nurse,
And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

See, as they creep along the river side,
How she doth whisper to that agèd Dame,
And, after looking round the champaign wide,
Shows her a knife. — 'What feverous hectic flame
Burns in thee, child? — What good can thee betide,
That thou should'st smile again?' — The evening came,
And they had found Lorenzo's earthly bed;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
To see the skull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;
Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,
And filling it once more with human soul?
Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

GEORGIAN VERSE

She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
Like to a native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

Soon she turn'd up a soil'd glove, whereon
Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies.
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:
Than 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
And so she 'kneelèd, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;
At last they felt the kernal of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!

THE BOOK OF

Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak:—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

With duller steel than the Persèan sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.
'Twas live; cold, — dead indeed, but not dethroned.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
Pointed each fringed lash; the smear'd loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away:—and still she comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day — and still she kiss'd, and wept.

Then in a silken scarf, sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent pipe refreshfully, —
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast mouldering head there shut from view:
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumèd leaflets spread.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh!
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;

THE BOOK OF

Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;

For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead: She withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

O leave the palm to wither by itself;

Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour! —

It may not be — those Baälites of pelf,

Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,

Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one mark'd out to be a noble's pride.

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much

Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,

And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;

Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean:

They could not surely give belief, that such

A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift

This hidden whim; and long they watch'd in vain;

For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,

And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;

And when she left, she hurried back, as swift

As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;

And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there

Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot,
And to examine it in secret place:
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face;
The guerdon of their murder they had got,
And so left Florence in a moment's space,
Never to turn again. — Away they went,
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
From isles Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh!
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die:
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
Asking for her lost Basil amorously:
And with melodious chuckle in the strings
Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
To ask him where her Basil was; and why
'Twas hid from her: 'For cruel 'tis,' said she,
'To steal my Basil-pot away from me.'

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
In pity of her love, so overcast.

THE BOOK OF

And a sad ditty of this story born

From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
Still is the burthen sung — 'O cruelty,
'To steal my Basil-pot away from me!'

J. Keats

397. *Jock o' Hazeldean*

' **W**HY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride:

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,

Sae comely to be seen' —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale;

Young Frank is chief of Errington

And lord of Langley-dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen' —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost o' them a',

Shall ride our forest queen' —

GEORGIAN VERSE

But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

Sir W. Scott

398.

Allen-a-Dale

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net and the land for his game.
The chase for the wild and the park for the tame:
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp and his blade be as bright;

THE BOOK OF

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale
And with all its bright spangles!' said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch and they bade him be gone;
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

Sir W. Scott

399.

County Guy

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who thrilled the day
Sits hushed his partner nigh:
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

GEORGIAN VERSE

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy?

Sir W. Scott

400. By That Lake Whose Gloomy Shore

BY that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.
'Here, at least,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily 'sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, —
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last!

THE BOOK OF

Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she has tracked his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourned her fate.
When he said, 'Heaven rest her soul!'
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide!

T. Moore

401.

Lochinvar

OH! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none.
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.

GEORGIAN VERSE

So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
'Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'—

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

THE BOOK OF

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered ' 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the coupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;

Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:

There was racing and chasing on Canobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir W. Scott

402. *The Eve of St. Agnes*

ST. Agnes' Eve! — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told

GEORGIAN VERSE

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censor old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,

THE BOOK OF

Star'd where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their
breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,

GEORGIAN VERSE

But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amorn,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things
have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foeman, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords

THE BOOK OF

Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, 'Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

'Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
'Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his grey hairs — Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away.' — 'Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how' — 'Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.'

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd 'Well-a — well-a-day!
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
'Now tell me where is Madeline,' said he,
'O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

'St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve.'

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
'A cruel man, and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem.'

'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,'
Quoth Porphyro: 'O may I ne'er find grace

THE BOOK OF

When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves
and bears.'

'Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd.' Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

'It shall be as thou wishest,' said the Dame:
'All eates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame

GEORGIAN VERSE

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.'

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the agèd gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!

THE BOOK OF

But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Unnumerable of stains and splendid dyes.
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and
kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreath'd pearls her hair she frees;
Uncclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her sooth'd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! — how fast
she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,

THE BOOK OF

The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone: —
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd:
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
'And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.'

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam:
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem

GEORGIAN VERSE

From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
She mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, 'La belle dame sans mercy:'
Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
Her blue affrighted eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

'Ah, Porphyro!' said she, 'but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.'

THE BOOK OF

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet, —
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
'This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!'
'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
'No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing: —
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunèd wing!'

'My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

'Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —
The bloated wassaillers will never heed: —
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.'

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. —
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form

THE BOOK OF

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

J. Keats

403.

To a Bride

February 17, 1846

A STILL, serene, soft day; enough of sun
To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-tree snow,
Whiter than those white flowers the bride-maids wore;
Upon the silent boughs the lissom air
Rested; and, only when it went, they moved,
Nor more than under linnet springing off.
Such was the wedding morn: the joyous Year
Leapt over March and April up to May.

Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,
Thyself borne on in cool serenity,
All heaven around and bending over thee,
All earth below and watchful of thy course!
Well hast thou chosen, after long demur
To aspirations from more realms than one.
Peace be with those thou leavest! peace with thee!
Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,
But very much: for Love himself feels pain,
While brighter plumage shoots, to shed last year's;
And one at home (how dear that one!) recalls
Thy name, and thou recallest one at home.
Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour of tears

GEORGIAN VERSE

Is over; nor believe thou that Romance
Closes against pure Faith her rich domain.
Shall only blossoms flourish there? Arise,
Far sighted bride! look forward! clearer views
And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.
Fortune in vain call'd out to thee; in vain
Rays from high regions darted; Wit pour'd out
His sparkling treasures; Wisdom laid his crown
Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet.
Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the words,
Adding as true ones, not untold before,
That incense must have fire for its ascent,
Else 'tis inert and cannot reach the idol.
Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.
Enjoy it while it lasts; and last it will;
Love can prolong it in despite of Years.

W. S. Landor

404. *The Three Roses*

WHEN the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the First,
I was walking; joyous then
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering, '*Happy as thou art,
Happiness and thou must part.*'
Many summers have gone by
Since a Second Rose and I
(Rose from that same stem) have told
This and other tales of old.

THE BOOK OF

She upon her wedding-day
Carried home my tenderest lay:
From her lap I now have heard
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third,
Not for *her* this hand of mine
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;
Cold and torpid it must lie,
Mute the tongue and closed the eye.
W. S. Landor

405. *Harmony in Unlikeness*

BY Enfield lanes, and Winchmore's verdant hill,
Two lovely damsels cheer my lonely walk:
The fair Maria, as a vestal, still;
And Emma brown, exuberant in talk.
With soft and lady speech the first applies
The mild correctives that to grace belong
To her redundant friend, who her defies
With jest, and mad discourse, and bursts of song.
O differing Pair, yet sweetly thus agreeing,
What music from your happy discord rises,
While your companion hearing each, and seeing,
Nor this, nor that, but both together, prizes;
This lesson teaching, which our souls may strike,
That harmonies may be in things unlike!
C. Lamb

GEORGIAN VERSE

406. *Wife, Children, and Friends*

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,

(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends)

At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented

And slipt in three blessings — wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,

For justice divine could not compass her ends;

The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,

For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,

The fund ill-secured oft in bankruptcy ends;

But the heart issues bills which are never protested

When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children, and Friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning embers,

The death-wounded tar who his colours defends,

Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers

How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,

Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,

With transport would barter whole ages of glory

For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

THE BOOK OF

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of Renown ever freshen and cherish
The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends,
O'er me wave the willow! and long may it flourish
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink — for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends:
Let us drink — pledge me high — Love and Virtue shall
flavour
The glass which I fill to wife, children, and friends.

W. R. Spencer

407.

The Babie

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snow
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Her pucker'd lip and bonny mou',
With nae ane tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face —
We're glad she has nae wings.

H. Miller

408. *A Child's a Plaything for an Hour*

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour;
Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space —
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
All seasons could control;
That would have mock'd the sense of pain
Out of a grievèd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber-up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease.

M. Lamb

409. *Little Aglae*

To Her Father, on Her Statue Being Called Like Her

FATHER! the little girl we see
Is not, I fancy, so like me;
You never hold her on your knee.

THE BOOK OF

When she came home, the other day,
You kiss'd her; but I cannot say
She kiss'd you first and ran away.

W. S. Landor

410. *The Children Band*

ALL holy influences dwell within
The breast of Childhood: instincts fresh from God
Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod
Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.
How mighty was that fervour which could win
Its way to infant souls! — and was the sod
Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?
Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,
In all their touching beauty to redeem?
And did their soft lips kiss the Sepulchre?
Alas! the lovely pageant as a dream
Faded! They sank not through ignoble fear;
They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain, stream,
In sands, in fens, they died — no mother near!

Sir A. De Vere

411. *The Two April Mornings*

WE walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun:
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
'The will of God be done!'

GEORGIAN VERSE

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

‘Our work,’ said I, ‘was well begun;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?’

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

‘Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

‘And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

‘With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,

THE BOOK OF

And, to the churchyard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

'Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

'Six feet in Earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

'And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

'A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

'No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

'There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

W. Wordsworth

412. Love, Hope, and Patience in Education

O'ER wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it; — so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education, — Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks, I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straiten'd arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Wooes back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies; —
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,

THE BOOK OF

When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Strands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

S. T. Coleridge

413. *Child of a Day*

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!
And why the wish! the pure and blessed
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

W. S. Landor

414. *On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born*

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work;
A floweret crush'd in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in a cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut

GEORGIAN VERSE

For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.

Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finished pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe, or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When single state comes back again
To the lone man who, reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a mainèd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why Human Buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones

THE BOOK OF

Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.

Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss:
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells, and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie —
A more harmless vanity?

C. Lamb

415. *My Love She's but a Lassie yet*

MY love she's but a lassie yet
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit and woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.

GEORGIAN VERSE

But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a roaming yet;
 An' hint wi' glee
 O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
 But just a jinking,
 Bonny blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.

But O her artless smile's mair sweet,
Than hinny or than marmalete;
 An' right or wrang,
 Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
 The flowery beds
 On which she treads,
Though wae for ane that misses her.

Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
 For all I see
 Are nought to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet.

J. Hogg

THE BOOK OF

416.

To a Young Lady

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
— There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold;
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a Shepherd-boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy Babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

W. Wordsworth

417.

A Boy's Song

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay:
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

J. Hogg

418.

Absence

HERE, ever since you went abroad,
If there be change, no change I see:
I only walk our wonted road,
The road is only walk'd by me.

THE BOOK OF

Yes; I forgot; a change there is —
Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
I catch at times, at times I miss
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!
Two shortest months! then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry.
W. S. Landor

419. *Why Art Thou Silent?*

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant —
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak — though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine —
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!
W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

420. *Lucy Ashton's Song*

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming;
Sit thou still when kings are arming;
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens;
Speak not when the people listens;
Stop thine ear against the singer;
From the red gold keep thy finger;
Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

Sir W. Scott

421. *Separation*

THERE is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and eventide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross — alas! alas!

W. S. Landor

422. *Rose Aylmer*

AH what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

W. S. Landor

THE BOOK OF

423. *Rose Aylmer's Hair, Given by Her Sister*

BEAUTIFUL spoils! borne off from vanquished death!
Upon my heart's high altar shall ye lie,
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,
Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.

W. S. Landor

424. *In After Time*

NO, my own love of other years!
No, it must never be.
Much rests with you that yet endears,
Alas! but what with me?
Could those bright years o'er me revolve
So gay, o'er you so fair,
The pearl of life we would dissolve
And each the cup might share.
You show that truth can ne'er decay,
Whatever fate befalls;
I, that the myrtle and the bay
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

W. S. Landor

425. *Pleasure! Why Thus Desert the Heart*

PLEASURE! why thus desert the heart
In its spring-tide?
I could have seen her, I could part,
And but have sigh'd!

GEORGIAN VERSE

O'er every youthful charm to stray,
To gaze, to touch . . .
Pleasure! why take so much away,
Or give so much!

W. S. Landor

426. *One Year Ago*

ONE year ago my path was green,
My footstep light, my brow serene;
Alas! and could it have been so
One year ago?

There is a love that is to last
When the hot days of youth are past:
Such love did a sweet maid bestow
One year ago.

I took a leaflet from her braid
And gave it to another maid.
Love! broken should have been thy bow
One year ago.

W. S. Landor

427. *The Appeal*

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone,
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay,
But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away.

THE BOOK OF

'Can I be always by your side?'

No; but the hours you can, you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

W. S. Landor

428.

The Test

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss . . .
My heart was sure that hers was true.

Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!
Hers never was the heart for you.

W. S. Landor

429.

Twenty Years Hence

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Still yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence tho' it may hap
That I be call'd to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard.

GEORGIAN VERSE

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sigh'd *Alas*,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That wingèd word.

W. S. Landor

430. *Proud Word You Never Spoke*

PROUD word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
'This man loved *me!*' then rise and trip away.

W. S. Landor

431. *Well I Remember How You Smiled*

WELL I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand. '*O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!'
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find *Ianthe's* name again.

W. S. Landor

432. *Verse*

PAST ruin'd *Ilion* *Helen* lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

THE BOOK OF

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
These many summers you and me.

W. S. Landor

433.

Away My Verse

AWAY my verse; and never fear,
As men before such beauty do;
On you she will not look severe,
She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
For it would please her to forgive.

W. S. Landor

434.

With an Album

I KNOW not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd:
Therefore pray let me disengage
My verses from the motley page,
Where others far more sure to please
Pour out their choral song with ease.
And yet perhaps, if some should tire
With too much froth or too much fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine.

W. S. Landor

GEORGIAN VERSE

435. *Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa*

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story —
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew be-sprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh, Fame! — if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron

436.

To ———

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,

THE BOOK OF

And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.
I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not, —
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. Shelley

437.

Glycine's Song

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold —
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: 'Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!'

S. T. Coleridge

GEORGIAN VERSE

438.

Could Love For Ever

COULD Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain —
No other pleasure
With this could measure:
And like a treasure
We'd hug the chain.
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, form'd for flying,
Love plumes his wing;
Then for this reason
Let's love a season;
But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted,
Expect to die;
A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
For whom they sigh!
When link'd together,
In every weather,
They pluck Love's feather
From out his wing —
He'll stay for ever,

THE BOOK OF

But sadly shiver
Without his plumage, when past the Spring.

Like Chiefs of Faction,
His life is action —
A formal paction

That curbs his reign,
Obscures his glory,
Despot no more, he
Such territory

Quits with disdain.
Still, still advancing,
With banners glancing,
His power enhancing,

He must move on —
Repose but cloy him,
Retreat destroys him,

Love brooks not a degraded throne.

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover,

As from a dream.
While each bewailing
The other's failing,
With wrath and railing,

All hideous seem —
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Wait not till teasing

All passion blight:

GEORGIAN VERSE

If once diminish'd
Love reign is finish'd —
Then part in friendship, — and bid good-night.

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connection
Bring back with joy:
You had not waited
Till, tired or hated,
Your passions sated
Began to coy.
Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces —
The same fond faces —
As through the past;
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors,
Reflect but rapture — not least though last.

True, separations
Ask more than patience;
What desperations
From such have risen!
But yet remaining,
What is't but chaining
Hearts which, once waning,
Beat 'gainst their prison?
Time can but cloy love,
And use destroy love:

THE BOOK OF

The wingèd boy, Love,
Is but for boys —
You'll find it torture
Though sharper, shorter,
To wean, and not wear out your joys.
Lord Byron.

439.

Longing

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine.
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise:
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

GEORGIAN VERSE

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them, drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

Lord Byron

440.

Song

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,

THE BOOK OF

A doublet of the Lincoln green —
No more of me ye knew,
My Love!
No more of me ye knew.

‘This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.’
— He turn’d his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said ‘Adieu for evermore,
My Love!
And adieu for evermore.’

Sir W. Scott

441. The Irish Peasant to His Mistress

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
cheer’d my way
Till hope seem’d to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn’d,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn’d;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless’d even the sorrows that made me more dear to
thee.

Thy rival was honour’d, while thou wert wrong’d and
scorn’d.

Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn’d;

GEORGIAN VERSE

She woo'd me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail —
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains.
Oh! foul is the slander — no claim could that soul subdue —
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

T. Moore

442. *When He Who Adores Thee*

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree:
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;

THE BOOK OF

But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

T. Moore

443.

I Had a Dove

I HAD a dove and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied,
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die —
Why should you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You liv'd alone in the forest tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

J. Keats

444.

We'll Go No More A-Roving

SO, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And Love itself have rest.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

Lord Byron

445.

When We Two Parted

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me
Why wert thou so dear?

THE BOOK OF

They know not I knew thee:
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.

Lord Byron

446.

Fare Thee Well

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well*:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Though the world for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth,
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,

THE BOOK OF

Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

Lord Byron

GEORGIAN VERSE

447. ' *When the Lamp Is Shattered* '

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead —
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

THE BOOK OF

From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home,
Leave thee naked to laughter,,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

P. B. Shelley

448.

Rosabelle

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

‘Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle Ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

‘The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

‘Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?’—

‘’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

GEORGIAN VERSE

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.' —

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh,
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapel;

THE BOOK OF

Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

Sir W. Scott

449. *Song of the Indian Maid*

From 'Endymion'

' O SORROW,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes?
Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

' O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye? —
To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spray?

' O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue? —
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart’s lightness from the merriment of May? —
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day —
Nor any drooping flower,
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

‘ To Sorrow,
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerily, cheerily,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

‘ Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept, —
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

‘ Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a-weeping: what enamour’d bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

THE BOOK OF

'And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue —

'Twas Bacchus and his crew!

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din —

'Twas Bacchus and his kin!

Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy!

O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—

I rush'd into the folly!

'Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,

With sidelong laughing;

And little rills of crimson wine imbru'd

His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white

For Venus' pearly bite;

And near him rode Silenus on his ass,

Pelted with flowers as he on did pass

Tipsily quaffing.

'Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?

Why have ye left your bowers desolate,

Your lutes, and gentler fate?'—

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joinèd be
To our wild minstrelsy!’

‘Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?’—
‘For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth!—
Come hither, lady fair, and joinèd be
To our mad minstrelsy!’

‘Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads— with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians’ prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughters mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rower’s toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide.

THE BOOK OF

‘ Mounted on panthers’ furs and lions’ manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains;
A three days’ journey in a moment done:
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
On spleenful unicorn.

‘ I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown!
I saw parch’d Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals’ ring!
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce!
The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres veil,
And from their treasures scatter pearlèd hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,
Before young Bacchus’ eye-wink turning pale. —
Into these regions came I following him,
Sick-hearted, weary — so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear
 Alone, without a peer:
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

‘ Young stranger!
I’ve been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime:
Alas! ’tis not for me!
Bewitch’d I sure must be,
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘Come then, Sorrow!
Sweetest Sorrow!

Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

‘There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.’

J. Keats

450. *The Ballad of the Dark Ladié*

A Fragment

BENEATH yon birch with silver bark,
And boughs so pendulous and fair,
The brook falls scatter'd down the rock:
And all is mossy there!

And there upon the moss she sits,
The Dark Ladié in silent pain;
The heavy tear is in her eye,
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page
Up the castled mountain's breast,
If he might find the Knight that wears
The Griffin for his crest.

THE BOOK OF

The sun was sloping down the sky,
And she had linger'd there all day,
Counting moments, dreaming fears —
Oh wherefore can he stay?

She hears a rustling o'er the brook,
She sees far off a swinging bough!
'Tis He! 'Tis my betrothèd knight!
Lord Falkland, it is thou!'

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,
She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,
Her kisses glowing on his cheeks
She quenches with her tears.

'My friends with rude ungentle words
They scoff and bid me fly to thee!
O give me shelter in thy breast!
O shield and shelter me!

'My Henry, I have given thee much,
I gave what I can ne'er recall.
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,
O Heaven! I gave thee all.'

The Knight made answer to the Maid,
While to his heart he held her hand,
'Nine castles hath my noble sire,
None statelier in the land.

'The fairest one shall be my love's,
The fairest castle of the nine!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Wait only till the stars peep out,
The fairest shall be thine:

‘Wait only till the hand of eve
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,
And through the dark we two will steal
Beneath the twinkling stars!’ —

‘The dark? the dark? No! not the dark!
The twinkling stars? How, Henry? How?
O God! ’twas in the eye of noon
He pledged his sacred vow!

‘And in the eye of noon my love
Shall lead me from my mother’s door,
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white
Strewing flowers before:

‘But first the nodding minstrels go
With music meet for lordly bowers,
The children next in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flowers!

‘And then my love and I shall pace,
My jet black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids.’

.

S. T. Coleridge

THE BOOK OF

451. *The Eve of Saint John*

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron returned in three days' space
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His accón pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued, —
But it was not English gore.

GEORGIAN VERSE

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

‘Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

‘Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho’me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?’

‘My lady, each night, sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For from height to height the beacons bright
Of the English foeman told.

‘The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

‘I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burnèd all alone.

‘The second night I kept her in sight
Till to the fire she came,

THE BOOK OF

And, by Mary's might! an armèd knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

'And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

'The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

'And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true
On the eve of good Saint John.'

'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee:
On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be.'

'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet
Is worth the whole summer's day.

GEORGIAN VERSE

“ And I’ll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall
not sound,

And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone and by the holy Saint John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!’

“ Though the blood-hound be mute and the rush beneath
my foot,

And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footsteps he would know.’

“ O, fear not the priest who sleepeth to the east,

For to Dryburgh the way he has ta’en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.’

‘ He turned him around and grimly he frowned

Then he laughed right scornfully —

‘ He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight
May as well say mass for me:

“ At the lone midnight hour when bad spirits have power
In thy chamber will I be. — ’

With that he was gone and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.’

Then changed, I trow, was that bold baron’s brow
From the dark to the blood-red high;

‘ Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!’

THE BOOK OF

‘His arms shone full bright in the beacon’s red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew.’

‘Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold and low laid in mould
All under the Eildon-tree.’

‘Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.’

The bold baron’s brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale —
‘The grave is deep and dark — and the corpse is stiff and
stark —
So I may not trust thy tale.

‘Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago by some secret foe
That gay gallant was slain.

‘The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring and the white monks do
sing
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!’

GEORGIAN VERSE

He passed the court-gate and he oped the tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair
To the bartizan-seat where, with maids that on her
wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

'Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!'
'Now hail, thou baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch!'

'The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a Southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well.'

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the baron a word:
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron tossed and turned,
And oft to himself he said, —
'The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is
deep —
It cannot give up the dead!'

THE BOOK OF

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there —
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

‘Alas! away, away!’ she cried,
‘For the holy Virgin’s sake!’
‘Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

‘By Eildon-tree for long nights three
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

‘By the baron’s brand, near Tweed’s fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon’s height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

‘At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower
Hadst thou not conjured me so.’

Love mastered fear — her brow she crossed:
‘How, Richard, hast thou sped?’

GEORGIAN VERSE

And art thou saved or art thou lost?'
The vision shook his head!

'Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.'

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impressed;
And forevermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh tower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower
He speaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none —
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron.

Sir W. Scott

THE BOOK OF

452. *They Say That Hope Is Happiness*

THEY say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
They rose the first — they set the last;

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

Alas! it is delusion all;
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

Lord Byron

453. *As Hermes Once Took to His Feathers Light*

AS Hermes once took to his feathers light,
When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
So on a Delphic reed, my idle spright
So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft
The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes;
And, seeing it asleep, so fled away —
Not to pure Ida with its snow-cold skies,
Nor unto Tempe where Jove grieved that day;
But to that second circle of sad hell,
Where in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw

GEORGIAN VERSE

Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw,
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

J. Keats

454.

To Fanny

I CRY your mercy — pity — love! — aye, love!
Merciful love that tantalises not,
One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,
Unmask'd, and being seen — without a blot!
O! let me have thee whole, — all — all — be mine!
That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
Of love, your kiss, — those hands, those eyes divine,
That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast, —
Yourself — your soul — in pity give me all,
Withhold no atom's atom or I die,
Or living on perhaps, your wretchèd thrall,
Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
Life's purposes, — the palate of my mind
Losing its gust, and my ambition blind!

J. Keats

455.

Christabel

PART THE FIRST

'TIS the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit! — Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew!

THE BOOK OF

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight —
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:

GEORGIAN VERSE

She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell. —
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek —
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;

THE BOOK OF

Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see —
A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is

GEORGIAN VERSE

(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell —
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,

THE BOOK OF

And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate,
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out,
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in the glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters there.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,

THE BOOK OF

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered — Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she —
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
'Alas!' said she, 'this ghastly ride —
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, 'Tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —
'All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

THE BOOK OF

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side —
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side! —

GEORGIAN VERSE

And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
‘In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard’st a low moaning,
And found’st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
‘To shield and shelter her from the damp air.’

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak-tree;
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

THE BOOK OF

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is —
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine —
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel!
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds —
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep,
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PART THE SECOND

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke — a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!

THE BOOK OF

There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair.
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well.'

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side —
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And while she spake, her looks, her air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
'Sure I have sinn'd!' said Christabel,
'Now heaven be praised if all be well!'
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.
The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,

THE BOOK OF

Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.
O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide,

GEORGIAN VERSE

With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame
Were base as spotted infamy!
'And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court — that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!'
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again —
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round
And nothing saw but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

THE BOOK OF

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast.
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,

'What ails then my beloved child?'
The Baron said — His daughter mild
Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.
Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay!

Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.
'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.

GEORGIAN VERSE

' And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

' Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free —
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home;
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And, by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine! —
— For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,

THE BOOK OF

His gracious hail on all bestowing;
'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warn'd by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentlest bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name —
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

'And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away —
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.'

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turn'd to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!'
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel —
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

THE BOOK OF

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she look'd askance! —
One moment — and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees — no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view —
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
' By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!'
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O, by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonour'd thus in his old age;

THE BOOK OF

Dishonour'd by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end —
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere —
'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing, to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within

GEORGIAN VERSE

A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

S. T. Coleridge

456. *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*

‘O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

‘O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

‘I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.’

‘I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

‘I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;

THE BOOK OF

She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

'I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

'She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true!"

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

'And there she lull'd me asleep,
And there I dream'd — Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

'I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried — "La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.’

J. Keats

457. *Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogine*

A WARRIOR so bold and a virgin so bright
Conversed, as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid’s was the Fair Imogine.

‘And, oh!’ said the youth, ‘since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand.’

‘Oh! hush these suspicions,’ Fair Imogine said,
‘Offensive to love and to me!
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

‘And if e’er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!’

THE BOOK OF

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore:
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold,
A baron all cover'd with jewels and gold
Arrived at fair Imagine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been bless'd by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle toll'd — 'one!'

Then first with amazement fair Imagine found
That a stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view:
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright,
The lights in the chamber burnt blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear:

GEORGIAN VERSE

At length spoke the bride, while she trembled: — ‘ I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.’

The lady is silent; the stranger complies;
His vizor he slowly unclosed:
Oh! then what a sight met fair Imogine’s eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton’s head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout;
All turn’d with disgust from the scene.
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address’d Imogine:

‘ Behold me, thou false one! behold me!’ he cried;
‘ Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!’

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek’d in dismay,
Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning ground:
Nor ever again was fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long lived the Baron: and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,

THE BOOK OF

There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton-knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl:— 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the False Imogine!'

M. G. Lewis

458. *St. Swithin's Chair*

ON Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair:
Her cheek was pale — but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

GEORGIAN VERSE

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege;
News there are none of his weal or his woe
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks;—
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form!

Sir W. Scott

459. *The Liddel Bower*

'OH, will ye walk the wood, lady?
Or will ye walk the lea?
Or will ye gae to the Liddel Bower,
An' rest a while wi' me?'

THE BOOK OF

'The deer lies in the wood, Douglas,
The wind blows on the lea;
An' when I gae to Liddel Bower
It shall not be wi' thee.'

'The stag bells on my hills, Lady,
The hart but and the hind;
My flocks lie in the Border dale,
My steeds outstrip the wind;

'At ae blast o' my bugle horn,
A thousand tend the ca':
Oh, gae wi' me to Liddel Bower —
What ill can thee befa'?

'D'ye mind when in that lonely bower
We met at even tide,
I kissed your young an' rosy lips,
An' wooed you for my bride?

'I saw the blush break on your cheek,
The tear stand in your e'e;
Oh, could I ween, fair Lady Jane,
That then ye lo'ed na me?'

'But sair, sair hae I rued that day,
An' sairer yet may rue;
Ye thought na on my maiden love,
Nor yet my rosy hue.

'Ye thought na' on my bridal bed,
Nor vow nor tear o' mine;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Ye thought upon the lands o' Nith,
An' how they might be thine.

'Away! away! ye fause leman,
Nae mair my bosom wring:
There is a bird within yon bower,
Oh, gin ye heard it sing!'

Red grew the Douglas' dusky cheek,
He turned his eye away,
The gowden hilt fell to his hand;
'What can the wee bird say?'

It hirpled on the bough an' sang,
'Oh, wae's me, dame, for thee,
An' wae's me for the comely knight
That sleeps aneath the tree!

'His cheek lies on the cauld, cauld clay,
Nae belt nor brand has he;
His blood is on a kinsman's spear;
Oh, wae's me, dame, for thee!'

'My yeomen line the wood, lady,
My steed stands at the tree;
An' ye maun dree a dulefu' weird,
Or mount and fly wi' me.'

What gars Caerlaverock yeomen ride
Sae fast in belt an' steel?
What gars the Jardine mount his steed,
And scour owre muir and daie?

THE BOOK OF

Why seek they up by Liddel ford,
An' down by Tarras linn?
The heiress o' the lands o' Nith,
Is lost to a' her kin.

Oh, lang, lang may her mother greet,
Down by the salt sea faem;
An' lang, lang may the Maxwells look,
Afore their bride come hame.

An' lang may every Douglas rue,
An' ban the deed for aye;—
The deed was done at Liddel Bower
About the break of day.

J. Hogg.

460.

The Violet

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or corpse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow,
816

GEORGIAN VERSE

Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

Sir W. Scott

461. *Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel*

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But oh, who ever felt as I?
No longer could I doubt him true —
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

W. S. Landor

462. *Proud Maisie*

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?’
‘When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

‘Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?’
‘The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.’

THE BOOK OF

'The glow-worm o'er the grave and stone
Shall light thee steady,
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady!'

See W. Scott

465. *The Maid of Neidpath*

O. LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love in life's extremity
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,
She knew, and waved to greet him;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he passed — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing —
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

Sir W. Scott

464.

'Tis Sair to Dream

'TIS sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!
I thought we sat beside the burn
That wimples down the flowery glen,
Where, in our early days o' love,
We met that ne'er sall meet again!

The simmer sun sank 'neath the wave,
And gladden'd, wi' his parting ray,
The woodland wild and valley green,
Fast fading into gloamin' grey.
He talk'd of days o' future joy,
And yet my heart was haffins sair,
For when his eye it beam'd on me,
A withering death-glance was there!

THE BOOK OF

I thought him dead and then I thought
That life was young and love was free,
For o'er our heads the mavis sang,
And hameward hied the janty bee!
We pledged our love and plighted troth,
But cauld, cauld was the kiss he gave,
When starting from my dream, I found
His troth was plighted to the grave!

I canna weep, for hope is fled,
And nought would do but silent mourn,
Were't no for dreams that should na come,
To whisper back my love's return;
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!

R. Gilfillan

465.

Song

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.
Eleu loro,
Soft shall be his pillow.

GEORGIAN VERSE

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!
Eleu loro,
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.
Eleu loro,
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it, —
Never, O never!
Eleu loro,
Never, O never!

Sir W. Scott

THE BOOK OF

466.

Alice Brand

I

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

'O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do!

'O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

'Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

'And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away.'—

O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance:
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

GEORGIAN VERSE

'If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray;
As gay the forest-green.

'And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richárd,
And he his Alice Brand.'

II

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill, —
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man:

THE BOOK OF

For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

'Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die!'

III

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf,
'That is made with bloody hands.'

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear, —
'And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer.'

'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign, —
'And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

'And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?'

IV

— ' 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

'And gaily shines the Fairy-land —
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

'And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

THE BOOK OF

' But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.'

She cross'd him once — she cross'd him twice -
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold!
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing;
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray
When all the bells were ringing.

Sir W. Scott

467. *Oh! Snatch'd Away in Beauty's Bloom*

O H! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Lord Byron

468. *'Tis Said That Some Have Died for Love*

'TIS said, that some have died for love:
And here and there a church-yard grave is found
In the cold north's unhallowed ground,
Because the wretched man himself had slain,
His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years have known:
He dwells alone
Upon Helvellyn's side:
He loved — the pretty Barbara died;
And thus he makes his moan:
Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid
When thus his moan he made:

'Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that oak!
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
That in some other way yon smoke
May mount into the sky!

THE BOOK OF

The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart:
I look — the sky is empty space;
I know not what I trace;
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

‘O! what a weight is in these shades! Ye leaves,
That murmur once so dear, when will it cease?
Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,
It robs my heart of peace.
Thou Thrush, that singest loud — and loud and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

‘Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy mountain-bounds,
And there for ever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree’s ragged bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb!
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now.

‘Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise, and thus descend, —
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear.’

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Man who makes this feverish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

W. Wordsworth

469. *The Maid's Lament*

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
*Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
These may she never share.*

THE BOOK OF

Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And oh! pray too for me.

W. S. Landor

470. *The Eve of St. Mark*

A Fragment

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell;
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,
That call'd the folks to evening prayer;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains;
And, on the western window panes,
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatu'r'd green valleys cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell:
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fire-side orat'ries;
And moving, with demurest air,
To even-song, and vesper prayer.
Each arched porch, and entry low,
Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,

GEORGIAN VERSE

With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bells had ceas'd, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries;
Perplex'd her with a thousand things, —
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints and silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven,
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The winged Lion of St. Mark,
And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,
Dwelling in th' old Minster-square;
From her fire-side she could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall;
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
Full-leav'd, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
Again she try'd, and then again,

THE BOOK OF

Until the dusk eve left her dark
Upon the legend of St. Mark.
From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
She lifted up her soft warm chin.
With arching neck and swimming eyes,
And daz'd with saintly imageries.

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing minster-gate.
The clamorous daws, that all the day
Above tree-tops and towers play,
Pair by pair had gone to rest,
Each in its ancient belfry nest,
Where asleep they fall betimes,
To music and the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,
Abroad and in the homely room:
Down she sat, poor cheated soul;
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal;
Lean'd forward, with bright drooping hair
And slant look, full against the glare.
Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
Hover'd about, a giant size,
On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,
The parrot's cage, and panel square;
And the warm angled winter-screen,
On which were many monsters seen,
Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Macaw, and tender Avadavat,
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.
Untir'd she read, her shadow still
Glower'd about, as it would fill
The room with wildest forms and shades,
As though some ghostly Queen of spades
Had come to mock behind her back,
And dance, and ruffle her garments black.
Untir'd she read the legend page,
Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
Rejoicing for his many pains.
Sometimes the learned eremite,
With golden star, or dagger bright,
Referr'd to pious poesies
Written in smallest crow-quill size
Beneath the text: and thus the rhyme
Was parcel'd out from time to time:
— 'Als writith he of swevenis,
Men han beforne they wake in bliss,
Whanne that hir friendes thinke him bound
In crimped shroude farre under grounde:
And how a litling childe mote be
A saint er its nativitie,
Gif that the modre (God her blesse!)
Kepen in solitarinesse,
And kissen devoute the holy croce,
Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force, —
He writith; and thinges many mo
Of swiche thinges I may not show.
Bot I must tellen verilie
Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,

THE BOOK OF

And chieflie what he auctorethe
Of Saintè Markis life and dethe:
At length her constant eyelids come
Upon the fervent martyrdom;
Then lastly to his holy shrine,
Exalt amid the tapers' shine
At Venice, —

J. Keats

471. *Ode on a Grecian Urn*

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearèd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

THE BOOK OF

‘Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.’
J. Keats

472. *On Seeing the Elgin Marbles*

MY spirit is too weak — mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin’d pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
Yet ’tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning’s eye.
Such dim-conceivèd glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time — with a billowy main —
A sun — a shadow of a magnitude.

J. Keats

473. *Kubla Khan*

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round

GEORGIAN VERSE

And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But Oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

THE BOOK OF

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. Coleridge

474.

Lord William

NO eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream,
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive, all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their lord,
And he, as rightful heir, possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The ancient house of Erlingford
 Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
 Roll'd through the fertile plain;

And often the way-faring man
 Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
 To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
 To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
 He heard young Edmund scream!

In vain, at midnight's silent hour
 Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
In every dream the murderer saw
 Young Edmund's form arise:

In vain by restless conscience driven
 Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
 In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
 But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
 Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
 The months appeared to roll;

THE BOOK OF

And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul;—

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience calendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul;—

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he prest;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,—
To sleep — but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,
Such, and so pale, as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Such, and so pale his face, as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

'I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard; —
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward.'

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the storm of night, —
'Twas music to his ear!

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals;
'What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!'

He rose in haste, — beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, — 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard a shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

'My boat is small,' the boatman cried,
' 'Twill bear but one away;

THE BOOK OF

Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay.'

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice,
Even in that hour of woe,
That, save their lord, there was not one
Who wished with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,—
His terror was so sore;
'Thou shalt have half my gold,' he cried,
'Haste! — haste to yonder shore!'

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream!

The boatman paused, 'Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!'
''Twas but the howling wind of night,'
Lord William made reply.

'Haste! — haste! — ply swift and strong the oar;
Haste! — haste across the stream!'
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream!

'I heard a child's distressful voice,'
The boatman cried again.
'Nay, hasten on! — the night is dark —
And we should search in vain!'

GEORGIAN VERSE

'O God! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry?

'How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the closing stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream!'

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud;
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child;
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting-place;
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

'Now reach thine hand!' the boatman cried,
'Lord William, reach and save!'
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave!

Then William shriek'd; the hands he felt
Were cold, and damp, and dead!

THE BOOK OF

He held young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead!

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he shriek'd, no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream!

R. Southey

475. *To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent*

TO one who has been long in city pent
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, — to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel, — an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

J. Keats

GEORGIAN VERSE

476. '*My Heart Leaps Up*'

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. Wordsworth

477. *Influence of Natural Objects*

*In Calling Forth and Strengthening the Imagination in
Boyhood and Early Youth*

WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe!

Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!

And giv'st to forms and images a breath

And everlasting motion! not in vain,

By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn

Of childhood didst thou interwine for me

The passions that build up our human soul;

Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;

But with high objects, with enduring things,

With life and nature; purifying thus

The elements of feeling and of thought,

And sanctifying by such discipline

Both pain and fear, — until we recognise

A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

THE BOOK OF

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village-clock tolled six — I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. — All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

W. Wordsworth

478. *Frost at Midnight*

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud — and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange

THE BOOK OF

And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,

GEORGIAN VERSE

For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies

And momentary pauses of the thought!

My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared

In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.

But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.

Great universal Teacher — he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost

THE BOOK OF

Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

S. T. Coleridge

479. *To Jane: The Recollection*

NOW the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up to thy wonted work! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,—
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the pine-forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced;
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was! — The silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced, —
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life:
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife.
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

THE BOOK OF

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough.
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulf'd in a world below:
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day —
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade, the neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark-green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green;
And all was interfused beneath
With an elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth expressed;
Until an envious wind crept by, —
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Though thou art ever fair and kind,
And forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
Than calm in waters seen.

P. B. Shelley

480.

The Cloud

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

THE BOOK OF

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,

THE BOOK OF

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

P. B. Shelley

481. This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison

WELL, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
Beauties and feelings, such as would have been
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age
Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day sun; .
Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock
Flings arching like a bridge; — that branchless ash,
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fanned by the water-fall! and there my friends
Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds,
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge
Beneath the wide, wide Heaven — and view again
The many steeped track magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up

GEORGIAN VERSE

The slip of smooth clear, blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature, many a year,
In the great City pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my friend
Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
This little lime-tree bower, have I not marked
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage; and I watched
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above,
Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut tree
Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue

THE BOOK OF

Through the late twilight: and though now the bat
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary humble-bee
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure;
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes
'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
That we may lift the soul, and contemplate
With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated glory,
Whilst thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still,
Flew creaking o'er thy head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

S. T. Coleridge

482.

Michael

A Pastoral Poem

IF from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.

GEORGIAN VERSE

But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a struggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that simple object appertains
A story — unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved; — not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake

THE BOOK OF

Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
'The winds are now devising work for me!'
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills — what could they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old —
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house; two wheels she had
Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest
It was because the other was at work.
The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old, — in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labour did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,

THE BOOK OF

Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.

Early at evening did it burn — and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.

And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
Father and Son, while far into the night
The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground

GEORGIAN VERSE

Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear —
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all —
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched

THE BOOK OF

Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks; or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,

GEORGIAN VERSE

He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations — things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up:
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had armed himself with strength
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. 'Isabel,' said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,

THE BOOK OF

'I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him; — but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman — he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?'

At this the old Man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,

GEORGIAN VERSE

He was a parish boy — at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And, at his birthplace, built a chapel floored
With marble which he sent from foreign lands.
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
And thus resumed: — 'Well, Isabel! this scheme
These two days, has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
— We have enough — I wish indeed that I
Were younger; — but this hope is a good hope.
— Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
— If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night.'

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the last two nights

THE BOOK OF

Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, 'Thou must not go:
We have no other Child but thee to lose,
None to remember — do not go away,
For if thou leave thy Father he will die.'
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
To which, requests were added, that forthwith
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
'He shall depart to-morrow.' To this word
The Housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,

GEORGIAN VERSE

In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheepfold; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked;
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
And thus the old Man spake to him: — ' My Son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should touch
On things thou canst not know of. — After thou
First cam'st into the world — as oft befalls
To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune:
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young

THE BOOK OF

Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know.'
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, 'Nay, do not take it so — I see
'That these are things of which I need not speak.
— Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hand; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together; here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived:
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gained from threescore years.
These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
— It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go.'

At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
'This was a work for us; and now, my Son,

GEORGIAN VERSE

It is a work for me. But, lay one stone —
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope; — we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale; — do thou thy part;
I will do mine. — I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless thee, Boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes; it should be so — yes — yes —
I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us! — But, I forget
My purposes: Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
And all temptations, Luke, I pray that thou
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well —
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here: a covenant
'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate,
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave.'

THE BOOK OF

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight
The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.
— Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
Ere the Night fell: — with morrow's dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
'The prettiest letters that were ever seen.'
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on: and once again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else

GEORGIAN VERSE

Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man — and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time,
He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR
Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the
ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood: — yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains

THE BOOK OF

Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

W. Wordsworth

483. *'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud'*

I WANDERED lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden Daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

W. Wordsworth

484.

To Solitude

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep, —
Nature's observatory — whence the dell,
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

J. Keats

485.

The Trosachs

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass

THE BOOK OF

Wither'd at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouch'd, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

W. Wordsworth

486. Most Sweet It Is with Unuplifted Eyes

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path there be or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

487.

The Fountain

A Conversation

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

‘Now, Matthew!’ said I, ‘let us watch
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer’s noon;

‘Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!’

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee:

‘No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

THE BOOK OF

‘ And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.

‘ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

‘ Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

‘ The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

‘ With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

‘ But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

‘ If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The household hearts that were his own
It is the man of mirth.

‘My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved.’

‘Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains:

‘And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I’ll be a son to thee!’
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
‘Alas! that cannot be.’

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent,
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard’s rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

W. Wordsworth

THE BOOK OF

488.

The Wishing - Gate

HOPE rules a land for ever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught? — the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes — there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love —

GEORGIAN VERSE

Peace to embosom and content —
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved — who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

THE BOOK OF

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity.

W. Wordsworth

489. *The Wishing - Gate Destroyed*

'TIS gone — with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting scheme
Released from fear and doubt;
And the bright landscape too must lie,
By this blank wall, from every eye,
Relentlessly shut out.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
That opening — but a look ye cast
Upon the lake below,
What spirit-stirring power it gained
From faith which here was entertained,
Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory claps her wings,
Fame sheds the exulting tear;
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
That grafted, on so fair a spot,
So confident a token
Of coming good; — the charm is fled,
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken

Alas! for him who gave the word;
Could he no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes wanted aid
Which here was freely given?

Where, for the lovelorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
A balm of expectation?

THE BOOK OF

Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
'Mid trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief:
Though the most easily beguiled
Were oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here,
Ere judgment prompted from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place;
Whatever props may fail,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

GEORGIAN VERSE

That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
 Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
 Shall bid a kind farewell!

W. Wordsworth

490. *Yarrow Unvisited*

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my '*winsome Marrow*',
'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'

'Let Yarrow Folk, *frae* Selkirk Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her Dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

'There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;

THE BOOK OF

There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

'What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.'
— Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

'Oh! green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's Holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

'Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

GEORGIAN VERSE

' Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.

' If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly, —
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny Holms of Yarrow!'

W. Wordsworth

491. *Yarrow Visited*

AND is this — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;

THE BOOK OF

Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice —
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there,
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,

THE BOOK OF

And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of Fancy still survives —
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

W. Wordsworth

492.

Yarrow Revisited

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a 'winsome Marrow,'
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;

890

GEORGIAN VERSE

Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed —
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly —
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

THE BOOK OF

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And Care waylays their steps — a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes,
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age
With Strength, her venturous brother;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite Thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honour
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

THE BOOK OF

Nor deem that localized Romance
Plays false with our affections;
Unsanctifies our tears — made sport
For fanciful dejections;
Ah, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is — our changeful Life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yarrow's groves were centred;
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark enter'd;
And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last!)
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future Bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty;
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

493. *Expostulation and Reply*

‘WHY, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone.
And dream your time away?’

‘Where are your books? — that light bequeathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

‘You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!’

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

‘The eye — it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where’er they be,
Against, or with our will.

‘Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

THE BOOK OF

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

'—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away.'

W. Wordsworth

494. *The Tables Turned*

UP! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

GEORGIAN VERSE

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things: —
— We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves:
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

W. Wordsworth

495.

Lines

Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour July 13, 1798

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress

THE BOOK OF

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view.
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,

GEORGIAN VERSE

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

THE BOOK OF

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels

GEORGIAN VERSE

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, — both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my mortal being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,

THE BOOK OF

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes those gleams
Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

496.

Lines

Written in the album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest

I STOOD on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became an hollow sound:
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet-stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood: for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within; —
Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!

THE BOOK OF

My native Land!

Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eyes swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

S. T. Coleridge

497. *Corinna to Tanagra, from Athens*

TANAGRA! think not I forget
Thy beautifully storied streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

A gift I promise: one I see
Which thou with transport wilt receive,
The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls;

GEORGIAN VERSE

A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no God can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the honours due,
And look ungently on the Muse;
But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows
Do white-arm'd maidens chant my lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
The honey-gathering tribes away;
And sweetly, sweetly Attic tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven: be such my praise!
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

W. S. Landor

THE BOOK OF

498.

To Homer

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit Dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind; — but then the veil was rent,
For Jove uncurtained Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive.
Aye, on the shores of darkness there is light,
And precipices show untrodden green,
There is a budding morrow in mid-night,
There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.
J. Keats

499.

To Robert Browning

THERE is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on

GEORGIAN VERSE

Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

W. S. Landor

500. *Shakespeare and Milton*

THE tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out:

All nations spoke thro' me.

The other:

*True; and thro' this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man.
Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.*

W. S. Landor

501. *To Thomas Moore*

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;

THE BOOK OF

Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Lord Byron

502. *The Garden of Boccaccio*

OF late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the Past for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cow'r'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watched the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumbering, seem'd alone to wake;
O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design,
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!

GEORGIAN VERSE

An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.
Like flocks a-down a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft, that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd

THE BOOK OF

Even in my dawn of thought — Philosophy;
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy;
And, like a gift from heaven, in life's glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.
Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And *all* awake! And now in fixed gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer;
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings;
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn;
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man:
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;—
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine;
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
See! Boccace sits, unfolding on his knees
The new found roll of old Mæonides;
But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart!

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,
Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious to thy
muse!
Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
Of the twin vines, some maid that half believes
The *vestal* fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

S. T. Coleridge

THE BOOK OF

503. *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. Keats

504. *On Catullus*

TELL me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio.
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are — as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.

W. S. Lander

505. *Meg Merrilies*

OLD Meg she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees —
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.

THE BOOK OF

God rest her aged bones somewhere —
She died full long ago!

J. Keats

506.

Robin Hood

NO! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old haunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the 'grené shawe;'
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her — strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!

THE BOOK OF

Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

J. Keats

507. *Bards of Passion and of Mirth*

*Written on the Blank Page before Beaumont and Fletcher's
Tragi-Comedy, 'The Fair Maid of the Inn'*

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,

GEORGIAN VERSE

But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

J. Keats

508. *Lines on the Mermaid Tavern*

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

THE BOOK OF

Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

J. Keats

509.

On the Sea

IT keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell.
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody, —
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

J. Keats

510. *Spanish Point*

THE waters — O the waters! — wild and glooming,
Beneath the stormy pall that shrouds the sky,
On, through the deep'ning mist more darkly looming,
Plumed with the pallid foam funereally,
Onward, like death, they come, the rocks entombing!
Nor thunder-knell is needful from on high;
Nor sound of signal gun, momentarily booming
O'er the disastrous deep; nor seaman's cry!
And yet, if aught were wanting, manifold
Mementoes haunt those reefs; how that proud Host
Of Spain and Rome so smitten were of old,
By God's decree, along this fatal coast,
And over all their purple and their gold,
Mitre and helm and harp, the avenging waters rolled!

Sir A. De Vere

THE BOOK OF

511.

Glengariff

I

GAZING from each low bulwark of this bridge,
How wonderful the contrast! Dark as night,
Here, amid cliffs and woods, with headlong might
The black stream whirls, through ferns and drooping sedge,
'Neath twisted roots moss-brown, and weedy ledge,
Gushing; — aloft, from yonder birch-clad height
Leaps into air a cataract, snow-white;
Falling to gulfs obscure. The mountain ridge,
Like a grey Warder, guardian of the scene,
Above the cloven gorge gloomily towers:
O'er the dim woods a gathering tempest lours;
Save where athwart the moist leaves' lucid green
A sunbeam, glancing through disparted showers,
Sparkles along the rill with diamond sheen!

512.

II

ASUN-BURST on the Bay! Turn and behold!
The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory,
Bright as Apollo's breastplate. Bathed in gold,
Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are rolled,
Translucent, through each glen. A mantle hoary
Veils those peaked hills shapely as e'er in story
Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,
Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland proud
The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay:
The manifold mountain cones, now dark, now bright,
Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light

GEORGIAN VERSE

To spectral shade; and each dissolving cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.

Sir A. De Vere

513. *Gougane Barra*

NOT beauty which men gaze on with a smile,
Not grace that wins, no charm of form or love,
Dwelt with that scene. Sternly upon my view
And slowly — as the shrouding clouds awhile
Disclosed the beetling crag and lonely isle —
From their dim lake the ghostly mountains grew,
Lit by one slanting ray. An eagle flew
From out the gloomy gulf of the defile,
Like some bad spirit from Hades. To the shore
Dark waters rolled, slow-heaving, with dull moan;
The foam-flakes hanging from each livid stone
Like froth on deathful lips; pale mosses o'er
The shattered cell crept, as an orphan lone
Clasps his cold mother's breast when life is gone.

Sir A. De Vere

514. *The Rock of Cashel*

ROYAL and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
When the sun's parting glance, through slanting showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's

THE BOOK OF

Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,

There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral, such as sinks

On the lone traveller's heart amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.

Sir A. De Vere

515.

As Slow Our Ship

AS slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving,
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk, with joyous seeming —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each earthly tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;

GEORGIAN VERSE

We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave,
Still faint behind them glowing —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

T. Moore

516. The Meeting of the Waters

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, — it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

THE BOOK OF

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

T. Moore

517. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

PART I

An ancient Mar-
iner meeteth
three gallants
bidden to a wed-
ding feast and
detaineth one.

IT is an ancient Mariner
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-
Guest is spell-
bound by the eye
of the old seafar-
ing man, and con-
strained to hear
his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

' The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells
how the ship
sailed southward
with a good wind
and fair weather,
till it reached the
Line.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon — '
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest
heareth the
bridal music; but
the Mariner con-
tinueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

THE BOOK OF

The ship drawn
by a storm toward
the South Pole.

' And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice,
and of fearful
sounds, where no
living thing was
to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and
howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-
bird, called the
Albatross, came
through the
snow - fog, and
was received with
great joy and
hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

GEORGIAN VERSE

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a
bird of good omen, and followeth the ship
as it returned northward
through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moonshine.'

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?' — 'With my cross-
bow
I shot the Albatross.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably
killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II

'The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,

THE BOOK OF

Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient Mar-
iner for killing
the bird of good
luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog
cleared off, they
justify the same,
and thus make
themselves ac-
complices in the
crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze
continues; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even till it
reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the 'Albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels;

concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

THE BOOK OF

The shipmates in
their sore dis-
tress, would fain
throw the whole
guilt on the an-
cient Mariner :
in sign whereof
they hang the
dead sea - bird
round his neck.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

The ancient Mar-
iner beholdeth a
sign in the ele-
ment afar off.

' There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it near'd and near'd :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tack'd, and veer'd.

At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him to
be a ship ; and at
a dear ransom he
freeth his speech
from the bonds
of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

GEORGIAN VERSE

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy;

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal —
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it
be a ship that
comes onward
without wind or
tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was wellnigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!),
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him
but the skeleton
of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?

And its ribs are
seen as bars on
the face of the
setting Sun. The
Spectre - Woman

THE BOOK OF

and her Death-
mate, and no
other, on board
the skeleton-ship.
Like vessel, like
crew.

Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-
in-Death have
diced for the
ship's crew, and
she (the latter)
winmeth the an-
cient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight with-
in the courts of
the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of
the Moon,

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd
white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after an-
other,

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

His shipmates
drop down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly —
'They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by
Like the whizz of my crossbow!'

But Life-in-
Death begins her
work on the an-
cient Mariner.

PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.' —
'Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient
Mariner assureth
him of his bodily
life, and proceed-
eth to relate his
horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:

He despiseth the
creatures of the
calm.

THE BOOK OF

And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that
they should live,
and so many lie
dead.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
liveth for him in
the eye of the
dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

In his loneliness
and fixedness he
yearneth towards
the journeying
Moon, and the
stars that still so-
journ, yet still

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the
Moon he behold-
eth God's crea-
tures of the great
calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

Their beauty and
their happiness.

He blesseth them
in his heart.

THE BOOK OF

The spell begins
to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

'O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother, the
ancient Mariner
is refreshed with
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I woke, it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

He heareth
sounds and see-
eth strange sights
and commotions
in the sky and
the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The upper air burst into life;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the
ship's crew are
inspired, and the
ship moves on;

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;

THE BOOK OF

They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said naught to me.'

But not by the
souls of the men,
nor by demons of
earth or middle
air, but by a
blessed troop of
angelic spirits,
sent down by the
invocation of the
guardian saint.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'
'Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest:
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawn'd — they dropp'd their
arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome
Spirit from the
South Pole carries
on the ship
as far as the Line,
in obedience to
the angelic troop,
but still requireth
vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:

THE BOOK OF

It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard, and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI

First Voice:

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?"

GEORGIAN VERSE

Second Voice:

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

First Voice:

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wind or wave?"

The Mariner
hath been cast
into a trance; for
the angelic power
causeth the ves-
sel to drive north-
ward faster than
human life could
endure.

Second Voice:

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:

'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural
motion is retard-
ed; the Mariner
awakes, and his
penance begins
anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:

THE BOOK OF

All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —
Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient
Mariner behold-
eth his native
country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spir-
its leave the dead
bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck —
O Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in
their own forms
of light.

THE BOOK OF

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but O, the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

GEORGIAN VERSE

PART VII

' This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of
the Wood.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
" Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now? "

" Strange, by my faith! " the Hermit said — Approacheth the
ship with won-
der.
" And they answer'd not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

" Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
(The Pilot made reply)

THE BOOK OF

I am a-fear'd." — "Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay:
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.

"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!" The ancient Mar-
The Hermit cross'd his brow. iner earnestly
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say — him; and the pen-
What manner of man art thou?" on him. ance of life falls

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

THE BOOK OF

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark, the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by
his own example,
love and rever-
ence to all things
that God made
and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

S. T. Coleridge

518. *The Inchcape Rock*

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from Heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

THE BOOK OF

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock
Wo'n't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.'
'Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
'Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,

THE BOOK OF

A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

R. Southey

519.

Clarion

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Sir W. Scott

520.

Pibroch of Donald Dhu

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Sir W. Scott

521. *Bonny Dundee*

TO the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to
be broke;

THE BOOK OF

So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, ' Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'

Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and
slee,
Thinking luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!

Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

GEORGIAN VERSE

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
' Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words ' or
three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes —
' Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

' There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *boigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

' There's brass on the target of barked bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

' Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks —
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

THE BOOK OF

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!*

Sir W. Scott

522. *Lock the Door, Lariston*

LOCK the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale,
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone!

Lock the door, Lariston, — high on the weather-gleam,
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky, —
Yeoman and carbinier,
Bilman and halberdier;
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry.

Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandale and Windermere, —
Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay.

Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why do the joy-candles gleam in thine eye?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thou bold Border ranger,
Beware of thy danger;—
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasped the sword with a nervous embrace;
‘Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!

‘Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here;
Little know you of our moss-troopers’ might—
Lindhope and Sorbie true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

‘I’ve Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;
Come, all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray.’

Scowl’d the broad sun o’er the links of green Liddisdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipp’d he the wold;
Many a bold martial eye,
Mirror’d that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold!

Shrill was the bugle’s note! dreadful the warriors’ shout!
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne;
Helmet and hauberk then

THE BOOK OF

Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane — the proud files of the Windermere!
Howard — ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!

Hear the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend,
'Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!'

J. Hogg

523. *Border Ballad*

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order!
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms and march in good order;
England shall many a day

GEORGIAN VERSE

Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

Sir W. Scott ♥

524. *Hail to the Chief*

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then
Echo his praise again,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied:
Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

THE BOOK OF

Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Sir W. Scott

525. *Lochiel's Warning*

Wizard — Lochiel

Wizard

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh!
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

THE BOOK OF

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

Wizard

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores,
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

Lochiel

— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their
gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

T. Campbell

THE BOOK OF

526. *Ye Mariners of England*

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;

GEORGIAN VERSE

When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. Campbell

527. *The Battle of the Baltic*

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;

THE BOOK OF

It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;

966

GEORGIAN VERSE

But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died, —
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,

THE BOOK OF

And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

T. Campbell

528.

The Arethusa

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza for the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave;
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seemed to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace, did she slack;
Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

GEORGIAN VERSE

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We, with two hundred did advance
 On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, 'Ho!'
The Frenchman then cried out 'Hallo!'
 ' Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our Admiral's lee!'
'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be!'
'Then I must lug you along with me,'
 Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick could stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill his glass
 To his fav'rite lass;
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the Arethusa.

P. Hoare

529. *The Battle of Blenheim*

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun;

THE BOOK OF

And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her Brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he, beside the rivulet
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh, —
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'

'I find them in my garden, for
There's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for?'

GEORGIAN VERSE

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
 'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
 I could not well make out;
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory!

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head!

'With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene.'

THE BOOK OF

‘Why ’twas a very wicked thing!’

Said little Wilhelmine.

‘Nay, — nay, — my little girl,’ quoth he,

‘It was a famous victory!’

‘And everybody praised the Duke

Who this great fight did win.’

‘But what good came of it at last?’

Quoth little Peterkin.

‘Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he,

‘But ’twas a famous victory.’

R. Southey

530.

Hohenlinden

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th’ untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. Campbell

531.

Waterloo

WHY have the Mighty lived — why have they died?
Is it ever thus with idle wreck to strew
Fields such as thine, remorseless Waterloo?
Hopeless the lesson! Vainly hath ever cried

THE BOOK OF

Stern Fate to man — ' So perish human pride ! '

Still must the Many combat for the Few :

Still must the noblest blood fair earth bedew :

Tyrants, slaves, freeman, mouldering side by side !

On such a day the World was lost, and won,

By Pompey at Pharsalia : such a day

Saw glorious Hannibal a fugitive :

So faded 'neath the Macedonian Sun

Persia's pale star : so empire passed away

From Harold's brow, — but He disdained to live !

Sir A. De Vere

532. *Song of Saul Before His Last Battle*

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

Lord Byron

GEORGIAN VERSE

533. *The Destruction of Sennacherib*

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron

THE BOOK OF

534.

The Minstrel Boy

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him. —
'Land of song!' said the warrior bard,
'Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!'

T. Moore

535.

After the Battle

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost —
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

GEORGIAN VERSE

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watched till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss:—
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

T. Moore

536. *The Soldier's Dream*

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I hear my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

THE BOOK OF

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay — stay with us! — rest! thou art weary and worn!—'
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay; —
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
T. Campbell

537. *Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er*

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

Sir W. Scott

538.

Sonnet on Chillon

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,

THE BOOK OF

And thy sad floor an altar — for't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Lord Byron

539. *The Prisoner of Chillon*

MY hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,

GEORGIAN VERSE

For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp.
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:

THE BOOK OF

And thus together — yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
'T was still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold,
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound, not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do — and did my best;
And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —
 For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free) —
 A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The snow-clad offspring of the sun:

And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills;
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank

With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,

I saw it silently decline —

And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement

Which round about the wave in thrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave.

THE BOOK OF

Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, — and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer;
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing

THE BOOK OF

To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listen'd, but I could not hear —
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishèd.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, *I* only drew
The accursèd breath of dungeon-dew;
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well — I never knew;
First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;

THE BOOK OF

It was not night — it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery.
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!

GEORGIAN VERSE

I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;

THE BOOK OF

I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:— my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My steps profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I saw them — and they were the same.
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
 Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled and would fain
I had not left my recent chain.
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save;

THE BOOK OF

And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days—

I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote.

At last men came to set me free;

I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,

I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

Lord Byron

GEORGIAN VERSE

540.

France: An Ode

I

YE clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal can controul!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation

THE BOOK OF

Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III

'And what,' I said, 'though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!'
And when to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;
While, timid looks of fury glancing,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee,
‘And soon,’ I said, ‘shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan;
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own.’

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia’s icy caverns sent —
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye, that fleeing, spot your mountain snows
 With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
 To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
 Where Peace her jealous home had built;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
 And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer —
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
 To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

THE BOOK OF

v

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain nor ever
Didst breath thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

S. T. Coleridge

541.

Regeneration

WE are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursing with their smiles.
But where the land is dim from tyranny,
There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet

GEORGIAN VERSE

Of fabled fairies when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
That burst into existence from the froth
Of ever-varying ocean: what is best
Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deformed.
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
The passions flourish, the affections die.
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillest all the space between the seas,
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'tis the breath
Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to life!
Let the last work of his right hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man. Thou recreant slave
That sittest afar off and helpest not,
O thou degenerate Albion! with what shame
Do I survey thee, pushing forth the sponge
At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst
Of holy Freedom in his agony,
And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side!
Must Italy then wholly rot away
Amid her slime, before she germinate
Into fresh vigour, into form again?
What thunder bursts upon mine ear! some isle
Hath surely risen from the gulfs profound,
Eager to suck the sunshine from the breast
Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the gale
From golden Hermus and Melena's brow.
A greater thing than isle, than continent,

THE BOOK OF

Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth,
Hath risen there; regenerate Man hath risen.
Generous old bard of Chios! not that Jove
Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight
Would I complain, but that no higher theme
Than a disdainful youth, a lawless king,
A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,
When on the Chian coast, one javelin's throw
From where thy tombstone, where thy cradle, stood,
Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assail'd
The naval host of Asia, at one blow
Scattered it into air . . . and Greece was free . . .
And ere these glories beam'd, thy day had closed.
Let all that Elis ever saw, give way,
All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon:
The Marathonian columns never told
A tale more glorious, never Salamis,
Nor, faithful in the centre of the false,
Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary foot
In the warm streamlet of the strait below.
Goddess! altho' thy brow was never rear'd
Among the powers that guarded or assail'd
Perfidious Ilion, parricidal Thebes,
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er inclosed
Man's congregated crimes and vengeful pain,
Yet hast thou touched the extremes of grief and joy;
Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,
A solitary mother; joy beyond,
Far beyond, that thy woe, in this thy fane;
The tears were human, but the bliss divine.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I, in the land of strangers, and depressed
With sad and certain presage for my own,
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, tho' afar,
There where my youth was not unexercised
By chiefs in willing war and faithful song:
Shades as they were, they were not empty shades,
Whose bodies haunt our world and blear our sun,
Obstruction worse than swamp and shapeless sands.
Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the souls
That, rising from the seas into the heavens,
Have ransom'd first their country with their blood!
O thou immortal Spartan! at whose name
The marble table sounds beneath my palms,
Leonidas! even thou wilt not disdain
To mingle names august as these with thine;
Nor thou, twin-star of glory, thou whose rays
Stream'd over Corinth on the double sea,
Achaian and Saronic; whom the sons
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy light,
Wept more than slavery ever made them weep,
But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet tears.
The hand that then pour'd ashes o'er their heads
Was loosen'd from its desperate chain by thee.
What now can press mankind into one mass,
For Tyranny to tread the more secure?
From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire
That Adulation trills: she mocks the tone
Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,
And under her sits Hope. O how unlike
That graceful form in azure vest array'd,
With brow serene, and eyes on heaven alone
In patience fixed, in fondness unobscured!

THE BOOK OF

What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree
Of Despotism! what wastes extend around!
What poison floats upon the distant breeze!
But who are those that cull and deal its fruit?
Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade,
Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and Famine's cry.
Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,
Dejected Man! and scare this brood away.

W. S. Landor

542.

The Isles of Greece

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

GEORGIAN VERSE

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations: — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still! and silent all?
Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, ' Let one living head,

THE BOOK OF

But one, arise, — we come, we come!
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is shown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —

They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks

The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Lord Byron

THE BOOK OF

543. *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*

'TIS done — but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quell'd — Dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound:
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,

THE BOOK OF

Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
Oh, ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
 To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
 Still clings she to thy side?

THE BOOK OF

Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem, —
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one — 'The world *was* mine!' —
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth —
So long obey'd — so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God — by man accurst,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day — there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine —
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign,
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star — the string — the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,

THE BOOK OF

Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

Lord Byron

544. *On an Antique Gem Bearing the Heads
of Pericles and Aspasia*

THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring —
Of more than men the more than king!

Yet not by fether, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared — but alone as freemen fear,
Loved — but as freemen love alone,
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title — mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung —
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime, —

GEORGIAN VERSE

Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;

But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the Beauty and the Sage —
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won —

He perished in his height of fame;
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was posterity.

G. Croly

545. *When I Have Borne in Memory What Has Tamed*

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country! — am I to be blamed?
Now when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child?

W. Wordsworth

THE BOOK OF

546. *It Is Not to Be Thought of That the Flood*

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands,
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. — In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

W. Wordsworth

547. *London, 1802*

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. Wordsworth

548. *Written in London, September, 1802*

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. Wordsworth

549. *On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic*

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,

THE BOOK OF

Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.
W. Wordsworth

550. *To Toussaint L'Ouverture*

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

551. *My Soul Is Like an Enchanted Boat*

MY soul is like an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound:

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

We have pass'd Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,

THE BOOK OF

And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;
A paradise of vaulted bowers,
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee:
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously.
P. B. Shelley

552. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats tho' unseen among us, — visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower, —
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening, —
Like clouds in starlight widely spread, —
Like memory of music fled, —
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, — where art thou gone?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given —
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
Frail spells — whose uttered charm might not avail to
sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone — like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent,
Thro' strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his
heart.

THE BOOK OF

Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes —
Thou — that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came,
Depart not — lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is
fed;
I was not heard — I saw them not —
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming, —
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine — have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night —
They know that never joy illumed my brow

GEORGIAN VERSE

Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou — O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past — there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm — to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

P. B. Shelley

553.

Hellas

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;

THE BOOK OF

A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a summer deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?

Cease! must men kill and die?

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn

Of bitter prophecy.

The world is weary of the past,

Oh, might it die or rest at last!

P. B. Shelley

554.

Prometheus

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,

THE BOOK OF

Refused thee even the boon to die;
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled,
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:

GEORGIAN VERSE

To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry,
Its own concentr'd recompense
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

Lord Byron

555. *Rebecca's Hymn*

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved;
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen.
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,

THE BOOK OF

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray!
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath.
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn,
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

Sir W. Scott

556. *The Right Use of Prayer*

THEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine
alms

Blow not a trump before thee: hypocrites
Do thus, vaingloriously; the common streets
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.
On such the laud of men, like unctuous balms,
Falls with sweet savour. Impious Counterfeits!
Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats!
Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms!
God needs not iteration nor vain cries:
That man communion with his God might share
Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,
Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given
The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.
Sir A. De Vere

557. *A Vision of Repentance*

I SAW a famous fountain in my dream,
Where shady pathways to a valley led;
A weeping willow lay upon that stream,
And all around the fountain brink were spread
Wide branching trees, with dark green leaf rich clad
Forming a doubtful twilight, desolate and sad.

The place was such, that whoso enter'd in
Disrobèd was of every earthly thought,
And straight became as one that knew not sin,
Or to the world's first innocence was brought;
Enseem'd it now, he stood on holy ground,
In sweet and tender melancholy wrapt around.

A most strange calm stole o'er my soothèd sprite;
Long time I stood, and longer had I stayed,
When lo! I saw, saw by the sweet moonlight,
Which came in silence o'er that silent shade,
Where, near the fountain, *Something* like *Despair*
Made, of that weeping willow, garlands for her hair.

And eke with painful fingers she inwove
Many an uncouth stem of savage thorn —

THE BOOK OF

'The willow garland, *that* was for her love,
And *these* her bleeding temples would adorn.
With sighs her heart nigh burst, — salt tears fast fell,
As mournfully she bended o'er that sacred well.

To whom when I addrest myself to speak,
She lifted up her eyes, and nothing said;
The delicate red came mantling o'er her cheek,
And, gathering up her loose attire, she fled
To the dark covert of that woody shade,
And in her goings seem'd a timid gentle maid.

Revolving in my mind what this should mean,
And why that lovely lady plainèd so;
Perplexed in thought at that mysterious scene,
And doubting if 'twere best to stay or go,
I cast mine eyes in wistful gaze around,
When from the shades came slow a small and plaintive
sound:

'Psyche am I, who love to dwell
In these brown shades, this woody dell,
Where never busy mortal came,
Till now, to pry upon my shame.

'At thy feet what thou dost see
The Waters of Repentance be,
Which, night and day, I must augment
With tears, like a true penitent,

'If haply so my day of grace
Be not yet past; and this lone place,

GEORGIAN VERSE

O'ershadowy, dark, excludeth hence
All thoughts but grief and penitence.'

*'Why dost thou weep, thou gentle maid?
And wherefore in this barren shade
Thy hidden thoughts with sorrow feed?
Can thing so fair repentance need?'*

'O! I have done a deed of shame,
And tainted is my virgin fame,
And stained the beauteous maiden white
In which my bridal robes were dight.'

*'And who the promised spouse, declare,
And what those bridal garments were?'*

'Severe and saintly righteousness
Composed the clear white bridal dress;
Jesus, the son of Heaven's high King,
Bought with His blood the marriage-ring.

'A wretched sinful creature, I
Deemed lightly of that sacred tie,
Gave to a treacherous world my heart,
And play'd the foolish wanton's part.

'Soon to these murky shades I came,
To hide from the Sun's light my shame. —
And still I haunt this woody dell,
And bathe me in that healing well,
Whose waters clear have influence

THE BOOK OF

From sin's foul stains the soul to cleanse;
And, night and day, I them augment
With tears, like a true penitent,
Until, due expiation made,
And fit atonement fully paid,
The Lord and Bridegroom me present,
Where in sweet strains of high consent,
God's throne before, the Seraphim
Shall chaunt the ecstatic marriage hymn.'

'*Now Christ restore thee soon*' — I said,
And thenceforth all my dream was fled.

C. Lamb

558. *At Home in Heaven*

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

GEORGIAN VERSE

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,
Remember'd or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

J. Montgomery

THE BOOK OF

559.

Ode to Duty

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!

THE BOOK OF

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

W. Wordsworth

560. Character of the Happy Warrior

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
What every man in arms should wish to be?
— It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,

GEORGIAN VERSE

As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
— 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
— Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose power shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw:
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:

THE BOOK OF

— He who, though thus endued as with a sense .
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, whereso'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won.
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

561. *Resolution and Independence*

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joys in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;

THE BOOK OF

And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could
name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I:
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me —
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,

GEORGIAN VERSE

When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in Life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood;
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he coned,

THE BOOK OF

As if he had been reading in a book:
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
'What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest —
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor:
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide:

GEORGIAN VERSE

And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had meet with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills:
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat:
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
'Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech — all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,

THE BOOK OF

I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'
W. Wordsworth

562. *Dear Harp of My Country*

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.
T. Moore

563. *Harp of the North, Farewell!*

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone. —
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring ·
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —
And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!

Sir W. Scott

THE BOOK OF

564.

On Music

MANY love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone.

W. S. Landon

565.

No, Not More Welcome

NO, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heaven is near —
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell —
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell;
'Twas whispered balm — 'twas sunshine spoken! —
I'd live years of grief and pain

GEORGIAN VERSE

To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

T. Moore

566.

On Music

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! oh how faint, how weak
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;

THE BOOK OF

Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

T. Moore

567. *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

T. Moore

568. *Fancy*

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth;
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd
Fancy, high-commission'd: — send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray:
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:

THE BOOK OF

She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the Mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing dost rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipped its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid. — Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she'll bring. —
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

J. Keats

THE BOOK OF

569.

Ode to Tranquillity

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er will leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, Power divine,
Thy spirit rests. Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustomed mead:
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of Autumn crowds,
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man —
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!
S. T. Coleridge

570. *The Human Seasons*

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness — to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook:
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.

J. Keats

571. *The World Is Too Much with Us; Late and Soon*

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;

THE BOOK OF

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The wind that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

W. Wordsworth

572. *A Poet! — He Hath Put His Heart to School*

A POET! — He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand — must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

573. *Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge*

I

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white robed Scholars only — this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering — and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

574.

II

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam:
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread

THE BOOK OF

As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

W. Wordsworth

575. *Great Spirits Now on Earth Are So- journing*

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning;
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing;
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:
And lo! — whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings in the human mart?
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

J. Keats

576. *The Sonnet*

I

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
 High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

577.

II

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
 Shakespeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
 With it Camöens sooth'd an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

W. Wordsworth

THE BOOK OF

578. *When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be*

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high pilèd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love! — then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

J. Keats

579. *Laodamia*

'WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore; —
Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens — and her eye expands;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!
What doth she look on? — whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis He!
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake — and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear; 'Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!'

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp:
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts — but parts to reunite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

'Protesilæus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

THE BOOK OF

‘Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

‘Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain.’

‘Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found’st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

‘But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should’st clude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

‘No Spectre greets me, — no vain shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!’

GEORGIAN VERSE

Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parsæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

‘ This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

‘ Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn — ’

‘ Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea’s spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth ’mid youthful peers.

‘ The Gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman’s breast.

THE BOOK OF

‘ But if thou goest, I follow — ’ ‘ Peace!’ he said —
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued:

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue — ‘ Ill,’ said he,
‘ The end of man’s existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight
While tears were thy best pastime, — day and night:

‘ And while my youthful peers, before my eyes,
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

‘The wished-for wind was given: — I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be.
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

‘Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —
The paths which we had trod — these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

‘But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
‘Behold, they tremble! — haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!’ —
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

‘And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized:
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

THE BOOK OF

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
For this the passion to excess was driven —
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.' —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung — 'tis vain:
The hours are past — too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts — that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. — Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

W. Wordsworth

580.

Personal Talk

I

I AM not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk. —
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens, withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like form with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

581.

II

'YET life,' you say, 'is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe.'
Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!

THE BOOK OF

Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them: sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

582.

III

WINGS have we, — and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear, —
The gently Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

583.

IV

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:

GEORGIAN. VERSE

And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them — and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares —
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

W. Wordsworth

584. *'Tis the Last Rose of Summer*

'TIS the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,

THE BOOK OF

And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

T. Moore

585. *Ode to the West Wind*

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

GEORGIAN VERSE

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

THE BOOK OF

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision — I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee — tameless, and swift, and proud.

GEORGIAN VERSE

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

P. B. Shelley

586. *To Autumn*

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

THE BOOK OF

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. Keats

GEORGIAN VERSE

587.

Autumn

MILD is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

W. S. Landor

588.

Ode to Winter

Germany, December, 1800

WHEN first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four the Seasons flew.

First, in the green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel-grace;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd unto her sire's embrace —
Her bright-hair'd sire who bade her keep

For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep

Or India's citron-cover'd isles:
More remote, and buxom-brown,

The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;

THE BOOK OF

A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save where adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe
And trampling on her faded form:—
Till light's returning Lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield.

Oh, sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter! hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear:
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O King of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan?
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?
Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But Man will ask no truce to death, —
No bounds to human woe.

T. Campbell

589. *The Holly Tree*

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves

THE BOOK OF

Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
 Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the aftertime.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
 Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

GEORGIAN VERSE

And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay
 More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

R. Southey

590. *In a Drear-Nighted December*

IN a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look;

THE BOOK OF

But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

J. Keats

591. Composed upon the Beach Near Calais

1802

IT is a beauteous Evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

W. Wordsworth

592. *The Day Is Gone*

THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise —
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday — or holineight
Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

J. Keats

593. *To Night*

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,

THE BOOK OF

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon —

GEORGIAN VERSE

Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

P. B. Shelley

594. *Oh, Come to Me When Daylight Sets*

OH, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea;
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sounds of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In heaven and o'er the sea;
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me, when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,

THE BOOK OF

When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

T. Moore

595.

Evening

THE sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song;
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart;
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song —

GEORGIAN VERSE

All meet whom day and care divide, —
And Leonard tarries long!

Sir W. Scott

596. *Song to the Evening Star*

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis Thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst to the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

T. Campbell

THE BOOK OF

597.

To the Evening Star

GEM of the crimson-colour'd Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved Star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows;
So due thy plighted love returns
To chambers brighter than the rose;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above,
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
1080

GEORGIAN VERSE

And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down: —

Shine on her sweetly scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue: —

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converse sweet, to wander far —
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

T. Campbell

598.

To the Moon

ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth, —

THE BOOK OF

And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

P. B. Shelley

599.

The Feast of Dian

From 'Endymion'

WHO, who from Dian's feast would be away?
For all the golden bowers of the day

Are empty left? Who, who away would be
From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?

Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings
He leans away for highest heaven and sings,
Snapping his lucid fingers merrily! —

Ah, Zephyrus! art here, and Flora too!

Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,
Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill

 Your baskets high

With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines,
Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,

Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme;

Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,

All gather'd in the dewy morning: hie

 Away! fly, fly! —

Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,

Aquarius! to whom king Jove has given

Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feather'd wings,

Two fan-like fountains, — thine illuminings

 For Dian play:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Dissolve the frozen purity of air;
Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
Shew cold through watery pinions; make more bright
The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night:

Haste, haste away!—

Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see!
And of the Bear has Pollux mastery:
A third is in the race! who is the third,
Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?

The ramping Centaur!

The Lion's mane on end: the Bear how fierce!
The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce
Some enemy: far forth his bow is bent
Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,

Pale unrelentor,

When he shall hear the wedding lutes a-playing. —
Andromeda! sweet woman! why delaying
So timidly among the stars: come hither!
Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow whither

They all are going.

Danac's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,
Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud.
Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral:
Ye shall for ever live and love, for all

Thy tears are flowing.

J. Keats

600. *Ode to a Nightingale*

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

THE BOOK OF

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness, —
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

GEORGIAN VERSE

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

THE BOOK OF

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?
J. Keats

601. *The Nightingale*

NO cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge.
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,

GEORGIAN VERSE

A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

THE BOOK OF

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I know
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all —
Stirring the air with such an harmony
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

GEORGIAN VERSE

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes. — That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain

THE BOOK OF

Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well! —
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy. — Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends! farewell.

S. T. Coleridge

602.

Song

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

S. T. Coleridge

GEORGIAN VERSE

603.

The Pains of Sleep

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
Only a *sense* of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know
Whether I suffer'd, or I did:

THE BOOK OF

For all seem'd guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
Saddened and stunned the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child:
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin:
For aye entempesting anew,
The unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

S. T. Coleridge

604.

To Sleep

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;

GEORGIAN VERSE

O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passèd day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;—
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

J. Keats

605. *The Light of Other Days*

OF T, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,

THE BOOK OF

I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone,
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

T. Moore

606. *At the Mid Hour of Night*

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in
thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of
Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

T. Moore

GEORGIAN VERSE

607. *Ode on Melancholy*

NO, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:

THE BOOK OF

His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

J. Keats

608.

Stanzas

Written in Dejection, near Naples

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And walked with inward glory crowned —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.

Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.
P. B. Shelley

THE BOOK OF

609. *Stanzas — April, 1814*

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of
heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy
stay:
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine
head:
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds
the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and
peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep:

GEORGIAN VERSE

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed
sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest — yet till the phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee
erewhile,
Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are
not free
From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet
smile.

P. B. Shelley

610. *Dejection: an Ode*

*Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.*

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence

I

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,

THE BOOK OF

(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming-on of rain and squally blast,
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear —
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green;
And still I gaze — and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars:
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen;
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

GEORGIAN VERSE

III

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west;
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth —
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

THE BOOK OF

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud —
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud —
We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel

But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man —

This was my sole resource, my only plan;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds —
At once they groan with pain and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings — all is over —
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,

THE BOOK OF

As Otway's self had framed the tender lay.

'Tis of a little child,

Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way;

And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,

And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:

Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,

May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes.

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;

To her may all things live, from pole to pole,

Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above,

Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,

Thus may'st thou ever, evermore rejoice.

S. T. Coleridge

611.

Time

'WHY sit'st thou by that ruined hall,

Thou aged carle so stern and gray?

Dost thou its former pride recall,

Or ponder how it paused away?'

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ Know’st thou not me ? ’ the Deep Voice cried :

‘ So long enjoyed, so oft misused —
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused !

‘ Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away !
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

‘ Redeem mine hours — the space is brief —
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part forever ! ’

Sir W. Scott

612.

Mutability

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail:
A musical but melancholy chime
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain

THE BOOK OF

Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

W. Wordsworth

613.

The River of Life

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange — yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

GEORGIAN VERSE

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness:
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

T. Campbell

614. *Wasted, Weary, Wherefore Stay*

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;—
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

Sir W. Scott

THE BOOK OF

615.

Cavalier Song

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of gray and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.

Sir W. Scott

616.

Stanzas for Music

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull
decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which
fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be
past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch
again.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes
down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray
beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd
scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
they be,

So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow
to me.

Lord Byron

617.

Life

YOUTH! thou wear'st to manhood now,
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statelier step, more pensive mien,
In thy face and gait are seen:
Thou must now brook midnight watches,
Take thy food and sport by snatches!

THE BOOK OF

For the gambol and the jest
Thou wert wont to love the best,
Graver follies must thou follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow.

Sir W. Scott

618. *Time, Real and Imaginary*

An Allegory

ON the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place),
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother!
This far outstripp'd the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind:
For he, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

S. T. Coleridge

619. *Stanzas Written in His Library*

MY days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

GEORGIAN VERSE

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

R. Southey

620. *My Birthday*

‘MY birthday!’ What a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;

THE BOOK OF

And as Youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, ' Were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done.'
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birthdays speaks to me;
Far otherwise — of time it tells
Lavished unwisely, carelessly;
Of counsel mocked; of talents made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That crossed my pathway, for his star!
All this it tells, and, could I trace
The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away —
All — but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly;

GEORGIAN VERSE

And that dear home, that saving ark
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy round.

T. Moore

621. On This Day I Complete My Thirty- Sixth Year

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

THE BOOK OF

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —

Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

AT MISSOLONGHI, *January 22, 1824*

Lord Byron

GEORGIAN VERSE

622. *The Day Returns, My Natal Day*

THE day returns, my natal day,
Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay,
Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came
To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now; but not the same:
They are whence friend can never come.

Nor are they you my love watched o'er
Cradled in innocence and sleep;
You smile into my eyes no more,
Nor see the bitter tears they weep.

W. S. Landon

623. *Epitaph upon the Year 1806*

'TIS gone, with its thorns and its roses,
With the dust of the ages to mix;
Time's charnel for ever encloses
The year Eighteen hundred and six!

Though many may question thy merit,
I duly thy dirge will perform,
Content, if thy heir but inherit
Thy portion of sunshine and storm!

My blame and my blessing thou sharest,
For black were thy moments in part,

THE BOOK OF

But O! thy fair days were the fairest
That ever have shone on my heart.

If thine was a gloom the completest
That death's darkest cypress could throw,
Thine, too, was a garland the sweetest
That life in full blossom could show!

One hand gave the balmy corrector
Of ills which the other had brew'd;
One draught of thy chalice of nectar
All tastes of thy bitters subdued.

'Tis gone, with its thorns and its roses!
With mine tears more precious will mix,
To hallow the midnight which closes,
The year Eighteen hundred and six.

W. R. Spencer

624.

The Last Man

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, ' We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go:
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

' What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will? —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrownèd king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

THE BOOK OF

' Go, let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe:
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

' Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, —
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

' This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory, —
And took the sting from Death!

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature’s awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou saw’st the last of Adam’s race,
On Earth’s sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!’

T. Campbell

625. *In My Own Album*

FRESH clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert my soul, an Album bright, —

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
And friend and foe, in foul or fair,
Have ‘written strange defeatures’ there;

And Time with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp’d sad dates — he can’t recall;

And error gilding worst designs —
Like speckled snake that strays and shines —
Betrays his path by crooked lines;

THE BOOK OF

And vice hath left his ugly blot:
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly began — but finish'd not;

And fruitless, late remorse doth trace —
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace —
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers; sense unknit;
Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit;
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurred thing to look —
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

C. Lamb

626. *Cleone to Aspasia*

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-sky
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulfs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think
Ah! thus it is with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And voices mellower than the Muse's own
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while, and then — Ah Youth! Youth! Youth!
Listen not to my words — but stay with me!
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh
That rises is for thee, and not for Life.

W. S. Landor

627. *Youth and Age*

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young? — Ah, woful *When*!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly *then* it flashed along: —
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,

THE BOOK OF

Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful *Ere*,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit —
It cannot be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd: —
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old!

That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. Coleridge

GEORGIAN · VERSE

628.

To Youth

WHERE art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it: I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befell it, Love was by
And roll'd it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once pressed invite;
But sleep hath given a silent sign,
And both, alas! take flight.

W. S. Landor

THE BOOK OF

629. *Twist Ye, Twine Ye!*

TWIST ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear and peace and strife,
Is the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist in spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt and jealousy and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Sir W. Scott

630. *After - Thought*

Valedictory Sonnet to the River Duddon

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away. — Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish; — be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

W. Wordsworth

631. *Persistence*

MY hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again.

W. S. Landor

632. *To a Cyclamen*

I COME to visit thee again,
My little flowerless cyclamen;
To touch the hands, almost to press,
That cheered thee in thy loneliness.
What could these lovely sisters find
Of thee in form, of me in mind,
What is there in us rich or rare,
To make us worth a moment's care?

THE BOOK OF

Unworthy to be so caressed,
We are but wither'd leaves at best.

W. S. Landor

633. *The World's Wanderers*

TELL me, thou Star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Mind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

P. B. Shelley

634. *Time Long Past*

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.

GEORGIAN VERSE

There were sweet dreams in the night
 Of Time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last—
 That Time long past

There is regret, almost remorse,
 For Time long past.
'Tis like a child's belovèd corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance, cast
 From Time long past.
P. B. Shelley

635.

A Lament

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more — Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more — Oh, never more!

P. B. Shelley

THE BOOK OF

636.

The Visionary

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead!

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!

The shade of youthful Hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died:
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh! die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

W. R. Spencer

637.

On Living Too Long

IS it not better at an early hour
In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,
Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to bed?

W. S. Landor

GEORGIAN VERSE

638.

Plays

ALAS, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide,
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!

W. S. Landor

639.

On Lucretia Borgia's Hair

BORGIA, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou'rt dust;
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair, meandering in pellucid gold.

W. S. Landor

640.

Late Leaves

THE leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
So have I too.
Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous, or even unjoyous, bird
The whole wood through.

Winter may come: he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire

THE BOOK OF

Where old friends meet.
Let him; now heaven is overcast,
And spring and summer both are past,
And all things sweet.

W. S. Landor

641. *Dirce*

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old, and she a shade.

W. S. Landor

642. *To My Ninth Decade*

TO my ninth decade I have totter'd on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

W. S. Landor

643. *An Aged Man Who Loved to Doze Away*

AN aged man who loved to doze away
An hour by daylight, for his eyes were dim,
And he had seen too many suns go down
And rise again, dreamed that he saw two forms
Of radiant beauty; he would clasp them both,
But both flew stealthily away. He cried
In his wild dream,

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ I never thought, O youth,
That thou, altho’ so cherished, would’st return,
But I did think that he who came with thee,
Love, who could swear more sweetly than birds sing,
Would never leave me comfortless and lone.’
A sigh broke through his slumber, not the last.

W. S. Landor

644. *Lately Our Songsters Loiter’d in Green Lanes*

LATELY our songsters loiter’d in green lanes,
Content to catch the ballads of the plains;
I fancied I had strength enough to climb
A loftier station at no distant time,
And might securely from intrusion doze
Upon the flowers thro’ which Ilissus flows.
In those pale olive grounds all voices cease,
And from afar dust fills the paths of Greece.
My slumber broken and my doublet torn,
I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

W. S. Landor

645. *On His Seventy - Fifth Birthday*

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

W. S. Landor

THE BOOK OF

646. *Death Stands above Me*

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

W. S. Landor

647. *Years*

YEARS, many parti-colour'd years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.
Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *Adieu*.

W. S. Landor

648. *To Age*

WELCOME, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,

GEORGIAN VERSE

But thou at length hath made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage —
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

W. S. Landor

649.

Wrinkles

WHEN Helen first saw wrinkles in her face
('Twas when some fifty long had settled there
And intermarried and branched off aside)
She threw herself upon her couch and wept:
On this side hung her head, and over that
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.

But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles,

THE BOOK OF

Or the impression of some amorous hair
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,
Which had been lying there all night perhaps
Upon a skin so soft, 'No, no,' you said,
'Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here:
Well, and what matters it, while thou art too!'

W. S. Landon

650.

Mutability

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

P. B. Shelley

651.

The Grandame

ON the green hill-top,
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,
And not distinguished from its neighbour barn,
Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,
The Grandame sleeps: a plain stone barely tells
The name and date to the chance passenger.
For lowly born was she, and long had eat
Well-earn'd, the bread of service; — her's was else
A mounting spirit, one that entertain'd
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,
Or aught unseemly. I remember well
Her reverend image: I remember, too,
With what a zeal she serv'd her Master's house;
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale;
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse
Of births, of titles, and alliances;
Of marriages, and intermarriages;
Relationship remote, or near of kin;
Of friends offended, family disgraced —
Maiden high born, but wayward, disobeying
Parental strict injunction, and regardless

THE BOOK OF

Of unmix'd blood, and ancestry remote,
Stooping to wed with one of low degree.
But these are not thy praises: and I wrong
Thy honour'd memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,
She serv'd her *Heavenly Master*. I have seen
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,
And rankling malady: yet not for this
Ceas'd she to praise her Maker, or withdrew
Her trust from Him, her faith, and humble hope —
So meekly had she learn'd to bear her cross —
For she had studied patience in the school
Of Christ; much comfort she had thence deriv'd,
And was a follower of the Nazarene.

C. Lamb

652. *The Old Familiar Faces*

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

GEORGIAN VERSE

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces —

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. Lamb

653.

The Butterfly

THE butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name —
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of earthly life! — For in this mortal frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.
S. T. Coleridge

THE BOOK OF

654.

Why, Why Repine

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipped away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

W. S. Landor

655.

Adonais

An Elegy on the Death of John Keats

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: 'With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!'

GEORGIAN VERSE

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh weep for Adonais — he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;

THE BOOK OF

And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is over-past.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal. — Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more! —
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,
The shadow of white Death, and at the door

GEORGIAN VERSE

Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not, —
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their
lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries;
' Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.'
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw

THE BOOK OF

The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, 'as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp; -- the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:— a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee; the curse of Cain

THE BOOK OF

Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone:
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brake;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning? — the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Alas! that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to
sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
'Wake thou,' cried Misery, 'childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs.'
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: 'Arise!'
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

THE BOOK OF

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her airy tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and Life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
'Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!' cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain
caress.

'Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

GEORGIAN VERSE

' O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

' The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion; — how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

' The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.'

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;

THE BOOK OF

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift —
A Love in desolation masked; — a Power
Girt round with weakness; — it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; — even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own;
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: 'Who art thou?'
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh, that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison — Oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone

THE BOOK OF

Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now. —
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. — *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief

GEORGIAN VERSE

Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

THE BOOK OF

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, — his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die

GEORGIAN VERSE

So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry,
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!'

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Sate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,

THE BOOK OF

And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,

GEORGIAN VERSE

If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,

THE BOOK OF

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

P. B. Shelley

656. *For an Epitaph at Fiesole*

L O! where the four mimosas blend their shade
In calm repose at last is Landor laid,
For ere he slept he saw them planted here
By her his soul had ever held most dear,
And he had lived enough when he had dried her tear.

W. S. Landor

657. *The Opening of the Tomb of Charlemagne*

A MID the cloistered gloom of Aachen's aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record
A world of action by a single word,
Was graven 'Carlo-Magno.' Regal style
Was needed none; that name such thoughts restored
As sadden, yet make nobler, men the while.
They rolled the marble back. With sudden gasp,
A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,
Where still a mortal monarch seemed to reign.
Crowned on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne.

Sir A. De Vere

GEORGIAN VERSE

658. *Surprised by Joy — Impatient as the Wind*

SURPRISED by joy — impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport — Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recall'd thee to my mind —
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss? — That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

W. Wordsworth

•

659. *And Thou Art Dead, as Young and Fair*

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

THE BOOK OF

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away,
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away;
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade;
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!

THE BOOK OF

The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

Lord Byron

660. *'Strange Fits of Passion Have I
Known'*

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath the evening-moon."

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head! —
'O mercy!' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead!'

W. Wordsworth

661. *'She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways'*

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

W. Wordsworth

THE BOOK OF

662. *'I Travelled among Unknown Men'*

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

W. Wordsworth

663. *'Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower'*

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

GEORGIAN VERSE

‘ Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

‘ She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

‘ The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

‘ The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where Rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

‘ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,

THE BOOK OF

Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy Dell.'

Thus Nature spake — The work was done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This health, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

W. Wordsworth

664. *'A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal'*

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

W. Wordsworth

665. *Hester*

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.

GEORGIAN VERSE

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit:

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning—

THE BOOK OF

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

C. Lamb

666. *Kathleen O'More*

MY love, still I think that I see her once more,
But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new —
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir;
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her —
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to gaze on the moon —
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower;
It chilled my poor Kathleen; she drooped from that hour,
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

GEORGIAN VERSE

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest;
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er
Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

G. N. Reynolds

667.

Casa's Dirge

VAINLY for us the sunbeams shine,
Dimm'd is our joyous hearth;
O Casa, dearer dust than thine
Ne'er mix'd with mother earth!
Thou wert the corner-stone of love,
The keystone of our fate;
Thou art not! Heaven scowls dark above,
And earth is desolate.

Ocean may rave with billows curl'd
And moons may wax and wane,
And fresh flowers blossom; but this world
Shall claim not thee again.
Clos'd are the eyes which bade rejoice
Our hearts till love ran o'er;
Thy smile is vanish'd and thy voice
• Silent for evermore.

Yes; thou art gone — our hearth's delight,
Our boy so fond and dear;
No more thy smiles to glad our sight,
No more thy songs to cheer;

THE BOOK OF

No more thy presence, like the sun,
To fill our home with joy:
Like lightning hath thy race been run,
As bright as swift, fair boy.

Now winter with its snow departs,
The green leaves clothe the tree;
But summer smiles not on the hearts
That bleed and break for thee:
The young May weaves her flowery crown,
Her boughs in beauty wave;
They only shake their blossoms down
Upon thy silent grave.

Dear to our souls is every spot
Where thy small feet have trod;
There odours, breath'd from Eden, float,
And sainted is the sod;
The wild bee with its buglet fine,
The blackbird singing free,
Melt both thy mother's heart and mine:
They speak to us of thee!

Only in dreams thou comest now
From Heaven's immortal shore,
A glory round that infant brow,
Which Death's pale signet bore:
'Twas thy fond looks, 'twas thy fond lips,
That lent our joys their tone;
And life is shaded with eclipse,
Since thou from earth art gone.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Thine were the fond, endearing ways,
That tenderest feeling prove;
A thousand wiles to win our praise,
To claim and keep our love;
Fondness for us thrill'd all thy veins;
And, Casa, can it be
That nought of all the past remains
Except vain tears for thee?

Idly we watch thy form to trace
In children on the street;
Vainly, in each familiar place,
We list thy pattering feet;
Then, sudden, o'er these fancies crush'd,
Despair's black pinions wave;
We know that sound for ever hush'd:
We look upon thy grave.

O heavenly child of mortal birth!
Our thoughts of thee arise,
Not as a denizen of earth,
But inmate of the skies:
To feel that life renew'd is thine
A soothing balm imparts;
We quaff from out Faith's cup divine,
And Sabbath fills our hearts.

Thou leanest where the fadeless wands
Of amaranth bend o'er;
Thy white wings brush the golden sands
Of Heaven's refulgent shore.

THE BOOK OF

Thy home is where the psalm and song
Of angels choir abroad,
And blessed spirits, all day long,
Bask round the throne of God.

There change and change are not; the soul
Quaffs bliss as from a sea,
And years, through endless ages, roll,
From sin and sorrow free:
There gush for aye fresh founts of joy,
New raptures to impart;
Oh! dare we call thee still *our* boy,
Who now a seraph art?

A little while — a little while —
Ah! long it cannot be!
And thou again on us wilt smile,
Where angels smile on thee.
How selfish is the worldly heart:
How sinful to deplore!
Oh! that we were where now thou art,
Not lost, but gone before.

D. M. Moir

668.

Barthram's Dirge

THEY shot him dead on the Nine-Stone rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

GEORGIAN VERSE

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspen gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower
And threw her robes aside,
She tore her long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bath'd him in the Lady-Well
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
(And the Grey Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they passed the Chapel Garth).

They buried him at the midnight,
(When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspen grey forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill).

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stone Burn,
And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss and the Lady fern.

A Grey Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,

THE BOOK OF

And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While Headless Cross shall bide.

R. Surtees

669.

Matthew

IF Nature, for a favourite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

— When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed;
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool:
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
The tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up —
He felt with spirit so profound.

— Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!
Thou happy soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?

W. Wordsworth

670. *To the Sister of Elia*

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

THE BOOK OF

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

W. S. Landor

671. *The Wake of William Orr*

THERE our murdered brother lies;
Wake him not with woman's cries;
Mourn the way that manhood ought —
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
Morals pure and manners kind;
In his head, as on a hill,
Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
'Countrymen, UNITE,' he cried,
And died for what our Saviour died.

God of peace and God of love!
Let it not Thy vengeance move —
Let it not Thy lightnings draw —
A nation guillotined by law.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Hapless Nation, rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn;
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human hounds,
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation! hapless Land!
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight:
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make this mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it *SPEAK* the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite;
Holy oil and holy water
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?
The widowed mother with her child —
Child new stirring in the womb!
Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place,
Calm her soul and whisper peace —

THE BOOK OF

Cord, or axe, or guillotine,
Make the sentence — not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep:
Watch with us, but do not weep:
Watch with us thro' dead of night —
But expect the morning light.

W. Drennan

672.

Coronach

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When the blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,

GEORGIAN VERSE

Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

Sir W. Scott

673. *Hymn for the Dead*

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Sir W. Scott

674. *The Death of Artemidora*

‘ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet
And stand beside thee, ready to convey

THE BOOK OF

Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh
And nearer, and solicit an embrace.'

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have pressed
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He looked into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more:
Her head fell back; and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers.

W. S. Landor

675. . *Bishop Bruno*

BISHOP Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright;
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again:—
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Bishop Bruno slept no more that night, —
Oh, glad was he when he saw the daylight!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people thronged to see their pride;
They bowed the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
'Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee;
But I would have you know, you travel to me!'

Behind and before and on either side,
He looked, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turned the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recovered his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

THE BOOK OF

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat;
'With the Emperor now you are dining with glee;
But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup with me!'

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart that was sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the masquers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud;
'You have passed the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee;
But you must pass the night with me!'

His cheeks grow pale, and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his hair;
With that there came one from the masquers' band,
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;

GEORGIAN VERSE

On saints in vain he attempted to call —
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

R. Southey

676.

Lucy Gray

Or, Solitude

OF T I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

‘ To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.’

‘ That, Father! will I gladly do:
’Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!’

THE BOOK OF

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-brand:
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
'In heaven we all shall meet;'
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small:

GEORGIAN VERSE

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

W. Wordsworth

677.

We Are Seven

A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

THE BOOK OF

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

‘ Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?’
‘ How many? Seven in all,’ she said,
And wondering looked at me.

‘ And where are they? I pray you tell.’
She answered, ‘ Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

‘ Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.’

‘ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!— I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.’

Then did the little maid reply,
‘ Seven boys and girls are we;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

'You run above, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little Maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

'And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

'So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

THE BOOK OF

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you, then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
'O Master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

W. Wordsworth

678. *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*

From Recollections of Early Childhood

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,

GEORGIAN VERSE

The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

THE BOOK OF

My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,

GEORGIAN VERSE

He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
At that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six year's darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

THE BOOK OF

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet doth keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

GEORGIAN VERSE

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

THE BOOK OF

Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,

 Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;

 In the primal sympathy

 Which having been must ever be:

 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;

 In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquish'd one delight

GEORGIAN VERSE

To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. Wordsworth

679. *Ode on Indolence*

'They toil not, neither do they spin'

ONE morn before me were three figures seen,
With bowèd necks, and joinèd hands, side-faced;
And one behind the other stepp'd serene,
In placid sandals, and in white robes graced;
They pass'd, like figures on a marble urn,
When shifted round to see the other side;
They came again; as when the urn once more
Is shifted round, the first seen shades return;
And they were strange to me, as may betide
With vases, to one deep in Phidian lore.

How is it Shadows! that I knew ye not?
How came ye muffled in so hush a mask?

THE BOOK OF

Was it a silent deep-disguised plot
To steal away, and leave without a task
My idle days? Ripe was the drowsy hour;
The blissful cloud of summer-indolence
Benumbed my eyes; my pulse grew less and less;
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath no flower:
O why did ye not melt, and leave my sense
Unhaunted quite of all but — nothingness?

A third time passed they by, and, passing, turn'd
Each one the face a moment whiles to me;
Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd
And arch'd for wings, because I knew the three;
The first was a fair Maid, and Love her name;
The second was Ambition, pale of cheek,
And ever watchful with fatigued eye;
The last, whom I love more, the more of blame
Is heap'd upon her, maiden most unmeek, —
I knew to be my demon Poesy.

They faded, and forsooth! I wanted wings:
O folly! What is Love? and where is it?
And for that poor Ambition! it springs
From a man's little heart's short fever-fit;
For Poesy! — no, — she has not a joy, —
At least for me, — so sweet as drowsy noons,
And evenings steep'd in honied indolence;
O, for an age so sheltered from annoy,
That I may never know how change the moons,
Or hear the voice of busy common-sense!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And once more came they by; — alas! wherefore?
My sleep had been embroider'd with dim dreams;
My soul had been a lawn besprinkled o'er
With flowers, and stirring shades, and baffled beams:
The morn was clouded, but no shower fell,
Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears of May;
The open casement press'd a new-leav'd vine,
Let in the budding warmth and throstle's lay;
O Shadows! 'twas a time to bid farewell!
Upon your skirts had fallen no tears of mine.

So, ye three Ghosts, adieu! Ye cannot raise
My head cool-bedded in the flowery grass;
For I would not be dieted with praise,
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce!
Fade softly from my eyes, and be once more
In masque-like Figures on the dreamy urn;
Farewell! I yet have visions for the night,
And for the day faint visions there is store;
Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my idle spright.
Into the clouds, and never more return!

J. Keats

680. *To Augusta*

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find.
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,

THE BOOK OF

And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain — it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me;
'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake;
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one;

GEORGIAN VERSE

If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

Lord Byron

681. *Epistle to Augusta*

MY sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny, —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing — had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.

THE BOOK OF

A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, —
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift, — a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something — I know not what — does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience; — not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me, — or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought when ills habitually recur, —
Perhaps a kindlier clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear),
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books.
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love — but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation; — to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire;
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me! — but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude, which I have vaunted so,
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;

THE BOOK OF

There may be others which I less may show! —
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

* I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore;
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply —
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister — till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feeling but this one;
And that I would not; — for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest — even the only paths for me —
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd and *thou* hadst not wept.

GEORGIAN VERSE

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make — a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over — I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine.
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
Beings who ne'er each other can resign:
It is the same, together or apart,

THE BOOK OF

From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined — let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

Lord Byron

682. *The Reverie of Poor Susan*

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years:

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!

W. Wordsworth

GEORGIAN VERSE

683. *The Affliction of Margaret*

WHERE art thou, my beloved son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled;
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold;
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:
If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base;
And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares!

THE BOOK OF

He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought; and, being blind,
Said, 'Pride shall help me in my wrong;
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed:' and that is true:
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount, how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me:—'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend.

W. Wordsworth

THE BOOK OF

684.

Farewell to Italy

I LEAVE thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at eventide,
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe (what have I not believed?)
Weary with age, but unoppressed by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherished thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceased, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration — reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption! Over all
The smiles of nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

W. S. Landor

GEORGIAN VERSE

685. *The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill*

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though evening with her richest dye
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree —
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Sir W. Scott

THE BOOK OF

686.

Ozymandias

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. Shelley

687. *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his weary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,

GEORGIAN VERSE

And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet;
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat;
Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
Then 'twill wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no:
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,

THE BOOK OF

Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones,
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land:
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews, as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughtered town,
When a king in glory rides
Through the pomp of fratricides:
Those unburied bones around
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapour, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony:
To such a one this morn was led,
My bark by soft winds piloted:
'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan,

GEORGIAN VERSE

With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestic;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Thro' the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain,
Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Thro' the broken mist they sail,
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow, down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporious air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath Day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level quivering line

THE BOOK OF

Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his grey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin than than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.

GEORGIAN VERSE

The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aërial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourished worms
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering:
But if Freedom should awake
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold
All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chained like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime;
If not, perish thou and they!—
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away—
Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,

THE BOOK OF

From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.

Perish — let there only be
Floating o'er thy hearthless sea
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan; —
That a tempest-cleaving Swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror: — what though yet
Poesy's unfailing River,
Which thro' Albion winds for ever
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred Poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled?
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own? oh, rather say,
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul? —
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;

GEORGIAN VERSE

As divinest Shakespeare's might
Fill Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly; — so thou art
Mighty spirit — so shall be
The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height;
From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that grey cloud
Many-domèd Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heaped upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,

THE BOOK OF

Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest home:
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.
Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, 'I win, I win!'
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;

GEORGIAN VERSE

Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray:
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth:
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might;
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born:
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear: so thou,
O Tyranny, beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,

THE BOOK OF

Or an air-dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of Heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath, the leaves unsodden
Where the infant Frost has trodden
With his morning-wingèd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky:
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from Heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

GEORGIAN VERSE

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon,
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony:
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf: even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,

THE BOOK OF

And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine:
We may live so happy there,
That the Spirits of the Air,
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing Paradise
The polluting multitude;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood:
They, not it, would change; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

P. B. Shell

688. *Work Without Hope*

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair —
The bees are stirring — birds are on the wing —
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

GEORGIAN VERSE

And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

S. T. Coleridge

689. If This Great World of Joy and Pain

IF this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back:
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

W. Wordsworth

690. On Fame

I

FAME, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
To those who woo her with too slavish knees,
But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease;

THE BOOK OF

She is a Gipsy, — will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content without her;
A Jilt, whose ear was never whisper'd close,
Who thinks they scandal her who talk about her;
A very Gipsy is she, Nilus-born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;
Ye love-sick Bards! repay her scorn for scorn;
Ye Artists lovelorn! madmen that ye are!
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

691.

II

' You cannot eat your cake and have it too.' — Proverb

HOW fever'd is the man, who cannot look
Upon his mortal days with temperate blood,
Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
And robs his fair name of its maidenhood;
It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom,
As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
Should darken her pure grot with muddy gloom:
But the rose leaves herself upon the briar,
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
And the ripe plum still wears its dim attire,
The undisturbèd lake has crystal space;
Why then should man, teasing the world for grace,
Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

J. Keats

GEORGIAN VERSE

692.

Song

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
 Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure,
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

THE BOOK OF

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! Oh come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

P. B. Shelley

GEORGIAN VERSE

693.

The Common Lot

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: — and WHO WAS HE? —
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name hath perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear! —
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled;
Had friends — his friends are now no more;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair! — but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

THE BOOK OF GEORGIAN VERSE

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
OF HIM afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN!

J. Montgomery

NOTES

PAGE 3, No. 1 — *Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours. Attic warbler: the nightingale.*

PAGE 23, No. 15 — *My Peggy is a young thing. From The Gentle Shepherd, act i. sc. 1.*

PAGE 34, No. 26 — *O Memory! thou fond deceiver. From the Oratorio of the Captivity.*

PAGE 34, No. 27 — *When lovely woman stoops to folly. From She Stoops to Conquer.*

PAGE 58, No. 49 — *O sing unto my roundelay. From Aella. Chatterton's masterpiece.*

PAGE 78, No. 58 — *Good people all of every sort. From The Vicar of Wakefield.*

PAGE 99, No. 68 — *Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long.* In the Essay prefixed to Mrs. Barbauld's edition of Collins' poems, published in 1802, she says of this Ode: "To the poems which have usually been published as the work of Collins is now first added *An Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*, which was read by the Rev. Dr. Carlyle on the 19th of April, 1784, at the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It was inscribed to Mr. John Home, and fell into the hands of Dr. Carlyle, among the papers of a deceased friend, where it lay unregarded, till a hint given by Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Collins*, of the existence of such a poem, revived the remembrance of it, and after diligent search it was found in the handwriting of the author. It seems to have been the first rough draft of the poem: it was written in 1749, and probably the author, who died in 1756 (the true date of Collins' death has been determined as 1759), never enjoyed spirits sufficient to finish it. Several hemistichs and words left blank have been supplied by Dr. Carlyle: and the fifth, and half of the sixth stanza, by Dr. Mackenzie." Sir Egerton Brydges, in his Essay prefixed to the Aldine Edition of Collins, states his conviction that the interpolated stanzas mentioned above were by other hands, while Dyce appears to have accepted the entire poem as Collins. *Young Aurora forth*: Collins here refers to the first appearance of the Northern Lights which occurred about 1715. *Their second sight*: a term used for the divination of the highlanders. *Illustrious William*: the Duke of Cumberland who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden. *Dank Will*: Will-o'-the-Wisp, Jack-o'-Lantern, a fiery meteor that hovers in the air

NOTES

over marshy and fenny places. *Kelpie's*: a water fiend. *To that hoar pile*: referring to the Isle of Pigmies in the Hebrides, where it is said that several miniature human bones have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there. *Or thither*: i. e. Icolmkill where many ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are buried.

PAGE 115, No. 72 — *Awake, Acolian lyre, awake. Helicon's harmonious springs*: two fountains sacred to the Muses, Aganippe and Hippocrene. *O'er Idalia's velvet-green*: meaning Idalium, a town in Cyprus, a favourite seat of Venus. *Cythera*: one of the names of Venus, derived from Cythera, an island in the Aegean sea which was a favourite resort of the goddess. *Fond complaint*: foolish complaint.

PAGE 120, No. 73 — *Ye distant spires, ye antique towers. Her Henry's holy shade*: Henry the Sixth, founder of Eton college.

PAGE 123, No. 74 — *Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!* "This ode," says Gray, "is founded on a tradition current in Wales that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death." Mitford in his *Essay on the Poetry of Gray*, says of this Ode, "The tendency of the Bard is to show the retributive justice that follows an act of tyranny and wickedness; to denounce on Edward, in his person and his progeny, the effect of the crime he had committed in the massacre of the bards; to convince him that neither his power nor situation could save him from the natural and necessary consequences of his guilt; that not even the virtues which he possessed could atone for the vices with which they were accompanied." *Stout Glos'ter*: Gilbert de Clare, son-in-law to King Edward. *Mortimer*: Edward de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, one of the Lords Marches of Wales. *High-born Hoel*: son to King Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, a famous bard, who conducted many of his father's campaigns against the English, Flemings, and Normans. *Soft Llewellyn*: last king of North Wales, murdered in 1282. *Cadwallo and Urien*: bards of whose songs nothing has been preserved. *Modred*: "This name is not found in the lists of old bards. It may have been borrowed from the Arthurian legend; or, as Mitford suggests, it may refer to the famous Myrldin ab Morryn, called Merlyn the Wild, a disciple of Taliessin, the form of the name being changed for the sake of euphony." (Rolf.) *Plinlimmon*: one of the loftiest peaks of the Welsh mountains. *Arvon's shore*: "The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite the isle of Anglesey." (Gray.) "Caernarvon, or *Caer yn Arvon*, means the camp in Arvon." (Rolf.) *She-wolf*: Isabel of France, adulterous Queen of Edward the Second. *Towers of Julius*: "Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, etc., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of the structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar." (Gray.) *His consort*: "Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown." (Gray.) *His father's fame*: Henry the Fifth. *The Bristled boar*: "The silver beaver was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the boar*." (Gray.) *Half of thy heart*: "Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known.

NOTES

The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places." (Gray.) *Arthur*: son of Henry the Seventh.

PAGE 128, No. 75 — *Of old, when Scarron his companions invited.* *Our landlord*: the master of the St. James coffee-house, a favourite resort of Goldsmith and his friends referred to in the poem. *Dean*: Dr. Barnard, dean of Derry, Ireland. *Burke*: Edmund Burke. *Will*: William Burke, secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin. *Dick*: Richard Burke, collector of Grenada. *Cumberland*: Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indies*, *Fashionable Love*, *The Brothers*, and many other dramatic pieces. *Douglas*: Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, afterwards bishop of Salisbury. *Ridge*: counsellor John Ridge, a member of the Irish bar. *Hickey*: a well-known attorney of Goldsmith's day. *Tommy Townshend*: member for Whitchurch. *Honest Richard*: "This gentleman having fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for hearing his jests upon other people." (Ward.) *Dodds*: the Rev. Dr. Dodd, hanged for forgery. *Kentricks*: a lecturer at the Devil Tavern, on the *School of Shakespeare*. *Macpherson*: who had lately issued a translation of Homer. *Kellys*: author of *Clementina*, *False Delicacy*, *School for Wives*, etc. *Woodfalls*: printer of the *Morning Chronicle*. *Shifted his trumpet*: Sir Joshua Reynolds' deafness compelled him to use an ear-trumpet.

PAGE 141, No. 81 — *As near Porto-Bello lying.* This poem appears in Percy's *Reliques* with the following note appended: "A Party Song written by the ingenious author of *Leonidas*, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the port of that country, or should they presume to come out to seize and carry them into England; he accordingly arrived at Bastimentos near Porto-Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interests to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagená and remained cruising in these seas, till the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers."

PAGE 153, No. 90 — *In Virginè the sweltry sun 'gan sheene.* *In Virginè*: the sign of Virgo. *Knightis and barons*, etc.: Dr. Gregory remarks of this line that, "Chatterton probably alluded to his own deserted situation, since it is said, he gave this ballad to the publisher of the Town and Country Magazine, only a month before his death."

PAGE 160, No. 92 — *Through the hall the bell hath sound.* *If Rowley, Iscam, or Tib.* *Georges*: "With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is

NOTES

sufficiently known. . . . Iscam appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Aella*, and in that of *Goddwyn*; and a poem ascribed to him, entitled *The Merry Tricks of Laymington*, is inserted in the *Discorse of Bristow*. Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. . . . He has also appeared as an actor in both tragedies, and as the author of one of the Mynstrelles Songs in *Aella*." (Tyrwhitt.)

PAGE 161, No. 94 — *O thou, by Nature taught, Hybla's thymy shore*: Hybla, a city of Sicily, famed for the honey produced in the country adjacent. *Cephisus deep*: the largest river in Attica, near which Athens was situated. *One distinguished throne*: that of Augustus, the patron of Virgil and Horace.

PAGE 163, No. 95 — *The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, Lowly bed*: this does not mean as is often inferred, the 'grave,' but is intended by the poet for the bed upon which they sleep. *Broke*: broken. *Fretted vault*: ornamented vault; the word is derived from *fractu*, an ornament. (Rolfe.) *Rage*: used by writers of the eighteenth century for inspiration, enthusiasm.

PAGE 174, No. 101 — *Stately stept he cast the wa'*. "The earliest and in some respects most curious of the literary mysteries for which the eighteenth century remains notorious was that concerning the authorship of the ballad of Hardyknute. This composition, then, as now, a fragment, was published by James Watson at Edinburgh in 1719 in a neat folio edition of twelve pages. An apparently earlier, but undated and less finished, copy is known to have been in the possession of the well-known editor, David Laing. Regarding the piece Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie told a romantic story. She had discovered it, she said, written on some shreds of paper used for the bottoms of weaving clues. The statement was accepted in good faith, the ballad was hailed as a genuine antique poem by men of taste like Lord President Forbes and Elliot of Minto, the Lord Justice-Clerk, and was included by Allan Ramsay in his *Evergreen* in 1724, among the 'poems wrote by the ingenious before 1600.' In doing this, Ramsay took the liberty of altering the orthography to restore it, as he supposed, to something like its original antique shape. So the matter stood till 1767. As a contemporary account of an episode of the battle of Largs fought in 1263, *Hardyknute* was looked upon as the oldest extant historical ballad in the Scots tongue, taking precedence in this respect of *Sir Patrick Spens*. But in 1767, Lord Hailes communicated a new piece of information for the second edition of Percy's *Reliques*. Certain critics, it appeared, had doubted the antiquity of the work. In consequence Lady Wardlaw had been questioned, had admitted the authorship, and, to put the matter beyond doubt, had added two fresh concluding stanzas. The question, nevertheless, did not rest here. In his *Scottish Tragic Ballads* in 1781, Pinkerton printed an amended version of the ballad, including a second part which completed the story. For this version and the conclusion he avowed indebtedness to 'the memory of a Lady in Lanarkshire.' Later, in his *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, and in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786, this unscrupulous editor admitted the added second part to be his own composition, but regarding the original poem he made a new statement upon the authority of an alleged communication of Lord Hailes. The new story was that Sir John Bruce of Kinross, in a

NOTES

letter to Lord Binning, had narrated his finding of the MS. in an old vault in Dunfermline, and, desiring to screen his own connection with the fragment, had induced Lady Wardlaw to become its foster-parent. Pinkerton's new statement was accepted, apparently without question, by Bishop Percy, and, accordingly, in the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, *Hardyknute* is attributed directly to Sir John Bruce. These conflicting statements appear to have left some doubt in the mind even of the historian of Scottish poetry, Dr. Irving. It was not till the year 1830, that the question was finally cleared up. Among Pinkerton's correspondence, then published, appeared a letter from Lord Hailes, dated December 2, 1785, explicitly disavowing the new statement to which his name had been attached, and reasserting the authorship of Lady Wardlaw. Lord Hailes was of the opinion that the ballad had been founded on some antique fragment, and he quoted a statement of Thomson, the editor of the *Orpheus Caledonius* of 1733, that he had heard parts of it repeated in his infancy, before Lady Wardlaw's copy was heard of. But against these considerations there exists the explicit statement of Lady Wardlaw's daughter that her mother was the author of the ballad, and from the internal evidence of the composition itself it is impossible now to believe that any part of it is ancient." (Eyre-Todd, in *Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century*.)

PAGE 202, No. 108 — *O thou, that sitt'st upon a throne. The boaster: Goliath. Jehudah: Judah. Spotted ounce: "a carnivorous animal of Asia, somewhat resembling a small leopard." Silverings and crusions: fish; the former supposed to be a species of silver trout; the latter the crusian, mentioned by Hawkins in his edition of Walton's The Compleat Angler. Bezoar: "a concretion found in the intestines of certain animals." Galbanum: an ingredient of sacred incense.*

PAGE 235, No. 110 — *The feathered songster chaunticleer.* This poem is an account of the execution of Sir Baldwin Fulford, a Lancastrian knight, who was put to death by order of Edward IV, in 1461. Edward is said to have watched the procession as it passed to the place of execution, from a window in St. Ewen's Church.

PAGE 298, No. 126 — *Gloomy winter's now awa'. Crowflower: wild hyacinth, or harebell.*

PAGE 325, No. 156 — *To see a world in a grain of sand.* The text of Blake's poems here followed is that of the *Clarendon Press* Edition, 1905, edited by Mr. John Sampson. In his prefatory note to this poem the editor says: "It will be seen that the poem consists of an opening quatrain, followed by sixty-four couplets. Turning to the latter, it may be noticed in the first place that the couplets are almost always arranged together in pairs, as if forming quatrains with the rime-arrangement *aabb* or sometimes *aaaa*. The few exceptions to the rule have the appearance of being marginal interpolations. The first five stanzas (ll. 5-24) deal with cruelty or kindness to animals, its penalty or reward — a theme which may have been suggested to Blake's mind while engraving the plates for Hayley's *Ballads*. In the sixth stanza (ll. 25-28) Blake wanders off into a different aspect of animal life, obscene or noxious animals symbolizing human faults or vices. This theme is continued later

NOTES

in the couplets following l. 44. Stanzas 9, 10, and 11 (ll. 37-44) and 45-52) are continuations respectively of these two themes. The couplet which follows (ll. 53, 54)

‘A Truth that’s told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent’—

is not very closely bound to the preceding lines. It has the appearance of being an afterthought, perhaps in the nature of a personal reflection on one of the chief modes by which ‘slander,’ ‘envy,’ and ‘jealousy’ work for evil. At l. 55 the return to the quatrain unit is clearly marked by the rime-arrangement of the next three stanzas, all, as in the last stanza of ‘*The Grey Monk*,’ having four identical rimes. Stanzas 13 and 14 (ll. 55-88 and 59-62) appear to have been mistakenly copied down in inverted order. This paragraph discusses a new topic, alternate pleasure and grief in human life, a theme entirely different from the darker one of predestined misery or delight (ll. 119-132). . . . The subjects of the remaining stanzas are strongly reminiscent of those of the *Songs of Experience*, and often compress within the narrow limit of a couplet the strength and tenderness of some of the most familiar of the songs.”

PAGE 329, No. 157 — *They who may tell love’s wistful tale.* From *The Phantom, a Musical Drama*, act. i, sc. 4.

PAGE 332, No. 161 — *My Damon was the first to wake.* From *The Elder Brother*, in *The Tales of the Hall*.

PAGE 355, No. 184 — *Ca’ the yowes to the knowes. A-faulding let us gang: i. e., to gather the sheep within the fold.*

PAGE 371, No. 197 — *Duncan Gray cam’ here to woo. Ailsa craig: a rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde, opposite Ayr, much frequented by sea-fowl, whose screaming it had endured without remonstrance. (Centenary Ed. of *The Poetry of Burns*.)*

PAGE 398, No. 223 — *John Gilpin was a citizen. A Train-band captain: the train bands were the old Militia of London, made up of the most substantial householders of the City. The Calender: one who by the use of a ‘calender’ is engaged in the trade of smoothing, trimming and giving a gloss to woollen goods. Merry pins: i. e., merry humour. The phrase is derived from old ‘peg-tankards’ holding two quarts of ale with eight pins inside one above the other with a half pint between, regulating the quantity to be consumed. The custom has furnished such proverbial expressions as ‘a peg too low,’ (i. e., a person out of spirits); and to ‘put in the pin’ (i. e., to refrain from drinking).*

PAGE 415, No. 228 — *O Willie brewed a peck o’ maut.* The circumstance of this poem (“a little masterpiece of drunken fancy” as Henley calls it), occurred in the autumn of 1789. The “three blithe hearts” were William Nicol, of the High School in Edinburgh, Allan Masterton, writing-master to the Edinburgh High School, and Burns.

NOTES

PAGE 418, No. 231 — *When chapman billies leave the street.* It is probable, his contemporaries declare, that "Burns drew the suggestion of his hero, Tam o' Shanter, from the character and adventures of Douglas Graham . . . son of Robert Graham, farmer at Douglastown, tenant of the farm of Shanter on the Garrick shore, and owner of a boat which he had named *Tam o' Shanter*. Graham was noted for his convivial habits, which his wife's ratings tended rather to confirm than to eradicate." (Henley and Henderson's *Centenary Ed. The Poetry of Burns*.) '*There was ae winsome wench an' walie'*: (Allan Ramsay). *An' win the key-stane*: 'It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller that, when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.' (R. B. in eds. 1793-94.)

PAGE 440, No. 242 — *The chough and crow to roost are gone.* From *Orra: a Tragedy*, act iii. sc. 1.

PAGE 463, No. 262 — *My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend.* The object of address in the opening stanza was Robert Aiken, a Solicitor and Surveyor of Taxes in Ayr. *The big habible*: so called from its original use in the noble's hall where the entire household assembled for religious service.

PAGE 494, No. 275 — *Now the bright sun, and soft simmer showers.* The White Rose was the Jacobite emblem.

PAGE 501, No. 282 — *Toll for the brave.* The *Royal George*, a ship of 1953 tons, and mounting 108 guns, was considered the first, as she was one of the oldest ships in the Navy. On the morning of August 29th, 1782, while at Spithead, just before sailing to join the fleet for the relief of Gibraltar, she heeled over on her leeboard side, and sank instantly. There were nearly 1100 souls on board out of which only 300, belonging chiefly to the ship's company, were saved. Some 400 of the crew, and at least as many more women and children, who were taking farewell of friends, were lost. Rear-Admiral Richard Kempenfeldt was among the lost. The ship had been commanded by Anson, Boscawen, Rodney and Hawke. *Weigh the vessel up: i. e., to raise her.*

PAGE 510, No. 288 — *The whistling boy that holds the plough.* From *The Farewell and Return*, in *Posthumous Poems*.

PAGE 511, No. 289 — *We've trod the maze of error round.* From *Reflections upon the Subject* —

PAGE 538, No. 304 — *In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining.* *Everlasting*: "Used with a side-allusion to a cloth so named, at the time when Collins wrote." (Palgrave.)

PAGE 578, No. 333 — *Hie away, hie away.* From *Waverley*.

PAGE 585, No. 338 — *Bright flower whose home is everywhere.* *Thy function apostolical*: Concerning this phrase Wordsworth says: "I have been censured for the last line but one — 'thy function

NOTES

apostolical'—as being a little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree as administering both to moral and spiritual purposes."

PAGE 597, No. 350 — *Beautiful shadow*. From *The Deformed Transformed*. Part 1, sc. i.

PAGE 607, No. 357 — *True-love, an thou be true*. From *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

PAGE 610, No. 361 — *I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way*. *Arcturi*: seemingly used for northern stars. (Palgrave.)

PAGE 632, No. 383 — *Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen*. The Thirteenth Bard's Song in *The Queen's Wake*. The poem is founded on an old tradition of which there are some modern incidents of a similar nature. For these see *The Poetical Works of the Ettrick Shepherd*, vol. i., p. 224.

PAGE 648, No. 387 — *Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom*. "The Greek story on which it is founded was originally told by a lost writer of the fifth century B. C., Charon of Lampsacus . . . Rhoecus (Poikos, Landor's Rhaicos is an error) finds a tree in danger of falling, and has it stayed with props: the nymph of the tree appears, thanks him, and asks him what she can do to repay him: he entreats her love: there are obstacles, but in the meantime Rhoecus agrees to avoid the society of mortal women, and a bee acts as a messenger between him and the nymph. One day the bee interrupts him when he is playing draughts, he utters an angry exclamation, whereat the nymph taking offence leaves him desolate. In modern English poetry, Mr. Lowell has among his early work given another version of the tale." (Colvin.)

PAGE 661, No. 390 — *Sweet Spirit! Sister of that orphan one*. *The orphan one*: Mr. Richard Garnett authentically settled the identity here alluded to as Mary Shelley, whose mother died in giving her birth. *Marina*, *Vanna*, and *Primus*: "Marina is a pet name of Mrs. Shelley's. Vanna is the diminutive of Giovanna (Joan or Jane), and might, as Mr. Rossetti hints, refer to Mrs. Williams, to whom Shelley had been introduced shortly before sending off *Epipsychidion* to Mr. Olliver. I have seen no explanation offered as to Primus, and know of none." (Buxton Forman.) For an account of Emilia Viviani see Medwin's *Life of Shelley*, or Buxton Forman's *The Poetical Works of Shelley*, vol. ii., p. 421.

PAGE 683, No. 394 — *O, Brignall banks are wild and fair*. From *Rokeby*.

PAGE 688, No. 396 — *Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!* The source of Keats' poem is from Boccaccio's *Decameron*; Day IV., Novel 5, the title of which runs: "The three brethren of Isabella slew a gentleman that secretly loved her. His ghost appeared to her in her sleep, and showed her in which place they had buried his body. She, in silent manner, brought away his head, and putting it into

NOTES

a pot of earth, such as flowers, basil and other sweet herbs are usually set in, she watered it a long while with her tears. Whereof her brothers having intelligence, soon after she died with more conceit of sorrow." Keats has closely followed this source, with the exception it seems, of transferring the tragedy from Messina to Florence, reducing the number of brothers from three to two, and in originating the motive for the murder in the brothers' desire to wed their sister to a rich noble. *Theseus' spouse*: referring to the story of Ariadne. *Proud-quiver'd loins*: De Sélincourt in his edition of Keats, 1905, says of this phrase: "Mr. Forman thinks it necessary to delete the hyphen, understanding the passage as meaning 'many loins once proud, now quivered,' but in spite of MS. authority this change from the first edition does not seem desirable. The compound adjective is quite in Keats' manner at this period, and the significance of the whole phrase 'once proudly equipped with quivers,' i. e., who once delighted in hunting, quite intelligible." *The hawks of ship-mast forests*: i. e., "ready to pounce on the trading vessels as they came in." (Palgrave.) *Perséan sword*: Perseus, the slayer of Medusa. *Hinnom's vale*: "It was in Hinnom's vale that Ahaz 'burnt his children in the fire after the abominations of the heathen.' (2 Chronicles, xxviii. 3.) Thus the crime of the two brothers comes upon them like the smoke which betokened to Ahaz that he had murdered his children." (De Sélincourt.)

PAGE 707, No. 397 — *Allan-a-Dale has no fagot for burning.* From *Rokeby*.

PAGE 708, No. 398 — *Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh.* From *Quentin Durward*.

PAGE 710, No. 401 — *Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West.* From *Marmion*.

PAGE 712, No. 402 — *St. Agnes's Eve! — Ah bitter chill it was.* St. Agnes was a Roman virgin who suffered martyrdom about the beginning of the fourth century. Because of her name ('agnus' lamb), her innocence and youth, the lamb has been connected with her in legend and art. St. Agnes' Day is January 21. Leigh Hunt explains in the *London Journal*, for the 21 of January, 1835, that the legend on which Keats based his poem was from *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, where the following lines from Ben Jonson are quoted:

"And on sweet St. Agnes' night,
Please you with promis'd sight —
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

De Sélincourt (*Poems of Keats*, 1905) thinks the "subject was more probably suggested to Keats by a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholie* (pt. iii. sect. ii. mem. iii. subs. i.) 'Tis their only desire if it may be done by art, to see their husbands picture in a glass, they'll give anything to know when they shall be married, how many husbands they shall have, by Crommyomantia, a kind of divination with Onions laid on the Altar on Christmas Eve, or by fasting on St. Agnes' Eve or Night, to know who shall be their first husband.'" *St. Agnes' wool*: the wool shorn from two lambs and

NOTES

brought to Mass upon the Saint's day, being offered while the *Agnus* was chanted; it was afterwards spun, dressed, and woven by the hands of nuns. *Gules*: a heraldic term for red, transmitted here through the coat-of-arms in the casement. (Palgrave.)

PAGE 726, No. 403 — *A still, serene, soft day; enough of sun.* The *Bride* was Rose Price who married Mr., afterwards Sir, Charles Sawle.

PAGE 727, No. 404 — *When the buds began to burst.* "'Rose the First' is, of course, Rose Aylmer. The mother of this young lady, Lady Aylmer, after the death of her first husband, married a Welsh gentleman, Mr. Howel Price, and had by him a daughter, who married Mr. D. M. Paynter. The daughter of this marriage, christened Rose in her turn, was Landor's 'young Rose' and 'Second Rose.' By his 'tenderest lay' he means the lines, *To a Bride* (see above No. 393), addressed to her on her marriage to Sir Charles Sawle, in 1846. 'Rose the Third' is the daughter of this last marriage, and great-grandniece of the original Rose Aylmer."

PAGE 736, No. 414 — *I saw where in the shroud did lurk.* This poem was inspired by the death of Thomas Hood's first-born child, and printed in *The Gem*, 1829. In W. C. Hazlitt's *The Lambs*, 1897, the following note is printed which was sent by Lamb to Hood at the time of the child's death: "Dearest Hood, — Your news has spoiled us a merry meeting. Miss Kely and we were coming, but your note elicited a flood of tears from Mary, and I saw she was not fit for a party. God bless you and the mother (or should be the mother) of your sweet girl that should have been. I have won sexpence of Moxon by the *sex* of the dear one, — Yours most truly and hers, C. L."

PAGE 743, No. 420 — *Look not thou on beauty's charming.* From *The Legend of Montrose*.

PAGE 754, No. 439 — *The castled crag of Drachenfels.* From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto iv.

PAGE 755, No. 440 — *A weary lot is thine, fair maid.* From *Rokeby*.

PAGE 764, No. 448 — *O listen, listen, ladies gay.* From the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

PAGE 774, No. 451 — *The Baron of Smaylho'me, rose with day.* His *plate-jack*: a coat-armour; vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body. *Sperthe*: battle-axe. The *black rood-stone*: the black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble of superior sanctity. *For to Dryburgh*: Dryburgh Abbey, situated on the banks of Tweed.

PAGE 783, No. 455 — *'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock.* In the Preface to the first edition Coleridge says: "The first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland.

NOTES

Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year. . . . I have only to add, that the metre of the *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion." For references concerning the projected conclusions of the poem see Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, and the *Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, edited by Alexander B. Grosart, vol. iii., p. 427. *Bratha Head*: the Brathay, a river emptying into Lake Windermere.

PAGE 807, No. 456 — *O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms.* Cf. *The Eve of St. Agnes*, l. 292:

"He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, 'La belle dame sans mercy,'"

In the *Indicator* for May 10, 1820, Keats' poem was first printed with the following prefatory note by Leigh Hunt: "Among the pieces printed at the end of Chaucer's works and attributed to him, is a translation under this title (*La Belle Dame*, etc.) of a poem by the celebrated Alain Chartier. . . . It was the title which suggested to a friend the verses at the end of the present number." Alain Chartier was the court poet of Charles II. of France. "The note," says De Sélincourt, "prefixed to the poem, that M. Aleyn 'framed this dialogue between a gentleman and a gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand dieth for sorrow' (vide Chalmers, *English Poets*, i. 518), may have given a further hint to Keats, but he could have found nothing suggestive in the poem itself, which is not only monotonous but totally devoid of real feeling."

PAGE 812, No. 458 — *On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest.* From *Waverley*.

PAGE 820, No. 465 — *Where shall the lover rest.* From *Marmion*.

PAGE 822, No. 466 — *Merry it is in the good greenwood.* From *The Lady of the Lake*.

PAGE 830, No. 470 — *Upon a Sabbath-day it fell.* "The following is no doubt the superstition with which Keats intended to develop this poem. It was much akin to the belief connected with the *Eve of St. Agnes*: It was believed that if a person, on St. Mark's Eve, placed himself near the church porch when twilight was thickening, he would behold the apparitions of those persons in the parish who were to be seized with any severe disease that year, go into the church. If they remained there, it signified their death; if they came out again, it portended their recovery, and the longer or shorter the time they remained in the building, the severer or less

NOTES

dangerous their illness. Infants, under age to walk, *rolled in.*" (Quoted by De Sélincourt, from *The Unseen World*, Masters, 1853.) Mr. Buxton Forman has discovered some additional lines to this poem belonging between lines 98 and 99.

PAGE 836, No. 473 — *In Xanadu did Kubla Khan.* In the Preface to this poem, 1816, Coleridge states how "In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*: 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines or images, all the rest had passed away." *Xanadu*: a region in Tartary; the form in *Purchas* is *Zaindu*. *Khan*: title of sovereign princes in the Tartar countries; it is also written *Cham*.

PAGE 847, No. 478 — *The frost performs its secret ministry. Fluttering stranger*: the popular name for the film of soot, supposed to announce some one's arrival.

PAGE 858, No. 482 — *If from the public way you turn your steps.* "The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Townend. The name of the *Evening Star* was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley." (Wordsworth.) "I have attempted to give a picture of a man, of strong mind and lively sensibility, agitated by two of the most powerful affections of the human heart: the parental affection, and the love of property (*landed property*), including the feelings of inheritance, home, and personal and family independence." (Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*.) *Richard Bateman*: "The story alluded to is well known in the country." (Wordsworth.)

PAGE 903, No. 496 — *I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw. Brocken*: "The highest mountain in Hartz, and indeed in North Germany." (Coleridge.)

PAGE 904, No. 497 — *Tanagra! think not I forget. From Pericles and Aspasia.*

PAGE 912, No. 503 — *Much have I travell'd in realms of gold.*

NOTES

Western islands: Prof. Bronson remarks (*English Poems*, 1907), "Keats' reading was limited for the most part to the poets of England, the westernmost country of Europe, as Greece is the easternmost." *Chapman:* George Chapman, the Elizabethan poet and dramatist, was born in 1560 and died in 1634. His translation of Homer was brought out during the years 1598-1616. *Cortez:* Balboa, not Cortez, discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513. "Keats," says De Sélincourt, "either consciously or unconsciously transferred the glory to Cortez, whose portrait by Titian had much impressed him."

PAGE 924, No. 517 — *It is an ancient Mariner.* Dr. Garnett's note in his edition of Coleridge's *Poems*, in the *Muses' Library*, treats so comprehensively the contrary sources from which it is said Coleridge drew the suggestions for his poem, I append it. For other references see Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, chap. iv.; and Alexander Dyce's letter to Hartley N. Coleridge, in 1852 edition of Coleridge's *Works*. "It is universally known that this marvellous poem was composed in November, 1797, and commenced during a pedestrian excursion undertaken by Coleridge and Wordsworth; that it was suggested by a dream of Coleridge's friend Cruickshank, but really founded upon an idea of Wordsworth's, who had read of albatrosses in Shelvocke's *Voyage*; and that it was to have been a joint composition, but it is in fact entirely Coleridge's. The accounts of the two poets harmonize in all essential particulars, but differ as to the spot where the poem was begun, which Wordsworth places on the road between Nether Stowey and Watchet, and Coleridge on that between Nether Stowey and Dulverton. Wordsworth says that it was commenced at the beginning of an excursion to Lynton by the way of Watchet and Minehead; but if it is the ballad which Dorothy Wordsworth, writing on November 20, states to have been planned in a walk undertaken on November 13, this cannot have been the case, for this was a walk of only eight miles. If it was not, Wordsworth's and Coleridge's accounts may be reconciled by supposing the tourists to have returned by way of Dulverton, and the poem to have been planned at the end instead of the beginning of the excursion. No editor, so far as we have ascertained, has hitherto referred to Shelvocke's *Voyage* (published in 1726), to discover what the adventure of the albatross really was. Such a reference would have revealed the extreme imperfection of Wordsworth's account. He says: 'I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyage* a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' Any one would suppose that the sole fact derived from Shelvocke was the existence of albatrosses at Cape Horn, and the incident of the Mariner's killing one was entirely Wordsworth's invention. In truth it is neither his invention nor another's, but a simple fact, with however a remarkable difference from the incident in the poem, which greatly extenuates the slayer's offence. The albatross was a *black* one, and naturally deemed a bird of ill omen. Shelvocke says: 'We had not had the sight of one fish of any kind since we were come to the southward of the Straits of Le Mair, nor one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black

NOTES

albatross who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if he had lost himself, till Hatley, my second captain, observing in one of his melancholy fits that the bird was always hovering near us, imagined from his colour that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition, was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds which had oppressed us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, he, after some fruitless attempts, at length shot the albatross, not doubting, perhaps, that we should have a fair wind after it.' It would be very interesting to know whether Coleridge was aware of the blackness of Shelvocke's albatross, and had the discrimination to conceal it, or whether the circumstance was never imparted to him. Wordsworth thinks that he never saw the book. Some few touches of natural description seem to have been suggested by passages in *The Strange and Dangerous Voyage of Captain Thomas James, 1653.*"

PAGE 952, No. 519 — *Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife.* From *Old Mortality*.

PAGE 958, No. 523 — *March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale.* From *The Monastery*.

PAGE 959, No. 524 — *Hail to the chief who in triumph advances.* From *The Lady of the Lake*.

PAGE 965, No. 527 — *Of Nelson and the North.* The battle of Copenhagen was fought April 2, 1801; the British loss in killed and wounded was between nine and ten hundred, the Danish, between sixteen and seventeen hundred.

PAGE 972, No. 530 — *On Linden, when the sun was low.* This battle was fought December 2, 1800. The French under Moreau defeated the Austrians under Archduke John. *Linden*: Hohen Linden (High Limetrees), is a small village in Bavaria, about twenty miles from Munich.

PAGE 978, No. 537 — *Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er.* From *The Lady of the Lake*.

PAGE 980, No. 539 — *My hair is gray, but not with years.* François de Bonnavard (1496-1570?) was the head of a small priory outside Geneva. From political and religious motives he espoused the cause of the republic of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy, who had been granted seigniorial rights over the city by the prince bishop. The duke imprisoned him in the castle of Chillon during the years 1530 to 1536, four of which he spent in the dungeon below the level of the Lake of Geneva. When Chillon was captured by the forces of his party he was released and was made a member of the council of Geneva, and given a pension: he married four times, having become a Protestant. It will be seen from these facts that Byron's prisoner is less the historical character than his own ideal conception of the heroic and pathetic victim of religious persecution. (Bronson.)

PAGE 996, No. 541 — *We are what suns and winds and waters make us.* Inspired by the struggles of the Greeks for independence.

NOTES

The naval host of Asia, at one blow: allusion to the victory of Canaris over the Turkish fleet. Cf. Hugo's *Les Orientales*.

PAGE 1000, No. 542 — *The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!* From *Don Juan*, canto iii. *Islands of the blest:* the *Μακάρων νῆσοι* of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands, or the Canaries. *A king sat on the rocky brow:* Xerxes, who watched the battle of Salamis from the slope of Mount Ægaleos.

PAGE 1004, No. 543 — *'Tis done — but yesterday a King!* *The Roman:* Sylla. *The Spaniard:* "Charles V. resigned the kingdom to his son Philip, circ. October, 1555, and the imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand, August 27, 1556, and entered the Jeronymite Monastery of St. Justus at Placencia in Estremadura. Before his death, September 21, 1558, he dressed himself in his shroud, was laid in his coffin, 'joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral.'" (Robertson's *Charles V.*) *Captive's cage:* the cage of Bajazet, said to be a fable. "After the battle of Angora, July 20, 1402, Bajazet, whose escape from prison had been planned by one of his sons, was chained during the night, and placed in a kafes (*kâfess*), a Turkish word, which signifies either a cage or a grated room or bed. Hence the legend." (*Hist. de l'Empire Othoman*, par J. Von Hammer-Purgstall, quoted by E. H. Coleridge.) *All sense with thy sceptre gone:* in a letter to Murray, dated June 14, 1814, Byron writes: "Have you heard that Bertrand has returned to Paris with the account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a report: but, if true, I must like Mr. Fitzgerald and Jeremiah (of lamentable memory), lay claim to prophecy."

PAGE 1015, No. 551 — *My Soul is like an enchanted boat.* From *Prometheus Unbound*, Asia's song, Act II. sc. v.

PAGE 1019, No. 553 — *The world's great age begins anew.* The final chorus in *Hellas*. *Pencus:* a river of Thessaly flowing through the vale of Tempe. *Cyclads:* the Cyclades, islands in the Aegean Sea. *Argo:* Jason's ship in which he brought the golden fleece from Colchis. *Calypso:* on whose isle Ulysses was cast.

PAGE 1023, No. 555 — *When Israel of the Lord beloved.* From *Ivanhoe*.

PAGE 1040, No. 563 — *Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark.* Conclusion from *The Lady of the Lake*.

PAGE 1051, No. 573 — *Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense.* *Royal Saint:* Henry VI., who founded King's College in 1441, and who it is supposed laid the cornerstone of the chapel, generally considered a fine specimen of Gothic architecture.

PAGE 1054, No. 579 — *With sacrifice before the rising morn.* Laodamia, or Laodameia, was the daughter of Acastus, one of the Argonauts, and wife of Protesilaus, a Thessalian chief who sacrificed himself to the death predicted by the Delphic oracle for him who should be the first to set foot upon the Trojan shore. When

NOTES

Laodamia learned of his fate she implored the gods that he might be allowed to return to the upper world. The prayer was granted, but he was permitted to remain with her but three hours. When the short reunion was over she died broken-hearted. Tradition says that the nymphs planted elms around the grave of Protesilaus which grew high enough to command a view of Troy, and then withered away, and again growing and withering, a "constant interchange of growth and blight." See the sixth Book of the *Æneid*. *Parcae*: the Fates. *Medea's spells*: Jason's father Æson, was restored to youth by the magic of Medea. *Aulis*: a port at the mouth of the Euripus in Boeotia: the Greek fleet gathered here before sailing for Troy.

PAGE 1078, No. 595 — *The sun upon the lake is low. From The Doom of Devergoil.*

PAGE 1090, No. 602 — *Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell. From the Remorse.*

PAGE 1104, No. 611 — *Why sit'st thou by that ruined wall. From The Antiquary.*

PAGE 1107, No. 614 — *Wasted, weary, wherefore stay. From Guy Mannering.*

PAGE 1108, No. 615 — *And what though winter pinch severe. From Old Mortality.*

PAGE 1109, No. 617 — *Youth! thou wear'st to manhood now. From The Abbot.*

PAGE 1120, No. 626 — *We mind not how the sun in the mid-sky. From Pericles and Aspasia.*

PAGE 1124, No. 629 — *Twist ye, twine ye! even so. From Guy Mannering.*

PAGE 1138, No. 655 — *I weep for Adonais—he is dead! Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame:* Shelley in this stanza gave expression to a conviction quite general at the time of Keats' death, that the *Quarterly Review* article on *Endymion* was the cause which aggravated his malady. In the *Preface to Adonais* he says: "The savage criticism on his *Endymion* which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect upon his susceptible mind; the agitation this originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the ensuing acknowledgments from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted." *Ierne*: an old name for Ireland. *Pardlike*: leopardlike. *A slope of green access*: "John Keats . . . was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants . . . under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." (Shelley's *Preface to Adonais*.)

NOTES

PAGE 1164, No. 665 — *When Maidens such as Hester die.* Lamb wrote these verses on the death of a young Quakeress, Hester Savory, a daughter of Joseph Savory, a goldsmith in the Strand. She was born in 1777, and married Charles Stoke Dudley, in 1802. In a letter to Manning, quoted by Mr. Lucas, Lamb writes: "I send you some verses I have made on the death of a young Quaker you may have heard me speak of as being in love with for some years while I lived in Pentonville, though I had never spoken to her in my life. She died about a month since."

PAGE 1176, No. 672 — *He is gone to the mountain.* From *The Lady of the Lake*.

PAGE 1177, No. 673 — *That day of wrath, that dreadful day.* From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

PAGE 1177, No. 674 — *Artemidora! Gods invisible.* From *Pericles and Aspasia*.



GLOSSARY

ABRODDEN, abruptly.
 ACALE, chill.
 ACROOLE, faintly.
 A-GLEY, askew.
 AIRTS, directions, way.
 ALYCHE, like.
 ANANA, species of pine-apple.
 ANLACE, sword.
 AMHAN MOHOR, the 'Great river': the Blackwater that flows into the sea at Yong-hal, Ireland.
 APPLYNGES, grafted trees.
 ARDUROUS, burning.
 ARLES, money paid on striking a bargain, *lit.* a beat.
 ATTOUR, out over.
 ATTOURNE, turn around.
 AULD REIKIE, Edinburgh, *lit.* smoky.
 AUMERE, robe, apparel.
 AUTREMETE, loose white robe worn by priests.
 AWNY, bearded.
 BAGNET'S THRAW, bayonet's twist.
 BANDERS, binders.
 BANG, crowd.
 BANG, beat.
 BARGANETTE, song.
 BASSIE, meal-dish.
 BATAUNT, a musical instrument.
 BAUK, upper rafter.
 BAXTER, baker.
 BEDEEN, forwith.
 BEETS, adds fuel to.
 BEGOND, began.
 BELD, bald.
 BELYVE, presently.
 BENDERS, hard drinkers.
 BENED, drank.
 BESPRENGEDE, scattered.
 BICKERING BRATTLE, battling hurry.
 BIDE, attend.

BIDE THE STOURE, endure the storm.
 BIELD AYONT THE SHAW, building beyond the wood.
 BIELD, shelter.
 BIEN, LY; comfortable, comfortably.
 BIGONETS, linen caps.
 BILLIES, lads.
 BIRKIE, forward fellow.
 BIRLETTE, hood, coif.
 BLANTER, oats.
 BLATE, bashful.
 BLAWART, blue bottle flower.
 BELLUM, idle talker.
 BLEATHERING, nonsense-talking.
 BLIN, close.
 BLINKS, shines, glances.
 BLINKIN' IN THE LIFT, shining in heaven.
 BODDLE, a small copper coin.
 BOGLE, bogey, hide-and-seek.
 BONNIE HUDIES, fair ones.
 BORDELS, cottages.
 BORE, hole in the wall.
 BRAID CLAITH, Broad Cloth.
 BRAINZELL'D, stirred, beat.
 BRAW LAWSINT YADE, nag with white spot on face.
 BREDE, braid, embroidery.
 BRENT, quite, *lit.* smooth, bright.
 BRULYIES, broils.
 BRYSTOWANS, Men of Bristol.
 BUGHTS, sheepfolds, milking-pens.
 BUIK, bulk.
 BUIRDLY, stalwart.
 BURRACHS, confused crowds.
 BUSK, dress, deck, prepare.
 BUT, without.
 BYKE, hire.
 CA' THE YOWES, drive the ewes.
 CA'D, driven.

GLOSSARY

CALLER, cauller, fresh.
CANNY, cautious, skilful.
CANTY, cheerful, pleasant.
CANTRIPS, magic spells, incantations.
CAPERNOITY, irritable, peevish.
CASTROCKS, stocks of kail or cabbage.
CAULDRIFE, chilly.
CHAPOURNETTE, small hat.
CHAPPIN, STOUT DID TOWN, measure did empty.
CHEILIE, lad.
CHINKS, coppers.
CHILANDRE, goldfinch.
CHOP, change.
CITTERNS (cithern), harp-like instruments.
CLEEK, hook.
CLEEKIT, hooked on.
CNO - MAOL - DOUN, (the bare brown hill) Knockmealdown, a lofty mountain between the county of Tipperary and Waterford.
COFT, unbought.
COGIE, wooden bowl.
COGIE O' YILL, wooden bowl of ale.
COMFREIE, a herb.
COOF, person, ninny.
CORBY, raven.
COULIE, fellow.
COUTH, comfortable, familiar.
CRAW KNIIEFLY IN HIS CROP, crow briskly in his stomach, i. e., be gaily recalled to his discredit.
CRAWREUCH, hoar-frost.
CREESH, grease.
CREESHIE, flannen, greasy flannel.
CROUSE, cheerful, kind and lively.
CROWEN, crows.
CRUMMOCK, cow with crooked horns.
CRYNIE, hair.
CUTTY SARK, short shirt.
DAFT DAYS, THE, Christmas Holidays.
DAFFIN', joking, making merry.
DAIMEN-ICKER IN A THRIVE, A, an occasional ear of corn in a pair of storks—i. e. in 24 sheaves.

DANG, beat.
DANDILLY, spoiled.
DARR'D, struck.
DAUT, pet, cherished.
DART, struck.
DAWTIT, unadorned, unpretentious.
DENOUNCING, announcing.
DENT, fasten.
DEPEYNETE, paints.
DERNIE, sad, cruel, woeful.
DICE, die, square.
DIGHTED, wiped.
DING, drive, beat.
DUNKIT, decked.
DIRL, tremble.
DOCKET, clipped, curtailed.
DONNART, stupefied.
DOOL, mourning, dule, sorrow.
DOW, endure.
DOWE AND DOWIE, sad and doleful.
DOWFF, sad.
DOWIE, dejectedly.
DOWNA, cannot.
DOSSIED DOWN, tabled.
DOUCE AND FELL, sober and keen.
DREICH, dreary.
DRENTED, drawling.
DROUKIT, drenched.
DRUMLIE, miry.
DUDDIES, clothes.
DUGHT HARDLY SPEEL, could hardly climb.
DULE, sadness.
DUNG, driven.
DUNTED, thumped.
DWININ', pining, dwindling.
E'E - BREE, eyebrow.
EIDENT, diligent, unintermit-
 tently.
EILD, age.
EIRY - LEME, every gleam.
EISNIN', yearning.
ELYED, vanished.
EMBRODYDE, stout.
ENHEPED, displayed.
ENSYRKE, encircle.
EPIPSYCHIDION, this soul out of my soul.
ETTLE, intent.
ETTLED AT, aimed at.
EWIE - BUCHTIN', ewe-folding.
FAIRN YEAR, last year.

GLOSSARY

FASH, trouble.
FASHOUS, troublesome.
FECK, part, quantity.
FERE, fellow.
FERES, comrades.
FERLIES, marvels.
FEY, doomed.
FEYGNES, feints.
FIENT FLEE, never a jot.
FIENT A TAIL, devil a tale.
FIERE, partner.
FINDRAMS, speldings, dry smoked haddocks.
FIT, foot.
FLICHTERIN', fluttering.
FLEETCH, ING: coaxing, flatter, flattering.
FLEY, bright.
FLEY, scare.
FLYTING, scolding.
FRETS, superstitions, nonsense.
FLYKE, fuss.
FORHOOD, neglected.
FORPIT O' MAUT, quarter-peck of malt.
FOUN, fume.
FOUTH, abundance.

GANCY, jolly, pretty.
GARDY - CHAIR, armchair.
GATE, road, way.
GAUNT, yawn.
GECK, jibe.
GENTY, neat, elegant.
GIER - EAGLE, vulture.
GIRNEL'S GRIST, granary's mill-fee.
GIRSS, grass.
GIZ, countenance.
GLEDE, hawk, kite.
GLEID, spark, glow.
GLOWER'D, stared.
GLOWER'D AND FIDGED, stared and fidgeted.
GLOWL'D, howled, growled.
GORED, stared, gazed.
GOWANS, daisies.
GOWK, fool, *lit.* cuckoo.
GOWSPINK, goldfinch.
GRADH MO CHROIDHE, MO CAILIN OG, 'SI MAILLIGH MO STOIR, 'GRAMACHREE, MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY AS-THORE, 'The love of my heart, my dear young girl is Molly, my treasure.
GRAITH, clothing.

GREAT A FRAISE, great to do.
GRE, grow.
GREE, preference, rank.
GREEN BAWK, strip of land.
GREET, weep, mourn.
GRIEN, yearn.
GRIST, price.
GRUTCH, in sense of grudge.
GUDE WILLIE - WAUGHT, choice draught, good hearty draught.
GUIDES, war.
GUSTY, tasty.
GUTCHER, grandfather.

HADDEN, holding.
HAFITTS, cheeks.
HAIKS, horses.
HAIN, save.
HAIR, bit.
HALFLINS, partly.
HALE THE DULES, heal the pains.
HAPPED, covered.
HAPPIT, covered up.
HAPPITY - LEG, one leg shorter than the other.
HARL, draw.
HARNISINE, armour.
HAWKIE, cow.
HEASOD, head.
HECHTS, promises.
HE TINT HIS GATE, lost his way.
HEEZE, hoist, uplift.
HEGHT, promised.
HEIDEIGNES, country dances.
HER LANE, alone, by herself.
HERRIED, rifled.
HIGHT, name.
HINDBERRY, bramble.
HIP, miss.
HIRPLING, hobbling.
HIRSHED, raised, nothing.
HIS LANE, alone, by himself.
HOASTRIE, hostlery.
HODDIN GREY, coarse woolen cloth.
HOLTS, woods.
HOTCHED, hitched in his seat.
HOUF, haunt.
HOUFF AND BIELD, haunt and shelter.
HOULETS, owls.
HURDIES, loins.
HYND, hence.

I DANDER DOWIE AND FORLANE,
 saunter sad and forlorn.

GLOSSARY

I FERLY UNCO SAIR, marvel very greatly.
ITS LANE, alone, by itself.

JANK, trifle.
JE NE SAIS QUOI, THE, I do not know.
JIMP, slender.
JO, sweetheart.
JOOB, tipple.
JOUN, mantle.
JOWS, floods.
JUBE, bottle.
JUPE, coat.

KANE, petty levy.
KATHALEEN NY - HOULAHAN,
 one of the many poetic names
 for Ireland.
KEBBUCK, a round of cheese.
KEEK, peer.
KICKSHAWS, quelques-choses.
KIST, chest.
KISTE, coffin.
KENTNA, knew not.
KEMED, combed.
KNOWES, knolls, little hills.
KYTH, show, appear.

LAITHFU', regretful.
LAVE, rest, others.
LAWIN', reckoning.
LEAR, learning.
LEE - LANG, live-long.
LEGLIN, milk-pail.
LEIFU', lone, wistful.
LEME, light, ray.
LENED, crouched.
LIESOME, pleasant.
LIFT, heaven.
LINKIT, sped.
LINN, waterfall.
LIMMITOUR, a licensed begging friar.
LOAMING, lane, field-track.
LOOTIT, lowered.
LOVERDE, lord.
LOW'D, flamed.
LOWN, sheltered.
LUCKEN - GOWANS, globe-flowers,
 cabbage-daisies.
LUG, ear.
LYAT, faded.
LYART HAFSETS, grizzled side-locks.
LYPED, wasted away.

MAIKE, a mate, match, equal.
MARLED, variegated, parti-colored.
MARROW, match, mate.
MASKING - LOOM, mashing-vat.
MAUGHT, might.
MAUN, must.
MAUNNA FA' THAT, must not allow that.
MAUNT, hiccup and stammer.
MAYBEAR THE GREE, bear off the palm.
MEISE, soften, seduce.
MELDER, grain to be ground.
MENIE, Mariamne.
MENSE THE FAUCHT, begin the fight in mannerly fashion.
MERGH, without strength.
MENZIE, following.
MINNIE, mother.
MIRK, dark.
MISLEAR'D, indiscreet.
MO CHUMA, woe is me.
MOGGANS, hose without feet.
MORTED, moulted.
MOUSE - WEBS, throat - phlegm,
 lit. gossamer.
MURLAIN, half-peck wooden
 measure.

NA LANG, weary not.
NAPPY, ale.
NEIPER, neighbour.
NIDDER'D, kept under.
NITHERS, represses.

ONFLEMED, undismayed.
OR', ere.
ORROW, odd, spare.
OUPH, elf.

PAISLEY HARN, coarse linen,
PAUGHTY, saucy.
PAWKIE, sly.
PENDENTE LITE, the trial not being concluded.
PENSY, conceited.
PENNY FEE, money wage.
PICKLE, small quantity of.
PIKE YE'R BANE, choose your bone, i. e. die.
PINGLE, a keen contest.
PLACK, four pennies, Scot — 1-3 English penny.
PLET, plaited.

GLOSSARY

PLOOKS THAT BURNT FOR OUKS,
pimples that burned for weeks.
POW, pate.
PREE, taste, try.

QUEFF, cup.
QUENT, quaint.

RAIKE, range, wander, ramble.
RAKE THEIR EEN, rub the rheum
from their eye.
RAX'D HER A YOWFF, reached her
a whack.
REAMING SWATS, frothing ale.
RIGWOODIE, straddling.
RIPE, search, rifle.
RODE, complexion.
ROKELAY, short cloak.
ROOK, possession.
ROOKIT, cleared out.
RORSE, rate, extol.
ROW'D, rolled, wrapped.
ROWLY, powl, ninepins.
ROWS, rools.

SAIN, bless.
SAUGHS, willows.
SCAITH, harm.
SCANTHUIS, scarcely.
SCAWED, pimply.
SCILLEY, gather.
SCOG, ward off.
SCUG, shield.
SCUDS, ale.
SEA - SPRY, sea-spray.
SEY, test, to sample.
SEY - PIECE, proof-piece, sample.
SEYMAR - CYMAR, a slight cover-
ing.
SHORED, threatened.
SIGHT, sighed.
SILLY, frail.
SINLE BROOKED, seldom enjoyed.
SKILLUM, worthless fellow.
SKELP AND CLOUT, whack and
beat.
SKELPIT, sculded.
SLAPS, gates.
SMOORED, smothered.
SOUCHT, breathed heavily.
SOUTER, shoemaker.
SPARTH, battle-axe.
SPEAN, wean.
SPEER, ED: enquired, asked.
SPRAINGS, stripes.
SPRAINGIT, striped.

STACHER, totter.
STAIR, stole.
STAW'D, stalled, surfeited.
STEEK, close.
STEEKIT, excluded.
STEER, molest.
STEY, toilsome.
STIRRAH GRIEN, young fellow
yearn.
STOUN, ache.
STOUP, support.
STOUR, dust, turmoil.
SUMP, surly fool.
SWA'D, swelled.
SWANKIES, lusty lads.
SWEEL HALE BICKERS, swill
whole cupfuls.
SWINK'D, laboured.
SWITH, quickly.
SMYTHE, swiftly.
SYNE, then.

TAK' THE DORTS, take the pets.
TASSIE, cup.
TENT, heed, watch.
TENTS, cares for.
TENTY RIN, heedful run.
THOLE, endure, suffer.
THOWLESS, pithless.
THRAWART, cross-grained.
THYINE, precious, sweet.
TILL DINE, dinner-time.
TILL ILKA CARLINE SWART AND
REEKIT, each old woman
sweated and smoked.
TINE, lose.
TINT, lost.
TIPPENNY, twopenny ale.
TO BIG, to build.
TO JUST A STIRRACH'S MOU, to
taste a young fellow's mouth.
TOCHER, dower.
TOP, fox.
TONGUE - TACKIT, tongue-tied.
TOOM WAMES, empty bellies.
TOOMED, emptied.
TOUTIT OFF, tipped out.
TOWMOND, twelvemonth.
TOUZIE TYKE, shaggy dog.
TRIG, LY: smart, smartly.
TULYIES, quarrels.
TWINED, woven.
TYNE, lose.

UNCOS, strange things.

GLOSSARY

UNCO RIGHT, uncommonly right.
UNMELED, unblemished.

VAUNTIE, inclined to flaunt.

VELVET FOG, moss.

VOGIE, merry, *lit.* vain.

WÆSUCK, alas.

WAGE - STAKE, plight.

WALE, pink.

WALE, choicest.

WALES, chooses.

WALIE, choice, jolly.

WALLOWIT, faded.

WAMBLES, undulates.

WARE, spend.

WEDE, raft.

WEELFAUR'D, well-favoured,
comely.

WHEEL - HAINED KEBBUCK, well-preserved cheese.

WEIR, war.

WENE, whin, a fuze-bush.

WESTLIN, western.

WI' FIENT AN ARROW, i. e. with
dance an arrow.

WIMPLE, meander, ripple.

WIN, dwell.

WINNOCK bunker, window-seat.

WIRRICOW, scare-crow.

XIPHIAS, sword-fish.

Y - STOWEN, dead.

YARKIT, beaten.

YEED, went.

YIRD, earth.

'YONT THE HALLAN, division in
the wall.

YORLIN, a yellow-hammer.

YOWES, ewes.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

AKENSIDE, MARK (1721-1770), poet and physician, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and descended from Northumbrian Presbyterians of the lower middle class; was educated in the free school of his native town, and at a private Academy kept by a dissenting minister by name of Wilson, and afterwards studied for the ministry in Edinburgh. In January, 1744, appeared the *Pleasures of the Imagination*. The same year Akenside left England for Leyden, Holland, where he took his degree of Doctor of Physic after completing the necessary studies within a month. He practised medicine at North End, Hampstead, between 1745 and 1747, but without much success. In January, 1753, he was admitted by mandamus to a doctor's degree at Cambridge, and was in the same year elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; in April, 1754, he was admitted a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and in September of the following year was elected fourth censor of the College, and delivered the Gulstonian Lectures. In 1756, he read the Croonian Lectures before the same College. Besides the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, of which there exists a posthumous version, he wrote a number of scattering odes and epistles. He is said to have died in the bed in which Milton expired.

If Rightly Tuneful Bards Decide.....	39
The Complaint.....	51
To the Evening Star.....	283

AUSTIN, ADAM (1726?-1774), was a medical practitioner of note in Edinburgh in the third quarter of the eighteenth century. The single poem by which his memory has been kept alive, was inspired by Miss Jean Drummond, the young lady of his heart who forsook him to marry James, Duke of Athole, in 1747.

For Lack of Gold.....	54
-----------------------	----

BAILLIE, LADY GRISELL (1665-1746), was born at Redbraes Castle, Berwickshire, the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume (or Home) who was concerned in the intrigues against the succession of the Catholic Duke of York who afterwards became James VII. When James ascended the throne Hume with his family escaped to Utrecht in Holland where he assumed the name of "Dr. Wallace." With the landing of the Prince of Orange the exiles, among whom was George Baillie of Jerviswood to whom Grisell Hume was greatly attached, returned home. In 1692, she was mar-

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ried to Baillie of Jerviswood. During the exile in Holland Grisell kept a manuscript of the songs she composed, which was at one time in the possession of her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope. Only the two verses here printed are now extant.	
The Ewe-Buchtin's Bonnie.....	54
Werena My Heart Licht I Wad Dee.....	64
<p>BAILLIE, JOANNA (1762-1851), dramatist and poet, was born at the manse of Bothwell, Lanarkshire, and was descended from an ancient Scottish family. She was the daughter of Dr. Baillie, professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. In 1790, she published in London a small volume of miscellaneous poems entitled <i>Fugitive Verses</i>. The first play she wrote, <i>Arnold</i>, does not survive. In 1798, she published the first volume of <i>Plays on the Passions</i>, entitled "A Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy." In 1802, she issued a second volume. She was also the author of numerous volumes of plays and poems.</p>	
Song (They who may tell love's wistful tale).....	329
The Maid of Llanwellyn.....	348
Saw Ye Johnny Comin'?.....	373
Woo'd and Married and A'.....	374
To a Kitten.....	429
The Outlaw's Song.....	440
Poverty Parts Gude Companie.....	459
<p>BARBAULD, ANNA LAETITIA (1743-1825), was born at Kibworth, Leicestershire. At fifteen years old she became one of the tutors in the newly established academy of Warrington. In 1773, she published her first volume of verse; this was followed by a number of works well-known in their day. She also edited fifty volumes of the best English novelists, to which she prefixed an essay of length on the <i>Origin and Progress of Novel Writing</i>.</p>	
Life	512
<p>BEATTIE, JAMES (1735-1803), was born in the village of Laurencekirk in Kincardineshire, of humble parentage. At fourteen he entered Marischal College, Aberdeen, with the intention of studying for the ministry. In 1752, he became parish schoolmaster at Fordoun, at the foot of the Grampians, and in 1760, was offered the chair of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College. In 1761, he published, <i>Original Poems and Translations</i>, and in 1766, appeared a much revised edition with omissions and additions which won him considerable fame in both Scotland and England. In 1771, appeared his best-known work, <i>The Minstrel</i>.</p>	
Epitaph, Intended for Himself.....	255
<p>BISHOP, SAMUEL (1731-1795), was born in London, and educated at St. John's College, Oxford. He was ordained to the curacy of Headley in Surrey, and afterwards received the preferments of Ditton in Kent, and St. Martin Outwich in London. In 1798, three years after his death, the</p>	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Rev. Thomas Clare collected and printed Sermons Chiefly upon Practical Subjects by the Rev. Samuel Bishop, and two volumes of Poetical Works.	
Fati Valet Hora Benigni.....	21
The Touch Stone.....	34
The Second Marriage.....	48
BLAIR, ROBERT (1699-1746), was born in Edinburgh, eldest son of the Rev. David Blair a minister of the old church in Edinburgh and one of the chaplains to the king. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and travelled for a time on the continent, afterwards becoming minister of Athelstaneford in Haddingtonshire in 1731. At twenty-one he contributed to the Edinburgh Miscellany. In 1743, <i>The Grave</i> was published—"as unlike the light verses of his contemporaries as the toll of a funeral bell to the merry 'gill bells' of St. Giles." Among the many editions of the poem published to the beginning of the nineteenth century, that illustrated by William Blake, and issued by Cromek in 1808, remains the most notable.	
The Grave.....	255
BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757-1827), poet, artist and seer, was born in London, the son of a linen draper. At thirteen he was apprenticed to Basire the engraver with whom he remained seven years, the last five of which much of his time was spent in making drawings of Gothic monuments, chiefly in Westminster Abbey. For a short time after leaving the engraver, Blake studied at the Antique School at the newly founded Royal Academy. In his twentieth year he began engraving and drawing upon his own account, and made the acquaintance of Flaxman and Fuseli who remained his life-long friends. In 1782, he married Catherine Boucher who became to him "the best wife a man of genius ever had." In 1783, Blake issued his first work, the <i>Poetical Sketches</i> , which was published at the expense of Flaxman and the Rev. Henry Matthew. In 1784, Blake is known to have composed an extravaganza named from the opening phrase, <i>An Island in the Moon</i> , which Mr. Edwin J. Ellis has printed for the first time in full in his <i>Real Blake: A Portrait Biography</i> , 1907. The same year of the <i>Extravaganza</i> , Blake became a print-seller at 27 Broad Street. In 1789, he issued his <i>Songs of Innocence</i> , the first of his books to be produced by the "method of his invention which he described as 'illuminated printing.'" Then followed from his press the <i>Book of Thel</i> , dated the same year: <i>The Marriage of Heaven and Hell</i> , 1790. <i>The Visions of the Daughters of Albion</i> , America, Europe, <i>The Gates of Paradise</i> , <i>The Book of Urizen</i> , the first series of <i>Prophetic Books</i> , 1793: <i>The Songs of Experience</i> , 1794; <i>The Song of Los</i> , <i>Ahania</i> , 1795; <i>Jerusalem and Milton</i> , 1804.	
To the Muses.....	295
Hear the Voice.....	295
To Spring.....	296
Song (Fresh from the dewy hill, etc.).....	297
Song (How sweet I roam'd, etc.).....	299

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
The Echoing Green.....	299
Eternity	301
My Pretty Rose Tree.....	302
Ah! Sun Flower.....	304
Reeds of Innocence.....	311
Infant Joy.....	312
Infant Sorrow.....	313
A Cradle Song.....	313
Nurse's Song.....	315
The Lamb.....	316
Laughing Song.....	317
The School Boy.....	317
The Chimney Sweeper.....	319
The Chimney Sweeper.....	320
The Little Black Boy.....	320
Holy Thursday.....	321
A Little Boy Lost.....	322
The Little Boy Lost.....	323
The Little Boy Found.....	324
A Dream.....	324
Auguries of Innocence.....	325
The Angel.....	382
Song (My silks and fine array).....	395
The Shepherd.....	443
Song (I love the jocund dance).....	446
London	453
Blind-Man's Buff.....	460
My Spectre.....	476
Mock on, Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau.....	478
The Mental Traveller.....	479
The Crystal Cabinet.....	483
The Tiger.....	508
Song (Memory, come hither).....	509
The Garden of Love.....	509
The Sick Rose.....	536
Dedication of the Designs to Blair's 'Grave'.....	537
Night	539
The Land of Dreams.....	552
The Divine Image.....	553

BLAMIRE, SUSANNA (1747-1794), called the 'Muse of Cumberland,' was the daughter of a Cumberland yeoman, born at Cardew Hall about six miles from Carlisle. She attended the village school at Raughton Head. By the marriage of her eldest sister to Colonel Graham of Gartmore, a connection of the author of the Cavalier's Song, Susanna was introduced to a circle able to sympathize with her poetical tastes. Her poetical works were collected by an enthusiastic admirer, Mr. Patrick Maxwell, who, interesting an Edinburgh medical student, Dr. Lonsdale, with him, edited and published them in 1842. In 1866, some additions were made to her known work by Sidney Gilpin, who edited the Songs and Ballads of Cumberland.

And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire.....	386
The Nabob.....	474

BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE (1762-1850), divine, poet and anti-

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

quary, was born at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire. Was educated at Winchester School under Dr. Joseph Warton, and Trinity College, Oxford. In 1783, he won the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse with his poem *Calpe Okessa, or the Siege of Gibraltar*. In 1792, he obtained his degree and entered holy orders, becoming curate of Donheat St. Andrew in Wiltshire. The same year he was appointed to the rectory of Chicklade in Wiltshire which he resigned in 1797, to accept the preferment of Dumbleton in Gloucestershire. In 1804, he became vicar of Bramhill in Wiltshire, and was also made prebendary of Stratford in the cathedral church of Salisbury, of which in 1828, he became canon residentiary. In 1789, appeared *Fourteen Sonnets written Chiefly on Picturesque Spots during a Journey*. This was followed by some fourteen other volumes of verse, beside many prose works.

Written at Ostend.....	511
Influence of Time on Grief.....	530
November, 1793.....	534
Bereavement	535
To Him Is Reared No Marble Tomb.....	537

BRUCE, MICHAEL (1746-1767), was born in the hamlet of Kinneswood in Kinross-shire, the son of a weaver. He was sent to Edinburgh University to study for the ministry. He died from consumption at the early age of twenty-one. Bruce's fame rests upon the disputed authorship of the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, which was claimed, and attributed to John Logan of Leith, until Dr. Baird discovered a copy in Bruce's own handwriting. In the best editions of Bruce's poems, edited by Dr. Mackelvie, 1837, by Alexander Grosart, 1865, and by the Rev. William Stephen, 1895, the claim for Bruce is fully stated.

Ode to the Cuckoo.....	5
Elegy Written in Spring.....	168
The Complaint of Nature.....	51

BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON (1762-1837), editor of early English literature and genealogist, was born at the manor-house of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover. Was educated at Maidstone School, at the King's School at Canterbury, and attended Queen's College, Cambridge, for two years. Leaving the University he was entered of the Middle Temple, and called to the Bar in 1787. He never, however, practised his profession, but in 1792, retired to Denton Court, a seat he had purchased near his birthplace in Kent. In 1785, he published a volume of poems which was unsuccessful. He was the author also, of two novels, *Mary de Clifford*, 1792, and *Arthur Fitzabini*, which won some popularity. A fourth, and augmented edition of his miscellaneous verse was issued in 1807. In 1810, Brydges was elected to Parliament for Maidstone, and though he seldom spoke in the House, took an active part in the Poor Laws and Copyright Bill. In 1813, through a private printing press established at Lee Priory, he began to edit and

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

issue several reprints of old and rare English works, especially of the Elizabethan period.

Echo and Silence..... 452

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796), was born near the Ayr, son of a small farmer who had known poverty all his life. After the death of his father in 1784, with his brother Gilbert he attempted to carry on the farm but it did not prosper, and he turned his attention to the West Indies in America, to seek his fortune. To secure the passage money he collected and published in a small volume the songs he had written. The book was an immediate success, and he went to Edinburgh where he was received with enthusiasm. He then gave up all idea of going abroad, married, and became a farmer in Dumfriesshire for some years. He gave up the farm when appointed an exciseman, and after a few years of irregular fortunes died in Dumfries, at an early age. So much has been written of Burns' poetry with which nearly every one is familiar, nothing need be said here concerning it.

A Red, Red Rose.....	330
O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair.....	331
Mary Morison.....	337
O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.....	339
Of A' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw.....	341
Bonnie Lesley.....	343
My Bonnie Mary.....	350
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.....	355
Green Grow the Rashes.....	360
Duncan Gray.....	371
John Anderson, My Jo.....	379
The Lovely Lass o' Inverness.....	390
The Banks o' Doon.....	391
Ae Fond Kiss.....	392
Highland Mary.....	394
To Mary in Heaven.....	396
Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.....	415
Tam o' Shanter.....	418
Auld Lang Syne.....	427
A Man's a Man for A' That.....	441
To a Mouse.....	454
To a Mountain Daisy.....	457
The Cotter's Saturday Night.....	463
Bannockburn	489
There'll Never Be Peace Till Jamie Comes Hame.....	493
It Was a' for Our Rightfu' King.....	498

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1788-1824), was born in Aberdeen, the only son of Captain John Byron, of the Guards. In 1798, he succeeded to the title and estates of his great-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, and was placed under the care of the Earl of Carlisle. He was educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1807, he published a juvenile volume entitled, *Hours of Idleness: a Series of Poems, Original and Translations*. The *Edinburgh Review* critique upon the young Lord's verses, written by Lord Brougham, incited the poet to rejoin in *English Bards*

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

and Scotch Reviewers, which, appearing in 1809, won for him considerable notoriety. In 1809, Byron in company with his collegiate friend Hobhouse, travelled on the continent, returning home in 1811, and in the following year took his seat in the House of Lords, and issued the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. In April, 1816, after a year of disastrous marital experience, Byron left London for the continent never to return, and met Shelley at Geneva for the first time, finally settling at Venice in November. From 1817, when *Manfred* and *The Lament of Tasso* were published to the year 1824, when he took up the cause of Greek independence, Byron wrote a long list of brilliant metrical romances and dramatic poems, beside his greatest work *Don Juan*, and the remaining cantos of *Childe Harold* which has made indisputable his genius and place among the great English poets.

Invocation to the Spirit of Achilles.....	597
For Music.....	608
She Walks in Beauty.....	609
Maid of Athens.....	631
Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa.....	749
Could Love for Ever.....	751
Longing	754
We'll Go No More A-Roving.....	758
When We Two Parted.....	759
Fare Thee Well.....	760
They Say That Hope Is Happiness.....	782
Oh! Snatch'd Away in Beauty's Bloom.....	826
To Thomas Moore.....	907
Song of Saul Before His Last Battle.....	974
The Destruction of Sennacherib.....	975
Sonnet on Chillon.....	979
The Prisoner of Chillon.....	980
The Isles of Greece.....	1000
Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte.....	1004
Stanzas for Music.....	1108
Prometheus	1021
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year.....	1113
And Thou Art Dead, as Young and Fair.....	1157
To Augusta.....	1195
Epistle to Augusta.....	1197

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777-1844), was born in Glasgow, and educated in the University there, afterwards becoming tutor at Downie near Lochgilphead for little over a year. In 1799, he published *The Pleasures of Hope*. He went to the continent in 1800, where he made the acquaintance of Klopstock at Hamburg. Returning to England in 1801, he went to London where he met Lord Holland and soon began to mingle with the best literary society of the Metropolis. In 1809, he published *Gertrude of Wyoming*. He again visited the continent in 1814, and was in Paris on the fall of Napoleon. In 1819, Murray published his *Specimens of the British poets* in seven volumes. In 1820, he was engaged to edit the *New Monthly Magazine*, and before entering upon his duties spent six months on the continent visiting Rotterdam, Bonn, Ratisbon and Vienna.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

From 1826 to 1829 he was three times elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, the third time over no less a formidable rival than Sir Walter Scott. In 1831-2, Campbell edited the Metropolitan Magazine which did not succeed, and founded, in the latter year, the Polish Association. A number of prose works and two or three volumes of poetry published between 1835 and his death in 1844 did not materially add to Campbell's reputation. He was buried in Westminster Abbey near the tombs of Addison and Pope.

The Beech Tree's Petition.....	579
Lord Ullin's Daughter.....	685
Lochiel's Warning.....	960
Ye Mariners of England.....	964
The Battle of the Baltic.....	965
Hohenlinden	972
The Soldier's Dream.....	977
Ode to Winter.....	1069
Song to the Evening Star.....	1079
To the Evening Star.....	1080
The River of Life.....	1106
The Last Man.....	1116

CANNING, GEORGE (1770-1827), statesman, was born in London.

His family claimed descent from William Canynge of Bristol of whom Chatterton has sung in the Rowley Poems. Canning held various cabinet offices in the administrations of Pitt and Lord Liverpool, and in 1827, was made Prime Minister to George IV. From 1799 to 1801, Canning brought out the Anti-Jacobin, and in it appeared anonymously many verses which were undoubtedly his, though he never directly acknowledged them. In 1808, with Scott and George Ellis, he helped to found the Quarterly Review. He fought a duel with Lord Castlereagh over a political misunderstanding in which neither was seriously hurt.

Epistle from Lord Boringdon to Lord Granville.....	362
Epitaph, for the Tombstone Erected over the Marquis of Anglesea's Leg Lost at Waterloo.....	411
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.....	413

CHATTERTON, THOMAS (1752-1770), was born at Bristol, the posthumous son of a poor schoolmaster. At five he became a day scholar in the Pyle Street school in Bristol, and was considered a very dull child. In 1760, he was nominated to Colston's Hospital, and admitted on the recommendation of John Gardiner, the vicar of Henbury. From earliest childhood Chatterton had been familiar with the surroundings of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe. In the muniment room over the north porch were a number of oak chests containing documents which the poet's father who was at one time sexton of the church, had gradually rifled. One day the boy's attention was drawn to a parchment which his mother used as a silk winder. He collected all he could find and carried them to his attic where in time he conceived the famous Rowley Romance. The history of this famous literary hoax is well-known, and to-day there is no question of Chatterton's authorship of the Row-

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ley Poems. The poet committed suicide at the age of seventeen after a disastrous attempt to live by his pen in the metropolis.	
Song from Ælla.....	58
Eclogue: Elinoure and Juga.....	62
Song to Ælla.....	137
Chorus from Goddwyn.....	138
An Excelente Balade of Charitie.....	153
Eclogue: A Man, a Woman, Sir Roger.....	156
An Accounte of W. Canynge's Feast.....	160
Bristowe Tragedie.....	235
Eclogue: Robert and Raufe.....	250
Last Verses.....	254
CLERK, SIR JOHN (1680-1755), lawyer and antiquary, second Baronet of Pennecuik, one of the chief figures in the cultivated society of Edinburgh in the first half of the eighteenth century. He was one of the Commissioners of the Union. Clerk's chief works are treatises of law, economics, and antiquities, but he is popularly remembered by the song O Merry May the Maid Be, of which the first verse is earlier than Clerk's time. It was first printed in the Charmer, 1751, and with the addition of a final stanza by Clerk, was included in Herd's Collection of Ancient and Modern Scots Songs.	
O Merry May the Maid Be.....	31
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834), poet and philosopher, was born at Ottery St. Mary. He was placed in Christ's Hospital in 1782, as a charity-boy, where he became the friend of Charles Lamb. Eight years later he left Christ's Hospital, entered as a sizar at Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1791, came into residence in October of that year, matriculating in March, 1792. While still a member of college Coleridge went up to London in December, 1793, for some reason not determined, sold a poem to the Morning Chronicle and enlisted in the 15th Dragoons, going with his regiment to Reading where he was recruited under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberback. His discharge was brought about in April, 1794, and he left Cambridge the end of that year without taking his degree. It was June, 1793, on a visit to Oxford that Coleridge met Southey who was at Balliol. In 1795, Coleridge's first volume of poems, including three sonnets by Lamb, was published at Bristol. In 1798, he issued in conjunction with Wordsworth the famous Lyrical Ballads, which contained his most famous poem, The Ancient Mariner. At one time Coleridge thought of becoming a regular minister of the Unitarian persuasion, and while at Stowey used to preach occasionally in the chapel there, but upon the offer of an annuity of £150 from Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, two brothers munificent to many poor men of promise, on the condition that he devoted himself to philosophy and poetry, he gave up the idea, and went to Germany in company of Wordsworth and his sister, to study the "Kantian philosophy." He returned to England in 1799, and began contributing to several journals. From	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

1800, to the publication of Sibylline Leaves, 1817, Coleridge led an unsettled life, living in various places, seldom with his family, and delivering lectures, editing the <i>Friend</i> , and writing dramatic pieces. During this time he had also written the <i>Biographia Literaria</i> , one of the greatest pieces of critical writing in our literature. The first collected edition of his <i>Poetical and Dramatic Works</i> , which he prepared himself, was published in 1828.	
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni.....	559
Love	612
Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.....	735
Clycine's Song.....	750
The Ballad of the Dark Ladié.....	771
Christabel	783
Kubla Khan.....	836
Frost at Midnight.....	847
This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison.....	856
Lines, Written in the Album at Elbingerode, etc.....	903
The Garden of Boccaccio.....	908
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.....	924
France: an Ode.....	993
Ode to Tranquillity.....	1048
The Nightingale.....	1086
Song (Hear sweet Spirit, hear the spell).....	1090
The Pains of Sleep.....	1091
Dejection: an Ode.....	1099
Time, Real and Imaginary.....	1110
Youth and Age.....	1121
The Butterfly.....	1137
Work without Hope.....	1220

COLLINS, JOHN (?-1808), was born at Bath, went on the stage and became famous as a reciter and composer of humorous songs. Many of these were published in a miscellany entitled *The Brush*; a collection was also made and issued in a volume called *Scripocrapologia*: or *Collins' Doggerel Dish* of all sorts. Collins was a frequent contributor of his pieces to the *Birmingham Chronicle*.

To-morrow	538
-----------------	-----

COLLINS, WILLIAM (1720-1759), was born at Chichester, educated at Winchester, and at Queen's College and Magdalen College, Oxford. While at Winchester he wrote his *Persian Eclogues* which were published in 1742. He went to London in 1744, a literary adventurer, published *Proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning*, and planned several ambitious tragedies which he never wrote. In 1747, were published the *Odes*, which though neglected at the time, have won him a place of worth among the English poets. An irregular life combined with disappointment, unsettled his mind, and after travelling in France in the hope of averting the fearful calamity, he returned home to enter a lunatic asylum. While at *Islington Dr.* Johnson visited him and has left an affecting account of the interview.

Dirge in <i>Cymbeline</i>	6
---------------------------------	---

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland	99
The Passions: an Ode for Music.....	109
Ode to Simplicity.....	162
Ode, Written in the Beginning of the Year, 1746.....	171
Ode to Evening.....	287
COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800), was born at his father's rectory at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. At eighteen when he left the Westminster school he was articled to a solicitor for three years. He entered the Middle Temple and was called to the Bar in 1754. During his early residence in chambers he was seized with a depression of spirits from which he found some relief in religious exercises and the reading of George Herbert's poetry. In 1788, he met and began to live with the family of Unwins at Huntingdon, and afterwards at Olney. He continued to live with Mary Unwin who watched over him like a mother, until her death in 1796, which was a great bereavement to him. She first persuaded him to write poetry, and to her he addressed some of his most beautiful lyrics. Lady Austen, one of his Olney friends, incited him to write The Task, the finest of his long poems, and in telling him the story of John Gilpin, caused the writing of that famous ballad. In 1791, Cowper translated Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. He was an excellent letter-writer, many of which have been published.	
The Lily and the Rose.....	301
The Rose.....	303
To Mary.....	383
To Mary Unwin.....	385
A Comparison.....	385
Another: To a Young Lady.....	386
The Diverting History of John Gilpin.....	398
On a Goldfinch Starved to Death in His Cage.....	433
On a Spaniel, Called 'Beau,' Killing a Young Bird.....	433
Beau's Reply.....	434
The Poplar Field.....	450
The Shrubbery.....	451
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture Out of Norfolk....	470
Boadicea: an Ode.....	484
On the Loss of the Royal George.....	501
Verses Supposed to Be Written by Alexander Selkirk, etc.	503
The Castaway.....	505
Written under the Influence of Delirium.....	531
Epitaph on a Hare.....	533

CRABBE, GEORGE (1754-1832), was born at Aldeburgh. In early life he was set to work in a warehouse after which he was apprenticed to a surgeon. In 1780, Crabbe went to London with a "box of surgical instruments, three pounds in cash, and some manuscripts." The beginning of the following year being in hard circumstances he wrote appealing letters to eminent men for assistance without success until he sent a letter to Burke. Burke advised him to take orders which he did, and made him known to patrons, Dudley North, Lord Thurlow, the Duke and Duchess of

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Rutland, who offered and secured him various lucrative preferments. Crabbe's poetry with its simple narrative interest was very popular. Among the best of his tales which still seem to hold the affection of readers are: The Parish Register, 1797; The Borough, 1810; and Tales of the Hall, 1819.	
My Damon Was the First to Wake.....	332
The Whistling Boy That Holds the Plough.....	510
We Trod the Maze of Error Round.....	511
Sir Eustace Grey.....	514
A Retrospect.....	536
CROLY, GEORGE (1780-1860), novelist and divine, was born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College. In 1804, he was ordained and licensed to a curacy in the North of Ireland, from where he removed to London in 1810, and devoted himself to literature. He became dramatic critic of the New Times, and a contributor to the Literary Gazette, and Blackwood's. Among his works are: Paris in 1815, a Poem, 1817; The Angel of the World, and May Fair, 1820; Catiline, a Tragedy, 1822; Tales of Saint Bernard, and Salathiel, a romance, 1829. A collection of his poems appeared in 1830.	
On an Antique Gem Bearing the Heads of Pericles and Aspasia	1010
CRAWFORD, ROBERT (1695-1732), was the son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy in Renfrewshire. He spent several years in France where his elder brother Thomas acted as Secretary to the embassy to France under Lord Stair. He was one of the "ingenious young gentlemen," who contributed to the Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724.	
Doun the Burn, Davie.....	36
Tweedside	42
CUNNINGHAM, JOHN (1729-1773), was born in Dublin. He was educated at Drogheda, and began early to write verses for the Dublin papers. In 1747, he wrote a farce Love in a Mist, after which he went on the stage. Soon after he went to Edinburgh and issued his first book of verse, Elegy on a Pile of Ruins, which had a considerable vogue, the success of which carried him to London where he subsequently published several volumes.	
Kate of Aberdeen.....	40
CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT (1750-1817), was born at Newmarket, County Cork. He wrote few poems, and the single piece here included is the one by which his name as a poet is generally remembered.	
The Deserter's Meditation.....	449
DIBDIN, CHARLES (1745-1814), a famous writer of sea songs, was born at Southampton. Before he was twenty Dibdin went to London and became a popular actor at the Ranelagh Gardens, and wrote innumerable ballads and operas. His life was wild and dissolute, and on account of his debts he went to France where he remained two years. On his	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
way to Calais in a heavy gale of wind he composed the song Blow High, Blow Low. He wrote Tom Bowling in memory of his brother Thomas, a sailor, who died on his return home from India in 1780. After his return to England Dibdin went back to the stage. It is said he wrote over nine hundred songs, ninety of which were sea songs, and were the means during the trouble with France of "bringing more men into the navy than all the press-gangs." As a reward for this the Government granted him a pension of £200 in 1803, which was withdrawn in 1806.	
Blow High! Blow Low.....	336
Tom Bowling's Epitaph.....	532
DRENNAN, WILLIAM (1754-1820), was born in Belfast. He became one of the best-known poets of the 1798 Rebellion, and a strong supporter of the Society of United Irishmen. In 1794, he was tried for sedition and acquitted. His verses apart from the national lyrics, first appeared in Joshua Edkin's Collection of Poems, Dublin, 1801. He published Fugitive Pieces in Belfast, 1815, and made a translation of the Electra of Sophocles in 1817. He is said to have taken much pride in having invented the phrase Emerald Isle.	
The Wake of William Orr.....	1174
DUDGEON, WILLIAM (1753-1813), was a farmer's son born at Tynningham, in East Lothian, and became himself a farmer of importance at Preston in Berwickshire. He is said to have been the author of several unpublished songs. He was known as an amateur of painting and music.	
The Maid That Tends the Goats.....	340
DUNLOP, JOHN (1755-1820), was born at Carmyle House in the parish of Old Monkland, near Glasgow. A successful merchant, he was chosen Lord Provost of Glasgow in 1796, and was Collector of Customs at Port-Glasgow at the time of his death. He was the author of considerable verse, two volumes of which he privately printed in very small editions, in 1817 and 1819. He was the father of John Dunlop who wrote the History of Fiction.	
Oh! Dinna Ask Me Gin I Lo'e Thee.....	343
The Year That's Awa'.....	426
ELLIOT, JEAN (1727-1805), was born at Minto near Hawick in Teviotdale, the daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second Baronet of Minto and one of the Lords of Session. The one song by which her memory is kept alive was written at the suggestion of her brother as they rode along dark roads to Minto House after dining out where the subject of the fall of James IV. and the 'Seventy of Selkirk' on Flodden Field, was mentioned.	
The Flowers of the Forest.....	497
EWEN, JOHN (1741-1821), was born at Montrose, the son of a tinker, and is said to have followed the trade of pack-man. In 1760, he settled in Aberdeen as a hardware mer-	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

chant and amassed considerable wealth. He is said to have been a man of musical talent and poetic taste. The only verse by which he is remembered, the "exquisite, artless embodiment of the affection of mother and wife," The Boatie Rows, was challenged by Buchan the ballad collector as being of doubtful authorship; it was first attributed to Ewen by Burns who considered it nearly equal to Mickle's Sailor's Wife.

The Boatie Rows..... 380

FERGUSSON, ROBERT (1750-1774), was born in Edinburgh, the son of a book-keeper to a haberdasher. He was educated at St. Salvador College, St. Andrews University. Afterwards, becoming clerk in the Commissary Clerk's office, he contributed verses to the Weekly Magazine. These verses he gathered into a little volume called Poems by Robert Fergusson, the only one issued during his lifetime. In July, 1774, Fergusson was taken ill; insanity began to dim his brilliant mind, and a heavy religious melancholy fell upon his light heart. He was confined in the Scheeles, a madhouse, where he died in October of the same year. The Scots poems of Fergusson "vivid, humorous pictures of town life and characters and manners, and also of rural ways, gain interest from the powerful influence they exercised over his great successor, Robert Burns. It was in 1784, they seemed to have stimulated his admirer to the production of his masterpieces, suggesting style and subjects and form of stanza."

Ode to the Gowdspink..... 6
Leith Races..... 66
The Daft Days..... 73
Braid Claith..... 76
Elegy on the Death of Scots Music..... 80
The Sitting of the Session..... 86
Caller Water..... 91
To the Tron-Kirk Bell..... 106

FIELDING, HENRY (1707-1754), early English novelist, was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire. After a course of classical studies at Eton, he went to the University of Leyden where for two years he devoted himself to the investigation of civil law. Returning to England he wrote for the stage, married in 1734, a celebrated beauty of the day. They retired to an estate in the country where Fielding, lavish with entertainments for his convivial boon companions, soon reduced himself to poverty. He returned to London, edited a periodical called The Champion, and was made a Magistrate. Violent and repeated attacks of gout making it difficult for him to fulfil his duties in the law, he turned to literature, and in 1742, issued Joseph Andrews; in 1749, Tom Jones, and in 1751, Amelia.

To Celia..... 29
Written Extempore on a Halfpenny..... 30
Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole, 1730..... 96
Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole, 1731..... 98

FURLONG, THOMAS (1794-1827), Irish poet, was the son of a

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
farmer, born at Scarawalsh, Wexford. Was employed in the counting-house of a large distillery in Dublin, where he remained all his life. He was the author of <i>The Misanthrope</i> , 1819; <i>The Plagues of Ireland: an Epistle</i> , 1824; and a posthumous poem, <i>The Doom of Derenzie</i> , 1829.	
Eillean Aroon.....	620
GALL, RICHARD (1776-1801), was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, and at the age of eleven was apprenticed to a carpenter. Some verses which he wrote attracting the attention of Burns, he gave up his apprenticeship and took a post in the office of the <i>Edinburgh Evening Chronicle</i> . The promise of his youth was destroyed by his early death. A collection of his songs, with a memoir by Alexander Balfour, was published in 1819.	
Cradle Song.....	314
The Hazelwood Witch.....	347
GARRICK, DAVID (1716-1779), famous actor, was born at Hereford, the grandson of a Frenchman, and son of Peter Garrick, a captain in the Royal Army. In 1735, Garrick was placed at a school in Litchfield opened by Dr. Johnson, and when the lexicographer decided to try his fortune in London, his pupil accompanied him. After a short experience as a wine-merchant, Garrick fulfilled his long cherished ambition to go on the stage. For forty years he acted without a rival, being equally a master of tragedy and comedy. At his death he left an immense fortune made in the theatre.	
Come, Come, My Good Shepherds.....	35
Song in Connection with the Shakespeare Jubilee, 1769.....	135
GEDDES, ALEXANDER (1737-1802), was the son of a small farmer in Arrodowl, in Banffshire. After a brilliant career at the University of Paris, he became a Roman Catholic priest. For a time he was chaplain in the family of the sixth Earl of Traquair, afterwards settling as a priest at Auchinhalrig in his native county where he combined the management of a farm, and devoted himself to scholarship and literature. He was deposed from the Roman Catholic Church: one record says, because he attended a Protestant place of worship, and another, because of the publication of his chief work a translation of the Bible which is said was of "great offence to Christians generally."	
Lewie Gordon.....	495
GISBORNE, THOMAS (1758-1846), divine, was born in Derby, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He took orders in 1783, and was presented with the perpetual curacy of Barton-under-Needwood. Gisborne was an intimate friend of Wilberforce, and a member of the 'Clapham Sect.' He was the author of numerous prose works and sermons, and published a volume of <i>Poems, Sacred and Moral</i> , 1798, which showed him distinctly a disciple of Cowper.	
The Worm.....	456

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
GLOVER, JEAN (1758-1801), Scotch poetess, was born at Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire. At a very young age she joined a band of strolling players and married the leader. The one lyric by which she is remembered, O'er the Muir among the Heather, was written down by Burns who heard her singing it. O'er the Muir among the Heather.....	358
GLOVER, RICHARD (1712-1785), was born in St. Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, the son of a Hamburg merchant. He was conspicuous in political controversy, entered the House of Commons, and published several long poems. Ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost.....	141
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728-1774), was born in the village of Pallas, County of Longford, the son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a clergyman of the Established Church, who has often been described in the prose and verse of his gifted son. He attended Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, where he studied medicine. In 1755, Goldsmith left Leyden, on a walking tour of Europe with "a guinea in his pocket, a shirt on his back, and a flute in his hand;" the results of which experience he has described in <i>The Traveller</i> , published in 1764. Returning to England penniless, Goldsmith failed in the attempt to live by medicine and teaching, and subsequently depended upon literature for a livelihood. He met and won the friendship of Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, and others eminent in London life, and began contributing to various London journals. In 1766, he published the <i>Vicar of Wakefield</i> , a delightful novel which still holds its perennial charm almost a century and a half after its publication. In 1768, <i>The Good-natured Man</i> was issued, and in 1773, <i>She Stoops to Conquer</i> , two of the best comedies in our literature. In 1770, appeared the <i>Deserted Village</i> , a beautiful, idealized picture of the scenes of the poet's childhood. Goldsmith was also the author of many biographies, histories, essays, and compilations of varying worth. O Memory! Thou Fond Deceiver..... When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly..... An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog..... Elegy on Madam Blaize..... Retaliation The Deserted Village.....	34 34 78 79 128 222
GRAHAM, ROBERT of Gartmore (1735-1797), was born on the borders of Perthshire and Stirlingshire and educated at Glasgow University. In early life he was a planter in Jamaica and held the office of Receiver-General of the Island. In 1785, he was chosen Rector of Glasgow University in opposition to Burke, and represented Stirlingshire in Parliament from 1794 to 1796. He was the author of several lyrics, one of which became deservedly popular. In the spirit of his verse he was a belated cavalier poet. Cavalier's Song.....	438

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
GRANT, MRS. of Carron (1745-1814), was born near Aberlour, in Speyside. Carron-on-Spey was the home of her first husband, but she afterwards became the wife of Dr. Murray of Bath. "Roy of Aldivalloch distinguished himself by holding one of the lesser islands in the Firth of Forth, with a small company, during one of the risings of the clans. The Ballad of the song was, of course, that at the foot of Loch Tay, now known as Taymouth."	
Roy's Wife.....	378
GRANT, MRS. (Anne M'Vicar) of Laggan (1755-1838), was the daughter of an officer in a Highland regiment, born in Glasgow. At the death of her husband, the Rev. James Grant, finding herself considerably in debt and with eight surviving children dependent on her, she took the management of a farm, and with the proceeds from the publication of a volume of poems, was able to clear off her obligations. In 1806, she published a collection of Letters from the Mountains, written to friends from the Manse of Laggan, which brought her considerable reputation. She had by this time taken up her residence in Edinburgh which became the chief resort of men of letters among whom were Lord Jeffrey, Henry Mackenzie, and Sir Walter Scott. Because of her well-known knowledge of Highland character, custom and legend, she was at one time thought to be the author of Waverley and Rob Roy. Among other books she was the author of Memoirs of an American Lady, and Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders.	
Could I Find a Bonnie Glen.....	361
GRAY, THOMAS (1716-1771), was born in Cornhill, London, the son of a scrivener, and educated at Eton and Peter-house, Cambridge, where he won the friendship of Horace Walpole with whom he travelled on the continent in 1739-41. After his return he took up his residence with his mother and her two sisters at Stoke Pogis, where he continued to live the rest of his life except for occasional trips to Wales, Scotland and the Lakes of Westmoreland, and a three years stay in London for a convenient access to the British Museum. In 1757, he declined the office of Poet-Laureate vacated by the death of Cibber. In 1768, six years after an unsuccessful application for the professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, he secured the post through appointment by the Duke of Grafton.	
On the Spring.....	3
The Progress of Poesy.....	115
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.....	120
The Bard.....	123
Hymn to Adversity.....	149
Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude.....	151
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.....	163
On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes....	200
GREVILLE, FANNY (18th cent.). Of the author of this well-known poem, almost nothing is known.	
Prayer for Indifference.....	113

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
HALKET, GEORGE (?-1756), was a poor schoolmaster at Rathen in Aberdeenshire. He was an enthusiastic Jacobite and wrote several pieces for the Stuart cause. A reward for his apprehension was offered by the Duke of Cumberland because of the writing of a satirical dialogue between George II. and the Devil. After being expelled for misconduct by the kirk session Halket removed to Cairnbulg where he kept school for a quarter of a century, afterwards becoming tutor in the families of Colonel Fraser and Sir James Innes. In 1727, he published at Aberdeen, a small volume of verse entitled <i>Occasional Poems upon Several Subjects</i> .	
Logie o' Buchan.....	144
HAMILTON, WILLIAM of Bangour (1704-1754), was a wit and man of fashion in Edinburgh society in the early part of the eighteenth century. He joined the Jacobite standard in the Rebellion of 1745, and after the defeat at Culloden escaped to France. He spent part of his exile in Italy, and in 1749, through the interests of friends was permitted to return home. The hardships he had undergone affected his constitution, and going abroad again for his health he died of consumption at Lyons. Hamilton's famous poem, <i>The Braes of Yarrow</i> was written when he was twenty and circulated widely in manuscript copies to town and country houses where it was sung to the fine old Scotch melody. A collection of his verses, gathered from the numerous copies he had presented to fashionable acquaintances — <i>Poems on Several Occasions</i> — was printed, without his knowledge, in Glasgow, in 1748. His friend the celebrated Adam Smith wrote a preface to the edition.	
The Braes of Yarrow.....	191
HEBER, REGINALD (1783-1826), was born at Malpas, Cheshire, and educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1805, he travelled through Germany, Russia and the Crimea, returning to England two years later, and taking holy orders. In 1815, he was appointed Bampton Lecturer at Oxford, in 1822, preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and through the instrumentality of a friend offered the vacant see at Calcutta, which, after much hesitation and twice refusing, he at last accepted. In 1811, he published the first specimens of his hymns in the <i>Christian Observer</i> , and in 1812, his single volume of poetry. During his life he published a volume of Lectures, and sermons. After his death appeared the <i>Journal of his travels</i> , and several volumes of sermons, edited by his widow.	
Before the Sacrament.....	546
By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.....	547
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.....	549
HILL, AARON (1685-1750), was born in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, London.* Attended the Barnstable Grammar School, and afterwards at Westminster. In 1699-1700, he went to Constantinople where a relative, Lord Paget who was the English ambassador there, welcomed him. He was sent by Lord Paget to travel in the East with a tutor.	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
After his return Hill published a Full Account of the Ottoman Empire, of which it is said he grew ashamed in later years. He became interested in the theatre and wrote many plays. His life was full of speculative adventures which always terminated disastrously. He was very generous and kind to indigent authors.	
Song (Oh! forbear to bid me slight her).....	52
A Useful Hint.....	160
A Retrospect.....	199
HOARE, PRINCE (1755-1834), was born in Bath. He was secretary to the Royal Academy, and the author of some twenty plays, several treatises on the fine arts, and a Memoir of Granville Sharp.	
The Arethusa.....	968
HOGG, JAMES (1770-1835), the 'Ettrick Shepherd' was born at Ettrick, Selkirkshire, where his forefathers had been sheep-farmers for generations. Receiving something less than a year's schooling, at seven years of age he began to herd ewes, and at sixteen was a shepherd. Between 1790 and 1800 he was in the service of a Mr. Laidlaw whose son was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. In 1802, Hogg became acquainted with Scott and helped him to gather material for The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. After an unsuccessful attempt to become a farmer on his own account, he went to Edinburgh in 1810, and began writing for the magazines and booksellers. In 1817, he helped to found Blackwood's Magazine. In 1813, he published The Queen's Wake which is his finest work. In 1819-20, he published two volumes of Jacobite Relics of Scotland, through which are scattered many of his finest lyrics. Hogg was a great friend of Professor Wilson, and his reputation was greatly extended as one of the interlocutors — 'the chief and most amusing' — in the Noctes Ambrosianae.	
The Skylark.....	571
Kilmeny	632
When the Kye Come Hame.....	658
My Love She's but a Lassie Yet.....	738
A Boy's Song.....	740
The Liddel Bower.....	813
Lock the Door, Lariston.....	956
HUNTER, MRS. ANNE (1742-1821), was the wife of John Hunter, a celebrated surgeon. As such, and as the sister of Sir Everard Home, she was thrown with the intellectual society of her day. From an early age she wrote verses, but collected none of it until she was sixty years old. On the appearance of her volume Jeffrey fell upon it rather unmercifully, but her songs were set to music by Haydn, and at least one of them, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair, is popular to this day.	
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair.....	392
Remembrance	393
JAGO, RICHARD (1715-1781), was the son of the Rev. Richard	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

Jago of Beaudesert, Warwickshire, and was educated at University College, Oxford. He proved an excellent parish priest, wrote sermons that were widely read, and the poems *Edgehill, 1767*; *Labour and Genius: a Fable, 1768*; *An Elegy on Blackbirds, and other poetical pieces.*
Absence 44

JEFFREY, FRANCIS LORD (1773-1850), was a native of Edinburgh, the eldest son of George Jeffrey, under-clerk in the Court of Sessions. He went first to the University of Glasgow, but moved to Queen's College, Oxford, where however, he remained but one term. He entered the bar but his services as an advocate were seldom required. As a member of the Speculative Society in Edinburgh he fell in with young spirits who, like himself, were aspirants after fame. With two of these, Sydney Smith and Henry Brougham, he founded the *Edinburgh Review*, really originated by Smith, but left to the editorial care of Jeffrey after the first three numbers. This post he held from 1803 to 1829, when he withdrew from the Review to become Dean of the Family of Advocates, an office of distinction at the Scottish bar. In 1830, he was made Lord Advocate. In 1831, he took his seat in Parliament, holding it for three years. In 1834, he succeeded Lord Craigie in the County Sessions; this post gave him the honorary title of Lord Jeffrey. In 1820, he had been made Lord Rector of Glasgow University. His articles in the *Edinburgh Review* number some 200, and exerted a great influence upon the literature of his day.
Verses (Why write my name 'midst songs and flowers)..... 623

JENYNS, SOAME (1703-4-1787), the son of Sir Roger Jenyns, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. His career found him in turn a politician, an essayist, an infidel, and a champion of Christianity. For nearly forty years he sat in Parliament, and for longer than that he was a noted wit and conversationalist. He wrote *The Art of Dancing, a poem, 1730*; published anonymously, *An Epistle to Lord Lovelace, 1735*; *Poems, 1752*; *Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, 1757*, and other works on religion.
Too Plain, Dear Youth, These Tell-Tale Eyes..... 44

JOHNSON, SAMUEL (1709-1784), one of the most distinguished figures of history, was born at Lichfield, the son of an impecunious bookseller. After a brief term in an Academy at Lichfield, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained three years, returning home without a degree. The following year he became an usher in a school at Market Bosworth, but gave this up as distasteful. He then began to contribute to a newspaper in Birmingham. In 1736, he married a Mrs. Porter, a loud and plain widow who possessed a fortune of £800. With this the newly married pair opened a school near Lichfield, and David Garrick was one of the three pupils who ventured to attend. Thereupon Johnson went to London and entered the life of letters. He suffered many hard-

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ships, but in 1738, he wrote a Satire, London, in imitation of Juvenal, equal to a coincident poem of Pope's. From this on, Johnson enjoyed honour and plenty. His writings are too well known, at least by name, to be recounted here. Their worth has somewhat passed from them in this day, but Johnson's personality has not so suffered and remains one of the most notable in English history.	
A Satire.....	12
To Mrs. Thrale, on Her Completing Her Thirty-Fifth Year	13
Prologue Spoken by Mr. Garrick at the Opening of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, 1747.....	133
On the Death of Mr. Robert Levett.....	253
JONES, SIR WILLIAM (1746-1794), Oriental scholar, was the youngest child of William Jones the mathematician, born at Beaufort Buildings, Westminster, and educated at Harrow, and University College, Oxford. In 1774, he was called to the bar, wrote many legal treatises, and was appointed in 1783, Judge of the High Court at Calcutta. He was an authority on Oriental literature and law, and the first Englishman to institute a study of the Sanskrit literature and language. He translated many books from Eastern tongues.	
On Parent Knees, etc.....	172
An Ode.....	289
KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821), was born in Finsbury, London, where his father was a livery stable-keeper. He was sent to a school at Enfield, kept by the father of Charles Cowden Clarke. At school Keats was remarkable chiefly for his pugnacity and high spirits, but soon developed a love for reading. Leaving school he was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton, where he still kept in touch with the Clarkes who took interest in his awakening poetic powers and loaned him many books among them the Faery Queen of Spenser, the poet whose influence has left on the poetry of Keats so deep an impression. He soon went to London with the hope of continuing his profession in the hospitals, but through the influence of the Clarkes he met Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Shelley and Godwin. giving up medicine for literature. In 1817, he brought out his first volume of verse, and while his friends welcomed it with admiration and confidence, it attained to no success. In 1818, he published Endymion, which was mercilessly attacked by Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine and the Quarterly Review. The little fortune which the poet possessed was by this time melting away, and the signs of consumption began to show in him. In 1820, he published a third volume of poems containing The Eve of St. Agnes, Lamia, Hyperion, Isabella, or The Pot of Basil, and the 'golden odes,' the very finest of his work. Meanwhile his fortune did not mend, his disease developed rapidly, and his spirits became morbidly affected by an unrequited love-affair. Shelley urgently invited him to come to Italy, and in 1820, he sailed with his friend Severn, but reaching Rome where he established himself under the devoted care	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

and kindness of his friend, he grew suddenly worse, and died in February, 1821. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, where, a little more than a year later, the ashes of his friend and great contemporary were laid to rest beside him.

Proem (A thing of beauty is a joy for ever).....	557
After Dark Vapours Have Oppressed Our Plains.....	569
Fragment of an Ode to Maia.....	570
On the Grasshopper and Cricket.....	592
Hymn to Pan (from Endymion).....	593
Ode to Psyche.....	599
Time's Sea Hath Been Five Years at Its Slow Ebb.....	612
The Devon Maid.....	629
On a Picture of Leander.....	660
Last Sonnet (Bright Star).....	681
Isabella, or The Pot of Basil.....	688
The Eve of St. Agnes.....	712
I Had a Dove.....	758
Song of the Indian Maid (from Endymion).....	766
As Hermes Once Took to His Feathers Light.....	782
To Fanny.....	783
La Belle Dame sans Merci.....	807
The Eve of Saint Mark.....	830
Ode on a Grecian Urn.....	834
On Seeing the Elgin Marbles.....	836
To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent.....	844
To Solitude.....	875
To Homer.....	906
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.....	912
Meg Merrilies.....	912
Robin Hood.....	914
Bards of Passion and of Mirth.....	916
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern.....	917
On the Sea.....	918
Fancy.....	1044
The Human Seasons.....	1049
Great Spirits Now on Earth Are Sojourning.....	1052
When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be.....	1054
To Autumn.....	1067
In a Drear-Nighted December.....	1073
The Day Is Gone.....	1075
The Feast of Dian (from Endymion).....	1082
Ode to a Nightingale.....	1083
To Sleep.....	1092
Ode on Melancholy.....	1095
Ode on Indolence.....	1193
On Fame.....	1221

LAMB, CHARLES (1775-1834), was born in the Inner Temple, and educated at Christ's Hospital, where he met Coleridge who continued his life-long friend. In 1792, he became a clerk in the service of the East India Company from which he retired on a pension in 1825. In 1797, Lamb issued his first work in a joint publication with Coleridge and Charles Lloyd. Rosamund Gray appeared in 1798, and John Woodvil, a drama, in 1802. In 1823, the delightful Essays of Elia were issued, which have won him an im-

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
mortal place among English essayists. He collaborated with his sister, Mary Lamb, and in 1807, produced the entertaining <i>Tales from Shakespeare</i> . The sacrifice which Lamb accepted in the care of his sister, has shown him to be one of the most heroic and beautiful characters in literature.	
Harmony in Unlikeness.....	728
On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born.....	736
A Vision of Repentance.....	1025
In My Own Album.....	1119
The Grandame.....	1135
The Old Familiar Faces.....	1136
Hester	1164
LAMB, MARY (1765?-1847), sister of Charles Lamb, and in conjunction with him issued four books: <i>Mrs. Leicester's School</i> , <i>The Adventures of Telemachus</i> , <i>Poetry for Children</i> , and the popular <i>Tales from Shakespeare</i> .	
A Child's a Plaything for an Hour.....	731
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775-1864), was born at Warwick, attended Rugby and Oxford, leaving the latter without taking his degree. At twenty he published his first volume of poems, followed three years later by <i>Gebir</i> , an Oriental narrative of war and magic, and issued anonymously. In 1812, <i>Count Julian</i> , a tragedy, appeared but like <i>Gebir</i> failed to gain for its author any popular favour. In 1815, Landor went to Italy, where he lived in Florence for the next twenty years. In 1824, he published his <i>Imaginary Conversations</i> , a series of dialogues between renowned personages in the past of Greece, Rome, Italy and England; in them Landor showed himself to be a master of English prose, and they brought him an immediate and wide popularity. He wrote also many dramatic and lyrical poems, his work in the latter being some of the most exquisite and highly finished bits of sentiment and tenderness in English verse. The last nine years of his life were passed in Italy where he died in 1864.	
Fiesolan Idyl.....	583
Upon a Sweet-Briar.....	587
Sappho to Hesperus.....	605
Heart's-Ease	611
Of Clementina.....	621
Time to Be Wise.....	624
To Ianthe.....	626
Let Love Remain.....	627
Do You Remember Me?.....	627
Ianthe! You Are Call'd to Cross the Sea.....	627
On the Smooth Brow.....	628
The Hamadryad.....	648
To a Bride.....	726
The Three Roses.....	727
Little Aglae.....	731
Child of a Day.....	736
Absence	741
Separation	743
Rose Aylmer.....	743
Rose Aylmer's Hair, Given by Her Sister.....	744

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
In After Time.....	744
Pleasure! Why Thus Desert the Heart.....	744
One Year Ago.....	745
The Appeal.....	745
The Test.....	746
Twenty Years Hence.....	746
Proud Word You Never Spoke.....	747
Well I Remember How You Smiled.....	747
Verse	747
Away My Verse.....	748
With an Album.....	748
Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel.....	817
The Maid's Lament.....	829
Corinna to Tanagra, from Athens.....	904
To Robert Browning.....	906
Shakespeare and Milton.....	907
On Catullus.....	912
Regeneration	996
On Music.....	1042
Autumn	1069
The Day Returns, My Natal Day.....	1115
Cleone to Aspasia.....	1120
To Youth.....	1123
Persistence	1125
To a Cyclamen.....	1125
On Living Too Long.....	1128
Plays	1129
On Lucretia Borgia's Hair.....	1129
Late Leaves.....	1129
Dirce	1130
To My Ninth Decade.....	1130
An Aged Man Who Loved to Doze Away.....	1130
Lately Our Songsters Loitered in Green Lanes.....	1131
On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday.....	1131
Death Stands above Me.....	1132
Years	1132
To Age.....	1132
Wrinkles	1133
For an Epitaph at Fiesole.....	1156
To the Sister of Elia.....	1173
The Death of Artemidora.....	1177
Farewell to Italy.....	1206

LANGHORNE, JOHN (1735-1779), was born at Winton in the parish of Kirkby Stephen, Westmoreland. At eighteen he became a private tutor in a family at Ripon. In 1760, he matriculated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, but left without taking his degree. In 1764, he was appointed curate and lecturer at St. John's, Clerkenwell, and soon after commenced writing for the Monthly Review. In 1766, Langhorne published a collection of "Poetical Works" in 2 vols. He is chiefly remembered for his translation of Plutarch's Lives from the original Greek, made with his elder brother, William, and published in 6 vols. in 1770. This work has gone through several editions, the last issued in 1879.

Hope 291

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
LAPRAIK, JOHN (1727-1807), a Scottish minor poet, born at Laigh Dalquhram, in Ayrshire, was a correspondent of Robert Burns, and published a volume of verse in 1788, called <i>Poems on Several Occasions</i> . When I upon Thy Bosom Lean.....	41
LEAPOR, MARY (1722-1746), a poetess of some merit, who was the daughter of a gardener, born at Marston St. Lawrence, Northamptonshire. She was self-educated, and is said to have been at one time a house-maid. Her poems were collected after her premature death and edited by Isaac Hawkins Browne, one volume appearing in 1748, and the other in 1751. Cowper greatly admired her work. Mira's Song.....	22
LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY (1775-1818), called 'Monk' Lewis, was born in London. He inherited an ample fortune from his father, parts of which were in estates and slaves in Jamaica. In his twentieth year he brought out a melodramatic and voluptuous novel called <i>The Monk</i> which gained him note. Afterwards he wrote the dramas, <i>The Castle Spectre</i> , <i>Adelgitha</i> , and <i>Timor the Tartar</i> , and also romances and poetical pieces. Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine.....	809
LINDSAY, LADY ANNE (1750-1825), was born at Balcarres in Fife, the eldest daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres. She became the wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the Bishop of Limerick, afterwards Colonial Secretary at the Cape. The authorship of the poem which remains her sole title to fame, was the cause of a great discussion at the time of its publication. But Lady Anne Lindsay wrote a circumstantial account of the composition of her poem which seems to have left no doubt of her claim as its author. The poem still retains its great popularity, has been translated into many languages, and inspired many pictures and plays. Auld Robin Gray.....	377
LOGAN, JOHN (1748-1788), was the son of a farmer at Soutra, in Midlothian, educated at Edinburgh University, and became one of the ministers of Leith. In 1781, he published a volume of poems which included the <i>Ode to the Cuckoo</i> , and for a long time the authorship of this poem was ascribed to him until Grosart and other editors proved it to be Michael Bruce's composition. He was the author of a tragedy, <i>Runnimeade</i> , which was unsuccessfully acted at Edinburgh. His connection with the stage forced his retirement from the ministry, after which he went to London, surviving but a short while as a literary adventurer. It is said he left a mass of manuscript containing tragedies, lyrics, and lectures on histories. He had published two volumes of Sermons which won the approbation of Sir Walter Scott. The Braes of Yarrow.....	173
LOVIBOND, EDWARD (?-1775). His Poems were brought out in	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
London in 1785. He wrote Nos. 82, 93, 94, and 134, of Edward Moore's <i>The World</i> .	
Inscription on a Fountain.....	147
LUTTRELL, HENRY (1765?-1851), wit and poet of society, was the natural son of Lord Carhampton. He was made a member for Clonmines, County Wexford, in the last Irish Parliament, 1798. In 1802, he managed his father's estates in the West Indies, but soon returned to London where through the introduction of the Duchess of Devonshire he entered society and achieved a social position of 'great eminence and success.' His principal poetic productions are his <i>Letters to Julia</i> , the first of which appeared in 1820, and which went through several editions. Moore in his <i>Memoirs</i> , however, holds up Luttrell's serious lines on Ampthill Park, and on Roger's Seat at Holland House, as worthy of praise.	
Burnham-Beeches	309
LYSAGHT, EDWARD (1763-1811), Irish song-writer, was born in County Clare of a Protestant family, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford. He became a student at the Middle Temple, London, and King's Inns, Dublin, being called in 1788, to the English bar. In Dublin where he lived the last seventeen years of his life, he was a notable figure in literary and theatrical society, being widely known as a <i>bon vivant</i> and wit. His poems were collected and published after his death by his son-in-law, Dr. Griffin, afterwards Bishop of Limerick.	
Kate of Garnavilla.....	350
Ambition	428
LYTTELTON, GEORGE LYTTELTON, LORD (1708-9-1773), a native of Hogley, Worcestershire, descended from a distinguished family, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. On entering Parliament he became a determined opponent of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. In 1744, he was made Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1756. This latter post he resigned in a year and retired to private life with the reward of the title Baron Lyttelton of Frankley. His writings embrace: <i>The Progress of Love</i> , a Poem, 1732; <i>Letters from a Persian to England</i> , 1735-6; <i>Monody to the Memory of a Lady</i> , 1747; <i>Observation on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul</i> , 1747; <i>Dialogues of the Dead</i> , 1762; and numerous short and miscellaneous works. Among his best poetical writings are <i>Advice to a Lady</i> , and the <i>Prologue to Thomson's Tragedy of Coriolanus</i> .	
Song (When Delia on the plain appears).....	37
MACNEIL, HECTOR (1746-1818), was born at Rosebank, near Roslin on the Esk, near Edinburgh. At the age of fourteen he went to sea and spent some years in the West Indies. After a second trip to the West Indies where a former employer settled an annuity of £100 upon him, he returned to Edinburgh and passed the last fifteen years of his life amid its literary society. He was the author of	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
various volumes of verse, and a novel, but is chiefly remembered by six or seven songs which are great favourites.	
Saw Ye My Wee Thing?.....	334
I Lo'ed Ne'er a Laddie but Ane.....	338
Come under My Plaidie.....	368
MALLET, DAVID (?1700-1765), was born at Crieff, Perthshire, and educated at the College of Aberdeen and the University of Edinburgh. In 1723, he went to London and became under-secretary to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and a friend of Pope, Bolingbroke, and other literary characters of the day. As an author he acquired some note with his Ballad of William and Margaret, and collaborated with Thomson in writing Alfred, a Masque. He wrote besides many volumes of plays and poems which he collected in three volumes and published in 1763.	
William and Margaret.....	196
MAYNE, JOHN (1759-1836), Scottish poet, was born at Dumfries, and educated in the local grammar school. He became a printer in the office of the Dumfries Journal, afterwards establishing himself in the publishing business in Glasgow. In 1787, he settled in London and became the proprietor and joint editor of an evening paper, The Star. He contributed many verses to magazines and newspapers among which Logan Braes and Hallowe'en attained great popularity. His most ambitious work is Siller Gun, which grew from twelve stanzas in 1777, to five cantos in 1836.	
Logan Braes.....	144
Hallowe'en	408
MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS (1735-1788), was born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, the son of the parish minister. He was educated in the grammar school of his native place and afterwards in the Edinburgh high school. Becoming a clerk in an Edinburgh brewery which his father had purchased, in six years he was one of the chief partners, and at his father's death, the owner. Inattention to his commercial interests caused by his literary ambitions found him involved in difficulties, and after a settlement with his creditors he moved to London where he established himself as a man of letters in 1763. His career was varied but he wrote and published many volumes including plays, criticism, biography and translations. In 1779, he was appointed secretary to Commodore George Johnstone and accompanied his squadron to Portugal where he was received with enthusiasm.	
The Sailor's Wife.....	49
Cumnor Hall.....	186
MILLER, HUGH (1802-1856), geologist, was born at Cromarty, Scotland. He was apprenticed early in life as a stonemason. In 1829, appeared his first volume of Poems. In 1840, he became the editor of The Witness, published at Edinburgh. He was the author also of scientific writings	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
among which The Old Red Sandstone was published in 1841, and The Testimony of the Rocks, 1856.	
The Babie.....	730
MILLIKIN, RICHARD ALFRED (1767-1815), was born at Castle- martew, County Cork, of Scottish extraction. He was ap- prenticed to an attorney but at the conclusion of his term entered business. In 1795, he began contributing to the Cork Monthly, and two years later, with his sister started a magazine called The Casket. In 1807, he published a blank-verse poem entitled The Riverside, and in 1810, a story, The Slave of Surinam. He also wrote several farces and dramas which were not published, but one of which, Dugourney in Egypt, was produced with success in 1805-6, at Sadler's Wells.	
The Groves of Blarney.....	304
MOIR, DAVID MACBETH (1798-1851), physician, was born at Mus- selburgh, Scotland, and took his surgeon's diploma from the University of Edinburgh. He contributed to Blackwood's Magazine, and published the Legends of Genevieve, with Other Tales and Poems, in 1824. He was also the author of many prose works.	
Casa's Dirge.....	1167
MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771-1854), journalist and poet, born in Ayrshire, Scotland. He was the editor of a liberal news- paper in Sheffield where he spent most of his life.	
At Home in Heaven.....	1028
The Common Lot.....	1225
MOORE, THOMAS (1779-1852), was born in Dublin, the son of a tradesman who carried on a grocery and liquor business. He commenced writing so early that he did not remember the time when he was not rhyming. After a vigorous drill- ing under Samuel Whyte, the pedagogue to whom Richard Brinsley Sheridan was also committed, Moore was sent to Trinity College, Dublin. Obtaining his degree he went to London and entered the Middle Temple, but poetry claimed him and not the law. In 1803, he sailed for Bermuda where he was given the post of Admiralty Registrar. While in the Western hemisphere he toured the United States and Canada, returning to England. In 1819, being involved in financial ruin by the embezzlements of his Bermuda agent, he visited the Continent in company of Lord John Russell, remaining in Paris for three years. Returning to England he selected himself a permanent home at Sloper- ton. For nearly three years before his death he lived in a hopeless state from softening of the brain. And though his copyrights had brought him £20,000, a pension of £300 from the Government proved acceptable, such had been the cheerful improvidence of his life. Beginning with his translation of Anacreon he poured forth an unceasing flow of poetry that has taken its place in literature. Some of it was still so tinged with licentiousness as to draw down on Moore a stinging review by Jeffrey in the Edinburgh Re- view. Moore was so incensed at this that he challenged	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

Jeffrey to a duel. The two men actually reached the point of facing each other and waiting the word to fire, when two Bow Street officers appeared and placed them under arrest. His Irish Melodies stand out in the great mass of his writings and probably alone will survive all the many editions of his poems of contention and satire.

Echo	599
Love's Young Dream.....	606
The Young May Moon.....	608
Lesbia Hath a Beaming Eye.....	625
Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms.....	630
By That Lake Whose Gloomy Shore.....	709
The Irish Peasant to His Mistress.....	756
When He Who Adores Thee.....	757
As Slow Our Ship.....	922
The Meeting of the Waters.....	923
The Minstrel Boy.....	976
After the Battle.....	976
Dear Harp of My Country.....	1040
No, Not More Welcome.....	1042
On Music.....	1043
The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls.....	1044
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.....	1060
Oh, Come to Me When Daylight Sets.....	1077
The Light of Other Days.....	1093
At the Mid Hour of Night.....	1094
My Birthday.....	1111

NAIRNE, CAROLINE OLIPHANT, LADY (1766-1845), was born at the family seat 'the Auld House' of Gask, in Perthshire. Her grandfather had taken part in the Rebellion of 1715, and both her grandfather and father in that of 1745. Her family so deeply concerned with the fortunes of the house of Stuart, it was little wonder that her memories and sympathies should take expression in song for the lost cause. Her lyrics of Scottish life rank her as a song-writer says one critic, "excelled only by Burns and rivalled only by Tannahill." She was married in 1800, to her cousin Major Nairne, who had his title restored to him in 1824. In 1869, a collected edition of Lady Nairne's works was edited with a Memoir by the Rev. Charles Rogers and went through several editions.

The Rowan Tree.....	308
The Lass o' Gowrie.....	352
The Laird o' Cockpen.....	367
Kind Robin Lo'es Me.....	376
Saw Ye Ne'er a Lanely Lassie?.....	389
Caller Herrin'.....	442
The Pleughman.....	444
The Auld House.....	448
Wha'll Be King but Charlie?.....	490
Charlie Is My Darling.....	492
The White Rose o' June.....	494
He's Ower the Hills That I Lo'e Weel.....	496
Bonnie Ran the Burnie Doun.....	541
Heavenward	550
The Land o' the Leal.....	551

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
OGLE, GEORGE (1742-1814), Irish statesman, was brought up at Rossminoge, near Camolin, County Wexford. In 1768, he was elected to the Irish Parliament as member for Wexford County, and became thereafter a prominent figure in Irish politics. Declining to publish his own poems, many were included in Crofton Croker's Popular Songs of Ireland, and Samuel Lover's Poems and Ballads.	
Mailligh Mo Stoir.....	345
Banish Sorrow.....	414
PAGAN, ISOBEL (1741-1821), was a native of New Cumnock, Ayrshire, and passed her life mainly in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, living alone in a hut where she "conducted unchallenged an unlicensed traffic in spirituous liquors." A Collection of Songs and Poems was published in Glasgow in 1805. The two poems by which her name lives were not included in the collection, one of which, Ca the Yowes to the Knowes, Burns revised and published in Johnson's Musical Museum.	
The Crook and Plaid.....	335
Ca' the Yowes.....	356
PHILIPS, AMBROSE (1675?-1749), was descended from an old Leicestershire family. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and held a Fellowship in his college from 1699 to 1707. In 1700, he published an abridgement of Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams. In 1709, appeared his Pastorals in Tonson's Miscellany which also included Pope's. He wrote for the stage, and was a conspicuous member of Addison's circle.	
To Charlotte Pulteney.....	15
To the Honourable Miss Carteret.....	16
To Miss Georgiana Carteret.....	18
The Happy Swain.....	32
PICKEN, EBENEZER (1769-1816), a minor poet, the son of a silk-weaver, was born in Paisley. He was educated at Glasgow University, and afterwards opened a school at Falkirk. Picken's first publication was Poems and Epistles in the Scottish Dialect, 1788; in 1813, appeared Miscellaneous Poems, Songs, etc., in two volumes. He was also the author of a Pocket Dictionary of the Scottish Dialect.	
Blithe Are We Set wi' Ither.....	445
PINKERTON, JOHN (1758-1826), Scottish antiquary and historian, was born at Edinburgh, and apprenticed early to William Ayton, a writer to the signet in Edinburgh. In 1781, after his father's death, he abandoned the law, moved to London where he issued many volumes of ancient Scottish ballads, and his well known Essay on Medals in two volumes.	
Bothwell Bank.....	66
RAMSAY, ALLAN (1686-1758), was born at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, England, and educated at the Crawford village school. Apprenticed to a wigmaker, he afterwards started	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
in business for himself, married and became a substantial citizen. He soon exercised his gift for rhyming and published Scots Songs, a volume of collected poems, Fables and Tales, The Fairy Assembly, and dramatic and pastoral pieces.	
Patie's Song.....	23
The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katie.....	25
Elegy on Maggie Johnston.....	83
REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT (1770?-1802), Irish poet, was born in County Leitrim. He began writing ballads and songs for Dublin periodicals, among these were The Catholic's Lamentation and Kathleen O'More. The Panthead and Bantry Bay, the latter a musical piece performed at Covent Garden, were issued independently.	
Kathleen O'More.....	1166
ROGERS, SAMUEL (1763-1855), was born at Newington Green, a suburb of London. His house in St. James Place, where he gave his famous breakfasts, was frequented by the celebrities of the time. Rogers brought out An Ode to Superstition with Other Poems, The Pleasures of Memory, An Epistle to a Friend, and various other lesser known works. He is better known for his friendships than for his works.	
To the Butterfly.....	301
On a Tear.....	437
A Wish.....	447
An Italian Song.....	447
ROSS, ALEXANDER (1699-1784), was born in Aberdeenshire, the son of a farmer. From the parish school he went to Marischal College. He tutored and taught school, held offices and wrote verse for his amusement. The Fortunate Shepherdess and some Other Poems were published by subscription, though ten years afterwards a second edition was called for. Burns praised it rather highly.	
Woo'd and Married and A'.....	46
SCOTT, ANDREW (1757-1839), was born at Bowden, Roxburghshire, the son of a day labourer. At the age of nineteen he enlisted and served in the American War of Independence; he returned to Scotland after the war closed, and settled at Bowden as a day labourer. In 1805, he published a volume of lyrics; in 1811, Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, and two further volumes in 1821 and 1826.	
Symon and Janet.....	486
SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832), was born in Edinburgh, descended from a famous freebooter, Walter Scott, known as 'Auld Wat.' Walter was the seventh child in a family of twelve. At eighteen months he contracted a fever which left him lame for life. Sent to the Edinburgh High School, he was also tutored at home. He entered the University of Edinburgh, and on leaving it was apprenticed to his father and 'entered the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyance.' But he read poetry and books	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

of imagination the while, and appeared as an author in 1792, with translations of Burger's *Lenore*, and *The Wild Huntsman*. In 1797, he married Charlotte Carpenter, daughter of an exiled French royalist. Meantime his production of poetry and romances begun, the first notable one being *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which appeared in 1805. The following year came *Marmion*, for which Constable, the publisher, offered him a thousand guineas shortly after it was begun, and without seeing a line of it. *The Lady of the Lake* appeared in 1810. In 1811, encouraged by the success of his poems, he established himself at Abbotsford. Thence followed several minor poetical romances when, in 1814, came *Waverley*, the first of the famous series of novels. Their titles and their instant success are too well known for summary here. In 1820, without any solicitation on his part, the title of baronet was conferred upon Scott. Up to his fifty-sixth year fortune had made him her favourite. Then came the well-known failure of his publishers, and the loss of his estates, and his heroic efforts to repay the creditors to whom he held himself indebted. Ill health and the death of his wife further saddened his life. But he succeeded in meeting his obligations with his pen to the last farthing, though the stupendous labour cost him his life.

Hunting Song.....	565
Hie Away, Hie Away.....	578
True-Love, an Thou Be True.....	607
Nora's Vow.....	682
Brignall Banks.....	683
Jock o' Hazeldcan.....	706
Allan-a-Dale	707
County Guy.....	708
Lochinvar	710
Lucy Ashton's Song.....	743
Song (A weary lot is thine, fair maid).....	755
Rosabelle	764
The Eve of St. John.....	774
St. Swithin's Chair.....	812
The Violet.....	816
Proud Maisie.....	817
The Maid of Neidpath.....	818
Song (Where shall the lover rest).....	820
Alice Brand.....	822
Clarion	952
Pibroch of Donald Dhu.....	952
Bonny Dundee.....	953
Border Ballad.....	958
Hail to the Chief.....	959
Soldier Rest! Thy Warfare O'er.....	978
Rebecca's Hymn.....	1023
Harp of the North, Farewell!.....	1040
Evening	1078
Time	1104
Wasted, Weary, Wherefore Stay.....	1107
Cavalier Song.....	1108
Life	1109
Twist Ye, Twine Ye!.....	1124

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Coronach	PAGE 1176
Hymn for the Dead.....	1177
The Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill.....	1207

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822), was born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart. At thirteen he went to Eton, promptly came into collision with authority, and there formed his deep hatred of established wrong. At sixteen he composed two extravagant romances, *Zastrozzi*, and *St. Irvyne, the Rosicrucian*. In 1810, he went to Oxford, entered University College, wrote a pamphlet setting forth the necessity of atheism, and was expelled. His father forbade him Field Place, and the boy went to London, where he wrote *Queen Mab*, a poem of atheistic teaching. In 1811, he married Harriet Westbrook at Greta Green. In 1813, they separated by mutual consent. The next year he visited the Continent in company with Mary Godwin, holding matrimony to be a useless and tyrannical custom. In 1816, his wife died, to Shelley's great grief. In the same year he formally married Mary Godwin, and settled in Buckinghamshire. In 1817, he composed *The Revolt of Islam*, and in 1818, deprived of the custody of his two children by Harriet Westbrook, and fearing to lose also his one child by Mary Godwin, he went with his family to Italy, never to return. In Italy he wrote *The Cenci*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Adonais*, a lament on the death of Keats, and many other minor pieces. In July, 1822, he set out in a boat from Leghorn for Lerici, which was caught in a squall and capsized. Two weeks later his body was washed ashore, and a copy of Keats' poems was found in one of his pockets.

To Jane: The Invitation.....	563
To a Skylark.....	572
Hymn of Pan.....	596
Arethusa	602
Love's Philosophy.....	605
The Question.....	610
With a Guitar: To Jane.....	616
The Indian Serenade.....	619
To — (I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden).....	630
Epipsychidion	661
Music, When Soft Voices Die.....	681
To — (One word is too often profaned).....	749
When the Lamp Is Shattered.....	763
To Jane: The Recollection.....	850
The Cloud.....	853
My Soul Is Like an Enchanted Boat.....	1015
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.....	1016
Hellas	1019
Ode to the West Wind.....	1064
To Night.....	1075
To the Moon.....	1081
Stanzas, Written in Dejection, near Naples.....	1096
Stanzas — April, 1814.....	1098
The World's Wanderers.....	1126
Time Long Past.....	1126

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
A Lament.....	1127
Mutability	1134
Adonais, an Elegy on the Death of John Keats.....	1138
Ozymandias	1208
Lines Written among the Euganean Hills.....	1208
Song (Rarely, rarely, comest thou).....	1223
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM (1714-1763), was baptized at Halesowen, Worcestershire. First taught by an old dame, he went to the Halesowen grammar school, and then to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was the contemporary of Dr. Johnson. While at the university he published an anonymous volume of occasional poems called <i>The Schoolmistress</i> . The <i>Judgment of Hercules</i> , and the <i>Pastoral Ballad</i> , are the best of his productions. His letters drew down the contempt of Horace Walpole.	
Song (Perhaps it is not Love, said I).....	22
Flavia	26
Jemmy Dawson.....	55
Song (O'er desert plains, and rushy meers).....	45
Written at an Inn at Henley.....	148
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER (1751-1816), was born in Dublin. At Harrow he was noted for his indolence, and left the school with a reputation as an impenetrable dunce. The <i>Rivals</i> , published in 1775, coldly received at first, soon became immensely popular. The <i>Duenna</i> followed it in the same year. In 1777 came the <i>School for Scandal</i> , to establish his reputation as a dramatic genius of the first order. A farce, <i>The Critic</i> , was brought out in 1779. In 1780, Sheridan began a brilliant career in Parliament, and his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings rose to one of the greatest heights of eloquence of ancient or modern times.	
Dry Be That Tear.....	332
Thou Canst Not Boast.....	333
Song (Had I a heart for falsehood framed).....	387
Drinking Song.....	416
SHIRREFS, ANDREW (1762-1807?), was the son of a carpenter, born in Aberdeen, and educated at Marischal College. Entered business as a bookseller and bookbinder, later becoming proprietor and joint editor of the <i>Caledonian Magazine</i> . In 1798, he removed from Edinburgh to London where all subsequent trace of him was lost.	
A Cogie o' Yill.....	417
SKINNER, JOHN (1721-1807), song-writer, was born in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire, the son of a schoolmaster. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was ordained a Scottish Episcopalian and appointed in 1742 minister of Longside. He was the author of many songs, beside several prose works of a religious character, and in 1788, published his <i>Ecclesiastical History of Scotland</i> in two volumes, which remains his most important work.	
Tullochgorum	88

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
SKIRVING, ADAM (1719-1803), Scottish song-writer, was born in Haddington and educated at Preston Kirk. He became a substantial farmer, and spent most of his days, the tenant of a farm in Garleton. He had a local reputation as an athlete and wit.	
Johnnie Cope.....	145
SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843), was born at Bristol, England. Entered at Westminster School, he was shortly expelled for a pamphlet against corporal punishment. In 1792, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he wrote <i>Wat Tyler</i> , a drama, and the epic <i>Joan of Arc</i> . Here also he met Coleridge, with whom he formed a plan, never carried out, of migrating to Pennsylvania and forming a pantisocracy. Visiting Lisbon soon after his marriage, he dipped into Spanish and Portuguese literature and conceived a great attachment to the epic style of poetry. Time has been severe with Southey's <i>grandeurs</i> , however. Perhaps his only faithfully remembered titles are: <i>Thalaba</i> , a Metrical Romance, <i>Madoc</i> , and the <i>Curse of Kehama</i> . He also wrote much biography, criticism, and many moral essays. He died in a state of imbecility.	
Lord William.....	838
The Inchcape Rock.....	949
The Battle of Blenheim.....	969
The Holly Tree.....	1071
Stanzas Written in His Library.....	1110
Bishop Bruno.....	1178
SMART, CHRISTOPHER (1722-1770), was born at Shipburne, in Kent, the son of a steward to Lord Barnard. Through the influence and assistance of the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland he was able to enter the University of Cambridge in 1739, where he distinguished himself for scholarship. In 1745, he was elected a Fellow of Pembroke College and took his degree of Master of Arts two years later. Relinquishing his Fellowship in 1752, the following year he took up the life of a man of letters in London, where he won the acquaintance of Johnson, Garrick, and other notable men of the day. His literary labours furnishing but a meagre livelihood he became reckless and intemperate, and taken with insanity was confined to an asylum. Here he wrote his famous <i>Song to David</i> , "intended (it is said) with a key upon the wainscot of his room, the authorities of the place denying him the use of pen, ink, and paper." For more than a century Smart's splendid poem was practically unknown to the general reader, until Browning's <i>Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day</i> , brought it to the notice of his generation. Rossetti in a letter to Hall Caine speaks of it as "the only great accomplished poem of the last century. The unaccomplished ones are Chatterton's—of course I mean earlier than Blake or Coleridge, and without reckoning so exceptional a genius as Burns. A masterpiece of rich imagery, exhaustive resources, and rever-	

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

berant sound." Smart died a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench in 1770.	
A Song to David.....	202

SMOLLET, TOBIAS GEORGE (1721-1771), was born in Cardross, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. He studied at Dumbarton and Glasgow. A voyage as surgeon's mate furnished him with much material for his novel Roderick Random. Returning to London he attempted to practise as a physician, but gave it up for literature. In an enormous mass of writing stand preëminent the novels Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphrey Clinker. Scattered through his works are scraps of humorous verse.

Ode to Leven Water.....	20
To Fix Her,—'Twere a Task in Vain.....	53

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT (1770-1834), was born the second son of Lord Charles Spencer, and educated at Harrow and Oxford. For many years he was distinguished as a man of fashion and wit, and the poet of society. He translated Bürger's Leonora, and wrote a volume of poems, many of them of an exceedingly mournful description.

To Lady Anne Hamilton.....	622
The Adieu.....	628
Epitaph upon the Year 1806.....	1115
The Visionary.....	1128

TANNAHILL, ROBERT (1774-1810), the son of a silk-weaver, was born at Paisley. At thirteen he was apprenticed to his father, but managed to become widely read. In 1802, at his father's death, he continued the business with his mother. In 1805, Tannahill began contributing to the magazines, and in 1807, issued his first volume of poems. Hogg visited him in 1810, shortly after which, in a period of mental aberration he drowned himself. Shortly before his death Tannahill burnt his manuscripts, but copies being in the hands of his friends, his editors were able to increase his original collection.

Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'.....	298
Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.....	349
The Lass o' Arranteenie.....	349
By Yon Burn Side.....	354
The Braes o' Balquhither.....	357
O, Are Ye Sleeping, Maggie?.....	365
Loudoun's Bonnie Woods and Braes.....	370
The Braes o' Gleniffer.....	388
The Wood of Craigie Lea.....	452
Good Night.....	542
Midges Dance aboon the Burn.....	544

THOMSON, JAMES (1700-1748), was born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, Scotland. He was educated at the Grammar School at Tedburgh and at the University of Dublin. With intentions toward the ministry he went to London and began to write. He wrote, among many others, The Seasons, upon which rests most of his fame; the Castle of Indo-

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
lence, a poem in imitation of Spenser; and many dramatic pieces.	
To Her I Love.....	25
For Ever Fortune, Wilt Thou Prove.....	47
Rule Britannia.....	139
On the Death of a Particular Friend.....	172
THURLOW, EDWARD LORD (1731-1806), was born at Brocon Ach, Norfolk, of an ancient family. A wild boy, he was finally entered at Govile and Caias College, Cambridge. He practised law, fought a duel, and entered the House of Commons, where he rose to office and took part in the prosecution of the publisher of Junius's Letters. His speeches are remarkable for truculence. He translated parts of Euripides.	
Song to May.....	569
The Heron.....	591
The Sylvan Life.....	593
TYTLER, JAMES (1747?-1805), was the son of a minister in the presbytery of Brechin, and received his early education under his father's direction. He became apprenticed to a surgeon, later attending the medical classes at the University of Edinburgh. After many unsuccessful attempts to practise, he took up the work of a hack-writer, and was the editor of several periodical ventures. In 1793, he emigrated to America, settling in Salem, Mass., where he edited a paper until his death.	
Lass, Gin Ye Lo'e Me.....	342
Loch Erroch Side.....	353
VERE, DE, SIR AUBREY (1788-1846), was born at Curragh Chase, County Limerick, the eldest son of Sir Vere Hunt. He was educated at a private tutor's and later at Harrow where Byron and Peel were at school. De Vere led the life of a quiet country gentleman, publishing from time to time volumes of dramatic verse. He is mostly remembered for his sonnets which won the praise of Wordsworth.	
The Children Band.....	732
Spanish Point.....	919
Glengariff	920
Gougane Barra.....	921
The Rock of Cashel.....	921
Waterloo	973
The Right Use of Prayer.....	1024
The Opening of the Tomb of Charlemagne.....	1156
WALPOLE, HORACE. EARL OF ORFORD (1717-1797), was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He entered Parliament and by the favour of his reputed father held three sinecure offices. At the death of his nephew George, Earl of Orford, he succeeded to the title, which he affectedly never used. He left behind him his Letters, fugitive verses, and much occasional writing.	
Anne Grenville, Countess Temple, etc.....	38

WARDLAW, LADY (1677-1727), was the second daughter of Sir

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Charles Halket, Bart., of Pitfirrane, Fifeshire. Her claim to remembrance as the author of the famous ballad Hardyknute, comprises one of the most baffling and curious mysteries in literary history.	
Hardyknute	408
WARTON, THOMAS (1728-1790), historian of English poetry, was born at Basingstoke, and educated at Trinity College, Oxford. He early began to write poetry, and in 1757, was elected professor of poetry at Oxford. In 1774, appeared the first volume of his History of English Poetry, the second and third volumes following in 1778, and 1781, respectively. On the death of Whitehead (1785), he was created poet-laureate.	
To the River Lodon.....	147
After Seeing the Collection of Pictures at Wilton House....	148
WEST, JOHN, EARL DE LA WARR (1693-1766), came of an old titled family. He served in Parliament and in the army, succeeded to the peerage, and held various offices of honour.	
Fair Hebe.....	27
WHITE, HENRY KIRKE (1785-1806), was born at Nottingham, the son of a butcher. After receiving his education at private schools, at the age of fourteen he was put to work at a stocking-loom. Later he found more congenial employment with a firm of lawyers, from which with the assurance of aid, he proceeded in 1805 to St. John's College, Cambridge. His health broke and the following year he died in his college rooms. White published in 1803, Clifton Grove, and Other Poems; and after his death Southey edited his remains with a memoir.	
Give Me a Cottage on Some Cambrian Wild.....	512
Fragment of an Ode to the Moon.....	545
The Star of Bethlehem.....	548
WHITEHEAD, WILLIAM (1715-1785), poet-laureate, was born at Cambridge, and educated at Winchester College. While at Cambridge he published his Lines on Friendship and some others of his more important efforts. Garrick played his tragedy of A Roman Father. In a comic vein he wrote Vanity, A Tale of Married People, The Goat's Beard, and others.	
The Enthusiast: An Ode.....	9
The Je Ne Sais Quoi.....	28
In a Hermitage.....	201
WILLIAMS, SIR CHARLES HANBURY (1708-1759), a satirical writer and diplomatist, was born at Pontypool, and sent to Eton where he knew Henry Fielding the novelist. He wrote light satirical verse and privately circulated amatory effusions. His Odes are the foremost among the kind they represent.	
An Ode on Miss Harriet Hanbury, Six Years Old.....	14
An Ode to the Earl of Bath.....	94

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850), was born into an old Yorkshire family, at Cockermouth, Cumberland. From his father the poet inherited his seriousness and dignity of character; his sensitiveness and excitability came from his mother. As a boy he was stiff, moody and silent. Of five children, William alone troubled his mother with doubts as to his future. In his eighth year, the year of his mother's death, the boy was sent to the Hawkshead Grammar School where he remained until nearly fourteen. His school tasks were not neglected, but he read freely for enjoyment — Fielding, Swift, Cervantes. His first verses were a task imposed by his schoolmaster, The Summer Vacation. An answering Return to School he composed on his own accord. In 1787, his father also being some years dead, an uncle sent William to St. John's College, Cambridge. During one of his vacations he met Mary Hutchinson who afterwards became his wife. On obtaining his degree, he spent some time in France during the stormy days of the Revolution, and imbibed revolutionary ideas which he embodied in most of his earlier poetry. In 1798, he published in conjunction with Coleridge, the famous Lyrical Ballads, beginning the long poetical career which has placed him among the supreme poets of England. In 1799, he settled in Dove Cottage, Grasmere, long hoped for as an abode, and here he spent his long uneventful life.	
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept., 1803.....	562
Written in March.....	566
To My Sister.....	567
To a Skylark (Up with Me! etc.).....	576
To a Skylark (Ethereal Minstrel!).....	577
The Green Linnet.....	580
To the Cuckoo.....	582
To the Daisy.....	585
The Small Celandine.....	586
The Sparrow's Nest.....	588
To a Butterfly (Stay near me, etc.).....	589
To a Butterfly (I've watched you now, etc.).....	590
O Nightingale Thou Surely Art.....	591
She Was a Phantom of Delight.....	643
The Solitary Reaper.....	644
To a Highland Girl.....	646
The Two April Mornings.....	732
To a Young Lady.....	740
Why Art Thou Silent.....	742
'Tis Said That Some Have Died for Love.....	827
My Heart Leaps Up.....	845
Influence of Natural Objects, etc.....	845
Michael, a Pastoral.....	858
I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.....	874
The Trosachs.....	875
Most Sweet It Is with Unuplifted Eyes.....	876
The Fountain, a Conversation.....	877
The Wishing-Gate.....	880
The Wishing-Gate Destroyed.....	882
Yarrow Unvisited.....	885
Yarrow Visited.....	887

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Yarrow Revisited.....	890
Expostulation and Reply.....	895
The Tables Turned.....	896
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey.....	897
When I Have Borne in Memory What Has Tamed.....	1011
It Is Not to Be Thought of That the Flood.....	1012
London, 1802.....	1012
Written in London, September, 1802.....	1013
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.....	1013
To Toussaint L'Ouverture.....	1014
Ode to Duty.....	1030
Character of the Happy Warrior.....	1032
Resolution and Independence.....	1035
The World Is Too Much with Us; Late and Soon.....	1049
A Poet!—He Hath Put His Heart to School.....	1050
Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.....	1051
The Sonnet.....	1052
Laodamia	1054
Personal Talk.....	1061
Composed upon the Beach near Calais, 1802.....	1074
Mutability	1105
After-Thought, Valedictory Sonnet to the River Duddon....	1124
Surprised by Joy—Impatient as the Wind.....	1157
Strange Fits of Passion Have I Known.....	1160
She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways.....	1161
I Travelled among Unknown Men.....	1162
Three Years She Grew.....	1162
A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal.....	1164
Matthew	1172
Lucy Gray, or, Solitude.....	1181
We Are Seven.....	1183
Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.....	1186
The Reverie of Poor Susan.....	1202
The Affliction of Margaret.....	1203
In This Great World of Joy and Pain.....	1221
YESTER, JOHN HAY, LORD (1646-1713), statesman in the times of William III and Queen Anne; chiefly remembered as the author of the "Earliest Remaining Tweeddale Song."	
Tweedside	60

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
A Boy's Song.....	740	An Excellente Balade of	
A Child's a Plaything for		Charitie	153
an Hour.....	731	An Italian Song.....	447
A Cogie o' Yill.....	417	An Ode: In Imitation of	
A Comparison.....	385	Alcaeus	289
A Cradle Song.....	313	An Ode on Miss Harriet	
A Dream.....	324	Hanbury, Six Years Old	14
A Lament.....	1127	An Ode to the Earl of	
A Little Boy Lost.....	322	Bath	94
A Man's a Man for A'		And Thou Art Dead, as	
That	441	Young and Fair.....	1157
A Poet!—He Hath Put		And Ye Shall Walk in	
His Heart to School... 1050		Silk Attire.....	861
A Red, Red Rose.....	330	Anna Grenville, Countess	
A Retrospect (Hill).....	199	Temple, etc.....	38
A Retrospect (Crabbe)....	536	Arethusa	602
A Satire.....	12	As Hermes Once Took to	
A Slumber Did My Spirit		His Feathers Light....	782
Seal	1164	As Slow Our Ship.....	922
A Song to David.....	202	At Home in Heaven.....	1028
A Useful Hint.....	160	At the Mid Hour of Night	1094
A Vision of Repentance..	1025	Auguries of Innocence...	325
A Wish.....	447	Auld Lang Syne.....	427
Absence (Jago).....	44	Auld Robin Gray.....	377
Absence (Landor).....	741	Autumn	1069
Adonais	1138	Away My Verse.....	748
Ae Fond Kiss.....	392		
After Dark Vapours Have		Ballad of Admiral Hosier's	
Oppressed Our Plains... 569		Ghost	141
After Seeing the Collection		Banish Sorrow.....	414
of Pictures at Wilton		Bannockburn	489
House	148	Bards of Passion and of	
After the Battle.....	976	Mirth	916
After-Thought	1124	Barthram's Dirge.....	1170
Ah! Sun-Flower.....	304	Beau's Reply.....	434
Alice Brand.....	822	Before the Sacrament....	546
Allen-a-Dale	707	Believe Me, If All Those	
Alonzo the Brave and Fair		Endearing Young Charms	630
Imagine	809	Bereavement	535
Ambition	428	Bishop Bruno.....	1178
An Aged Man Who Loved		Blind-Man's Buff.....	460
to Doze Away.....	1130	Blithe Are We Set wi'	
An Elegy on the Death of		Itber	445
a Mad Dog.....	78	Blow High! Blow Low!..	366

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
Boadicea: an Ode.....	484	Dejection: an Ode.....	1099
Bonnie Lesley.....	343	Dirce	1130
Bonnie Ran the Burnie Doun	541	Dirge in Cymbeline.....	61
Bonny Dundee.....	953	Do You Remember Me... 627	
Border Ballad.....	958	Doun the Burn, Davie....	36
Bothwell Bank.....	66	Drinking Song.....	416
Braid Claith.....	76	Dry Be That Tear.....	332
Brignall Banks.....	683	Duncan Gray.....	371
Bristowe Tragedie.....	235		
Burnham-Beeches	309	Echo	599
By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill	547	Echo and Silence.....	452
By That Lake Whose Gloomy Shore.....	709	Eclogue: A Man, a Woman, Sir Roger.....	156
By Yon Burn Side.....	354	Eclogue: Elinoure and Juga	62
		Eclogue: Robert and Raufe	250
Ca' the Yowes.....	356	Eileen Aroon.....	620
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes	355	Elegy on Madam Blaize...	79
Caller Herrin'.....	442	Elegy on Maggie Johnston.	83
Caller Water	91	Elegy on the Death of Scots Music.....	80
Casa's Dirge.....	1167	Elegy Written in a Coun- try Churchyard.....	163
Cavalier Song.....	1108	Elegy Written in Spring..	168
Cavalier's Song.....	438	Epipsychidion	661
Cauld Kail in Aberdeen..	397	Epitaph	411
Character of the Happy Warrior	1032	Epitaph, Intended for Him- self	255
Charlie Is My Darling....	492	Epitaph on a Hare.....	533
Child of a Day.....	736	Epitaph upon the Year 1806	1115
Chorus from Godwyn....	138	Epistle from Lord Boring- don to Lord Granville..	362
Christabel	783	Epistle to Augusta.....	1197
Clarion	952	Epistle to the Rt. Honbl. Sir Robert Walpole, 1730	96
Cleone to Aspasia.....	1120	Epistle to the Rt. Honbl. Sir Robert Walpole, 1731	98
Clycine's Song.....	750	Eternity	301
Come Under My Plaidie... 368		Evening	1078
Come, Come, My Good Shepherds	35	Expostulation and Reply..	895
Composed upon the Beach Near Calais.....	1074		
Composed upon Westmin- ster Bridge.....	562	Fair Hebe.....	27
Corinna to Tenagra, from Athens	904	Fancy	1044
Coronach	1176	Fare Thee Well.....	760
Could I Find a Bonnie Glen	361	Farewell to Italy.....	1206
Could Love for Ever....	751	Fati Valet Hora Benigni..	21
County Guy.....	708	Fiesolan Idyl.....	583
Cradle Song.....	314	Flavia	26
Cumnor Hall.....	186	For an Epitaph at Fiesole.	1156
		For Ever, Fortune, Wilt Thou Prove.....	47
Dear Harp of My Country	1040	For Lack of Gold.....	54
Death Stands Above Me..	1132	For Music.....	608
Dedication of the Designs to Blair's 'Grave'.....	537	Fragment of an Ode to Maia	570

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
Fragment of an Ode to the Moon.....	545	In a Drear-Nighted De- cember	1073
France: an Ode.....	993	In a Hermitage.....	201
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.....	549	In After Time.....	744
Frost at Midnight.....	847	In My Own Album.....	1119
Give Me a Cottage on Some Cambrian Wild... ..	512	Infant Joy.....	312
Glengariff	920	Infant Sorrow.....	313
Gloomy Winter's Now Awa' Good Night.....	298	Influence of Natural Ob- jects	845
Gougaune Barra.....	542	Influence of Time on Grief	530
Great Spirits Now on Earth Are Sojourning..	921	Inscription on a Fountain.	147
Green Grow the Rashes... ..	1052	Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.....	1051
Hail to the Chief.....	360	Invocation to the Spirit of Achilles	597
Hallowe'en	959	Isabella, or The Pot of Basil	688
Hardyknute	408	It Is Not to Be Thought of That the Flood.....	1012
Harmony in Unlikeness... ..	174	It Was a' for Our Rightfu' King	498
Harp of the North, Fare- well!	728	Jemmy Dawson.....	55
He's Ower the Hills That I Lo'e Weel.....	1040	Jessie, the Flower o' Dun- blane	344
Hear the Voice.....	496	Jock o' Hazeldean.....	706
Heart's-Ease	295	John Anderson, My Jo....	379
Heavenward	611	Johnnie Cope.....	145
Hellas.	550	Kate of Aberdeen.....	40
Hester	1019	Kate of Garnavilla.....	350
Hie Away, Hie Away.....	1164	Kathleen O'More.....	1166
Highland Mary.....	578	Kilmeny	632
Hohenlinden	394	Kind Robin Lo'es Me....	376
Holy Thursday.....	972	Kubla Khan.....	836
Hope	321	La Belle Dame Sans Merci	807
Hunting Song.....	291	Laodamia	1054
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni..	565	Lass Gin Ye Lo'e Me....	342
Hymn for the Dead.....	559	Last Sonnet (Bright Star, etc.)	681
Hymn of Pan.....	1177	Last Verses (Chatterton). ..	254
Hymn to Adversity.....	596	Late Leaves.....	1129
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty	149	Lately Our Songsters Loi- ter'd in Green Lanes... ..	1131
Hymn to Pan.....	1016	Laughing Song.....	317
I Had a Dove.....	593	Leith Races.....	66
I Lo'ed Ne'er a Laddie but Ane.....	758	Lesbia Hath a Beaming Eye	625
I Travelled among Un- known Men.....	338	Let Love Remain.....	627
I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud	1162	Lewie Gordon.....	495
Ianthe! You Are Called to Cross the Sea.....	874	Life	512
If Rightly Tuneful Bards Decide	627	Life	1109
If This Great World of Joy and Pain.....	39	Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey	897
	1221	Lines on the Mermaid Tav- ern	917

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
Lines, Written among the Euganean Hills.....	1208	Mutability (Shelley).....	1134
Lines, Written in the Al- bum at Elbingerode, etc.	903	Mutability (Wordsworth)..	1105
Little Aglae.....	731	Night	539
Loch Erroch Side.....	353	No, Not More Welcome..	1042
Lochinvar	710	Nora's Vow.....	682
Lochiel's Warning.....	960	November, 1793.....	534
Lock the Door, Lariston...	956	Nurse's Song.....	315
Logan Braes.....	307	O, Are Ye Sleeping, Mag- gie?	365
Logie o' Buchan.....	144	O Memory! Thou Fond Deceiver	34
London	453	O Merry May the Maid Be	31
London, 1802.....	1012	O Nightingale! Thou Surely Art.....	591
Longing	754	O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair.....	331
Lord Ullin's Daughter...	685	O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast	339
Lord William.....	838	Ode on a Grecian Urn...	834
Love	612	Ode on Indolence.....	1193
Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.....	735	Ode on Melancholy.....	1095
Love's Philosophy.....	605	Ode on the Intimations of Immortality	1186
Love's Secret.....	330	Ode on the Pleasure Ari- sing from Vicissitude...	151
Love's Young Dream.....	606	Ode on the Popular Su- perstitions of the High- lands of Scotland.....	99
Loudoun's Bonnie Woods and Braes.....	370	Ode to a Nightingale....	1083
Lucy Ashton's Song.....	743	Ode to Duty.....	1030
Lucy Gray, or Solitude...	1181	Ode to Evening.....	287
Maid of Athens.....	631	Ode to Leven Water.....	20
Mailligh Mo Stoir.....	345	Ode to Napoleon Buona- parte	1004
Mary Morison.....	337	Ode to Psyche.....	599
Matthew	1172	Ode to Tranquillity.....	1048
Meg Merrilies.....	912	Ode to Simplicity.....	162
Michael	858	Ode to Winter.....	1069
Midges Dance Aboon the Burn	544	Ode to a Nightingale....	1083
Mira's Song.....	22	Ode to the Cuckoo.....	5
Mock On, Mock On, Vol- taire, Rousseau.....	478	Ode to the Gowdspink...	6
Most Sweet It Is with Un- uplifted Eyes.....	876	Ode to the West Wind...	1064
Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel	817	Ode Written in the Begin- ning of the Year, 1746..	171
My Birthday.....	1111	O'er the Muir amang the Heather	358
My Bonnie Mary.....	350	Of a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw.....	341
My Damon Was the First to Wake.....	332	Of Clementina.....	621
My Heart Leaps Up.....	845	Oh, Come to Me When Daylight Sets.....	1077
My Love She's but a Las- sie Yet.....	738	Oh! Dinna Ask Me Gin I Lo'e Thee.....	343
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair.....	392	Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom.....	826
My Pretty Rose Tree.....	302		
My Soul Is Like an En- chanted Boat.....	1015		
My Spectre.....	476		
Music, When Soft Voices Die	681		

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
On .. Distant Prospect of Eton College.....	120	Poverty Parts Gude Com- panie	459
On a Faded Violet.....	578	Prayer for Indifference...	113
On a Favourite Cat Drowned, etc.....	200	Proem (A Thing of Beauty, etc.)	557
On a Goldfinch Starved to Death, etc.....	433	Prologue: Spoken by Mr. Garrick, etc.....	133
On a Picture of Leander..	660	Prometheus	1021
On a Spaniel Called, 'Beau,' etc.....	433	Proud Maisie.....	817
On a Tear.....	437	Proud Word You Never Spoke	747
On an Antique Gem Bear- ing the Heads of Peri- cles and Aspasia.....	1010	Rebecca's Hymn.....	1023
On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born.....	736	Reeds of Innocence.....	311
On Catullus.....	912	Regeneration	996
On Fame.....	1221	Remembrance	393
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.....	912	Resolution and Independ- ence	1035
On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday	1131	Retaliation	128
On Living Too Long.....	1128	Robin Hood.....	914
On Lucretia Borgia's Hair	1129	Rosabelle	764
On Music (Landor).....	1042	Rose Aylmer.....	743
On Music (Moore).....	1043	Rose Aylmer's Hair, Given by Her Sister.....	744
On Parent Knees, etc....	172	Roy's Wife.....	378
On Seeing the Elgin Mar- bles	836	Rule Britannia.....	139
On the Death of a Par- ticular Friend.....	172	Sappho to Hesperus.....	605
On the Death of Dr. Rob- ert Levet.....	253	Saw Ye Johnnie Comin'?...	373
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.....	1013	Saw Ye My Wee Thing?..	334
On the Grasshopper and the Cricket.....	592	Saw Ye Ne'er a Lanely Lassie?	389
On the Loss of the Royal George	501	Separation	743
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture, etc....	470	Shakespeare and Milton...	907
On the Sea.....	918	She Dwelt among the Un- trodden Ways.....	1161
On the Smooth Brow.....	628	She Walks in Beauty....	609
On the Spring.....	3	She Was a Phantom of De- light	643
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year..	1113	Sir Eustace Grey.....	514
One Year Ago.....	745	Soldier, Rest! Thy War- fare O'er.....	978
Ozymandias	1208	Song (Baillie).....	329
Patie's Song.....	23	Song (Blake).....	297
Persistence	1125	Song (Blake).....	299
Personal Talk.....	1061	Song (Blake).....	395
Pibroch of Donald Dhu...	952	Song (Blake).....	446
Plays	1129	Song (Blake).....	509
Pleasure! Why Thus De- sert the Heart.....	744	Song (Coleridge).....	1090
		Song (Garrick).....	135
		Song (Hill).....	52
		Song (Lyttelton).....	37
		Song (Scott).....	755
		Song (Scott).....	820
		Song (Shelley).....	1223
		Song (Shenstone).....	22

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
Song (Shenstone).....	45	The Complaint of Nature..	280
Song (Sheridan).....	387	The Cotter's Saturday	
Song from Ælla.....	58	Night	463
Song of Saul before His		The Crook and the Plaid..	335
Last Battle.....	974	The Crystal Cabinet.....	483
Song of the Indian Maid..	766	The Daft Days.....	73
Song to Ælla.....	137	The Day Is Gone.....	1075
Song to May.....	569	The Day Returns, My	
Song to the Evening Star..	1079	Natal Day.....	1115
Sonnet on Chillon.....	979	The Death of Artemidora..	1177
Spanish Point.....	919	The Deserted Village.....	222
St. Swithin's Chair.....	812	The Deserter's Medita-	
Stanzas: April, 1814.....	1098	tion	499
Stanzas for Music.....	1108	The Destruction of Sen-	
Stanzas, Written in De-		nacherib	975
jection, near Naples....	1096	The Devon Maid.....	629
Stanzas Written in His Li-		The Diverting History of	
brary	1110	John Gilpin.....	398
Strange Fits of Passion		The Divine Image.....	553
Have I Known.....	1160	The Dog and the Water-	
Surprised by Joy—Impa-		Lily	435
tient as the Wind.....	1157	The Echoing Green.....	299
Symon and Janet.....	486	The Enthusiast; an Ode....	9
		The Eve of Saint John... 774	
Tam o' Shanter.....	418	The Eve of Saint Mark... 830	
The Account of W. Can-		The Eve of St. Agnes.... 712	
ynges' Feast.....	160	The Ewe-Buchtin's Bonnie 54	
The Adieu.....	628	The Feast of Dian.....	1082
The Affliction of Margaret	1203	The Flowers of the Forest	497
The Angel.....	382	The Fountain.....	877
The Appeal.....	745	The Friend of Humanity	
The Arethusa.....	968	and the Knife-Grinder..	413
The Auld House.....	448	The Garden of Boccaccio..	908
The Babie.....	730	The Garden of Love.....	509
The Ballad of the Dark		The Grandame.....	1135
Ladié	771	The Grave.....	255
The Banks o' Doon.....	391	The Green Linnet.....	580
The Bard.....	123	The Groves of Blarney.... 304	
The Battle of Blenheim... 969		The Hamadryad.....	648
The Battle of the Baltic.. 965		The Happy Swain.....	32
The Bay of Biscay, O!... 500		The Harp That Once	
The Beech Tree's Petition.. 579		through Tara's Halls....	1044
The Boatie Rows.....	380	The Hazelwood Witch.... 347	
The Braes o' Balquhither.. 357		The Heron.....	591
The Braes o' Gleniffer.... 388		The Holly Tree.....	1071
The Braes of Yarrow		The Human Seasons.....	1049
(Hamilton of Bangour)..	191	The Inchcape Rock.....	949
The Braes of Yarrow		The Indian Serenade.....	619
(Logan)	173	The Irish Peasant to His	
The Butterfly.....	1137	Mistress	756
The Castaway.....	505	The Isles of Greece.....	1000
The Children Band.....	732	The Je Ne Sais Quoi.....	28
The Chimney Sweeper.... 319		The Laird o' Cockpen.... 367	
The Chimney Sweeper.... 320		The Lamb.....	316
The Cloud.....	853	The Land o' the Leal.... 551	
The Common Lot.....	1225	The Land of Dreams.....	552
The Complaint.....	51	The Lass o' Arranteenie.. 349	

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
The Lass o' Gowrie.....	352	The Sylvan Life.....	593
The Last Man.....	1116	The Tables Turned.....	896
The Liddel Bower.....	813	The Test.....	746
The Light of Other Days.....	1093	The Three Roses.....	727
The Lily and the Rose.....	301	The Tiger.....	508
The Little Black Boy.....	320	The Touch Stone.....	34
The Little Boy Found.....	324	The Trosachs.....	875
The Little Boy Lost.....	323	The Two April Mornings..	732
The Lovely Lass of Inver-		The Violet.....	816
ness	390	The Visionary.....	1128
The Maid's Lament.....	829	The Wake of William Orr	1174
The Maid of Llanwellyn...	348	The White Rose o' June..	494
The Maid of Neidpath....	818	The Whistling Boy That	
The Maid That Tends the		Holds the Plough.....	510
Goats	340	The Wishing Gate.....	880
The Mental Traveller.....	479	The Wishing Gate Des-	
The Meeting of the Waters	923	troyed	882
The Minstrel Boy.....	976	The Wood of Craigie Lea.	452
The Nabob.....	474	The World Is Too Much	
The Nightingale.....	1086	with Us: Late and Soon	1049
The Old Familiar Faces..	1136	The World's Treasures....	290
The Opening of the Tomb		The World's Wanderers... 1126	
of Charlemagne.....	1156	The Worm.....	456
The Outlaw's Song.....	440	The Year That's Awa'....	426
The Pains of Sleep.....	1091	The Young Laird and	
The Passions: an Ode for		Edinburgh Katie.....	25
Music	109	The Young May Moon....	608
The Pleughman.....	444	There'll Never Be Peace	
The Poplar Field.....	450	Till Jamie Comes Hame	493
The Prisoner of Chillon..	980	They Say That Hope Is	
The Progress of Poesy....	115	Happiness	782
The Question.....	610	They Who May Tell Love's	
The Reverie of Poor Susan	1202	Wistful Tale.....	329
The Right Use of Prayer	1024	This Lime-Tree Bower My	
The Rime of the Ancient		Prison	856
Mariner	924	Thou Canst Not Boast....	333
The River of Life.....	1106	Three Years She Grew, etc.	1162
The Rock of Cashel.....	921	Time	1104
The Rose.....	303	Time Long Past.....	1126
The Rowan Tree.....	308	Time, Real and Imaginary.	1110
The Sailor's Wife.....	49	Time's Sea Hath Been	
The School Boy.....	317	Five Years at Its Slow	
The Second Marriage.....	48	Ebb	612
The Shepherd.....	443	Time To Be Wise.....	624
The Shrubbery.....	451	'Tis Said That Some Have	
The Sick Rose.....	536	Died for Love.....	827
The Sitting of the Session	86	'Tis Sair to Dream.....	819
The Skylark.....	571	'Tis the Last Rose of Sum-	
The Sleeping Beauty.....	364	mer	1063
The Small Celandine.....	586	To — (I Fear Thy	
The Soldier's Dream.....	977	Kisses, etc.).....	630
The Solitary Reaper.....	644	To — (One Word Is	
The Sonnet.....	1052	Too Often Profaned)... 749	
The Sparrow's Nest.....	588	To Age.....	1132
The Star of Bethlehem....	548	To Augusta.....	1195
The Sun upon the Weir-		To Autumn.....	1067
law Hill.....	1207	To Celia.....	29

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
To Charlotte Pulteney....	15	To Thomas Moore.....	907
To Fanny.....	783	To Toussaint L'Overture..	1014
To Fix Her — 'Twere a		To Youth.....	1123
Task in Vain.....	53	Tom Bowling's Epitaph...	532
To Her I Love.....	25	Too Plain, Dear Youth,	
To Him Is Reared No		These Tell-tale Eyes....	44
Marble Tomb.....	537	True-Love, an Thou Be	
To Homer.....	906	True	607
To Ianthe.....	626	Tullochgorum	88
To Jane: The Invitation..	563	Twenty Years Hence.....	746
To Jane: The Recollection	850	Tweedside (Crawford)....	42
To Lady Anne Hamilton..	622	Tweedside (Yester).....	60
To Mary.....	383	Twist Ye, Twine Ye.....	1124
To Mary Unwin.....	385		
To Mary in Heaven.....	396	Upon a Sweet-Briar.....	587
To Miss Georgiana Carteret	18		
To-morrow	538	Verse	747
To Mrs. Thrale, on Her		Verses	623
Completing Her Thirty-		Verses, Supposed to Be	
Fifth Year.....	13	Written by Alexander	
To My Ninth Decade.....	1130	Selkirk, etc.....	503
To Night.....	1075		
To One Who Has Been		Wasted, Weary, Wherefore	
Long in City Pent.....	844	Stay	1107
To Robert Browning.....	906	Waterloo	973
To Sleep (Keats).....	1092	We Are Seven.....	1183
To Solitude.....	875	We'll Go No More A-Ro-	
To Spring.....	296	ving	758
To a Bride.....	726	We've Trod the Maze of	
To a Butterfly.....	590	Error Round.....	511
To a Cyclamen.....	1125	Well I Remember How	
To a Highland Girl.....	646	You Smiled.....	747
To a Kitten.....	429	Werena My Heart Licht I	
To a Mountain Daisy.....	457	Wad Dee.....	64
To a Mouse.....	454	Wha'll Be King but	
To a Skylark (Shelley)...	572	Charlie?	490
To a Skylark (Words-		When He Who Adores	
worth)	576	Thee	757
To a Skylark (Words-		When I Have Borne in	
worth)	577	Memory What Has	
To a Young Lady.....	386	Tamed	1011
To a Young Lady.....	740	When I Have Fears that	
To My Sister.....	567	I May Cease to Be....	1054
To the Butterfly.....	301	When I upon Thy Bosom	
To the Cuckoo.....	582	Lean	41
To the Daisy.....	585	When Lovely Woman	
To the Evening Star		Stoops to Folly.....	34
(Akenside)	284	When the Kye Come Hame	658
To the Evening Star		When the Lamp Is Shat-	
(Campbell)	1080	tered	763
To the Honourable Miss		When We Two Parted....	759
Carteret	16	Why Art Thou Silent?...	742
To the Moon.....	1081	Why, Why Repine.....	1138
To the River Lodon.....	147	Wife, Children, and	
To the Tron-Kirk Bell....	106	Friends	729
To the Muses.....	295	William and Margaret....	196
To the Sister of Elia.....	1173		

INDEX TO TITLES

	PAGE		PAGE
Willie Brewed a Peck o'		Written in London, Sep-	
Maut	415	tember, 1802.....	1013
With a Guitar, To Jane...	616	Written in March.....	566
With an Album.....	748	Written on the Road be-	
Woo'd and Married and A'	46	tween Florence and Pisa	749
Woo'd and Married and A'	374	Written under the Influ-	
Work without Hope.....	1220	ence of Delirium.....	531
Wrinkles	1133		
Written at an Inn at Hen-		Yarrow Unvisited.....	885
ley	148	Yarrow Visited.....	887
Written at Ostend.....	511	Yarrow Revisited.....	890
Written Extempore on a		Ye Mariners of England..	964
Halfpenny	30	Years	1132
Written in Dejection near		Youth and Age.....	1121
Naples	1096		

1800-1850	1850-1900
1800-1850	1850-1900
1800-1850	1850-1900
1800-1850	1850-1900
1800-1850	1850-1900

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A bard, dear friend, unapt to sing.....	<i>Luttrell</i> 309
A chieftain, to the Highlands bound.....	<i>Campbell</i> 685
A child's a plaything for an hour.....	<i>M. Lamb</i> 731
A cogie o' yill and a pickle ait-meal.....	<i>Shirrefs</i> 417
A flower was offer'd to me.....	<i>Blake</i> 302
A fool and a knave with different views.....	<i>Bishop</i> 34
A little black thing among the snow.....	<i>Blake</i> 320
A Poet! — he hath put his heart to school.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1050
A simple child.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1183
A slumber did my spirit seal.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1164
A Spaniel, Beau, that fares like you.....	<i>Cowper</i> 433
A still serene, soft day; enough of sun.....	<i>Landon</i> 726
A sun-burst on the Bay! Turn and behold.....	<i>De Vere</i> 920
A sunny shaft did I behold.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 750
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.....	<i>Keats</i> 557
A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright.....	<i>Lewis</i> 809
A weary lot is thine, fair maid.....	<i>Scott</i> 755
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever.....	<i>Burns</i> 392
After dark vapours have oppressed our plains.....	<i>Keats</i> 569
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh.....	<i>Scott</i> 708
Ah, sun flower! weary of time.....	<i>Blake</i> 304
Ah! that the Chemist's magic art.....	<i>Rogers</i> 437
Ah! what a weary race my feet have run.....	<i>Warton</i> 147
Ah what avails the sceptred race.....	<i>Landon</i> 743
Alas, how soon the hours are over.....	<i>Landon</i> 1129
Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning.....	<i>Scott</i> 707
All holy influences dwell within.....	<i>De Vere</i> 732
All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1220
All thoughts, all passions, all delights.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 612
All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom.....	<i>Campbell</i> 1116
Amid the cloistered gloom of Aachen's aisle.....	<i>De Vere</i> 1156
An aged man who loved to doze away.....	<i>Landon</i> 1130
And are ye sure the news is true?.....	<i>Mickle</i> 49
And is this Yarrow? — this the stream.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 887
And thou art dead, as young and fair.....	<i>Byron</i> 1157
And what though winter will pinch severe.....	<i>Scott</i> 1108
And ye shall walk in silk attire.....	<i>Blamire</i> 386
Arethusa arose.....	<i>Shelley</i> 602
Ariel to Miranda — take.....	<i>Shelley</i> 616
Art thou pale for weariness.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1081
'Artemidora! Gods invisible.....	<i>Landon</i> 1177
As down by Banna's banks I strayed.....	<i>Ogle</i> 345
As Hermes once took to his feathers light.....	<i>Keats</i> 782
As I cam' by Loch Erroch side.....	<i>Tytler</i> 353
As near Porto-Bello lying.....	<i>R. Glover</i> 141

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
As slow our ship her foamy track.....	Moore 922
As those we love decay, we die in part.....	Thomson 172
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears.....	Wordsworth 1202
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly.....	Moore 1094
Auld Reekie, mourn in sable hue.....	Ramsay 83
Awake, Æolian lyre, awake.....	Gray 115
Awake, awake, my little boy!.....	Blake 552
Away! Away!.....	Akenside 51
Away my verse; and never fear.....	Landon 748
Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon.....	Shelley 1098
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing.....	Gall 314
Banish sorrow, grief's a folly.....	Ogle 414
Bards of passion and of mirth.....	Keats 916
Beautiful shadow.....	Byron 597
Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquished death.....	Landon 744
Behold her single in the field.....	Wordsworth 644
Behold, within the leafy shade.....	Wordsworth 588
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.....	Moore 630
Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed.....	Wordsworth 580
Beneath yon birch with silver bark.....	Coleridge 771
Best and brightest come away.....	Shelley 563
Bird of the wilderness.....	Hogg 571
Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight.....	Southey 1178
Bloom of beauty, early flower.....	Philips 16
Blow high! blow low! let tempests tear.....	Dibdin 366
Blithe are we set wi' ither.....	Picken 445
Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen.....	Hogg 632
Bonnie ran the burnie down.....	Nairne 541
Borgia, thou once wert almost too august.....	Landon 1129
Bread of the world, in mercy broken!.....	Heber 546
Bright flower, whose home is everywhere.....	Wordsworth 585
Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art.....	Keats 681
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride.....	Hamilton 191
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	Heber 547
By Enfield lanes, and Winchmore's verdant hill.....	Lamb 728
By Logan's streams that rin sae deep.....	Mayne 307
By that Lake, whose gloomy shore.....	Moore 709
By these presents, be it known.....	Walpole 38
By yon castle wa', at the close of the day.....	Burns 493
Ca' the yowes to the knowes.....	Pagan 356
Ca' the yowes to the knowes.....	Burns 355
Child of a day, thou knowest not.....	Landon 736
Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight.....	Rogers 301
Come all ye jolly sailors bold.....	Hoare 968
Come all ye jolly shepherds.....	Hogg 658
Come, gie's sang, Montgom'rie cried.....	Skinner 88
Come hither all sweet maidens soberly.....	Keats 660
Come listen to my mournful tale.....	Shenstone 55
Come under my plaidie, the night gaun to fa'.....	Macneil 368
Come, come my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear...	Garrick 35
Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile.....	Landon 1173
Coming through the Craigs o' Kyle.....	J. Glover 358

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine.....	<i>Johnson</i> 253
Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar.....	<i>Skirving</i> 145
Could I find a bonnie glen.....	<i>Grant of Laggan</i> 361
Could Love for ever.....	<i>Byron</i> 751
Daughter of Jove, relentless Power.....	<i>Gray</i> 149
Dear child of Nature, let them rail.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 740
Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee....	<i>Moore</i> 1040
Dear is my little native vale.....	<i>Rogers</i> 447
Dear little, pretty, favourite ore.....	<i>Fielding</i> 30
Death stands above me, whispering low.....	<i>Landon</i> 1132
Do you remember me? or are you proud?.....	<i>Landon</i> 627
Dry be that tear, my gentlest love.....	<i>Sheridan</i> 332
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo.....	<i>Burns</i> 371
Earth has not anything to show more fair.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 562
Ease often visits shepherd swains.....	<i>Lysaght</i> 428
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1091
Escaped the gloom of mortal life, a soul.....	<i>Beattie</i> 255
Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!.....	<i>Byron</i> 979
Ethereal Minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 577
Ever let the Fancy roam.....	<i>Keats</i> 1044
Fair Hebe I left, with a cautious design.....	<i>De la Warre</i> 27
Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!.....	<i>Keats</i> 688
Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy.....	<i>Keats</i> 1221
Far lone among the Highland-hills.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 349
Fare thee well! and if for ever.....	<i>Byron</i> 760
Farewell, Bristolia's dingy piles of bricks.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 254
Father! father! where are you going.....	<i>Blake</i> 323
Father! the little girl we see.....	<i>Landon</i> 731
Few are thy days and full of woe.....	<i>Bruce</i> 280
Five years have past: five summers with the length.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 897
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove.....	<i>Thomson</i> 47
For ever with the Lord.....	<i>Montgomery</i> 1028
For lack of gold she's left me, O.....	<i>Austin</i> 54
For many lang years I ha'e heard frae my grannie.....	<i>Gall</i> 347
Four seasons fill the measure of the year.....	<i>Keats</i> 1049
Frae fields where Spring her sweets has blawn.....	<i>Ferguson</i> 6
Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white.....	<i>Lamb</i> 1119
Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry year.....	<i>Blake</i> 297
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	<i>Heber</i> 549
From low to high doth dissolution climb.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1105
From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art.....	<i>Warton</i> 148
From Sterling castle we had seen.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 885
From the forests and highlands.....	<i>Shelley</i> 596
Gazing from each low bulwark of this bridge.....	<i>De Vere</i> 920
Gem of the crimson-colour'd Even.....	<i>Campbell</i> 1080
Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild.....	<i>White</i> 512
Gloomy winter's now awa'.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 298
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine.....	<i>Burns</i> 350
Good people all of every sort.....	<i>Goldsmith</i> 78
Good people all with one accord.....	<i>Goldsmith</i> 79
Great Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er.....	<i>Williams</i> 94
Great sir, as on each levée day.....	<i>Fielding</i> 98

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Great spirits now on earth are sojourning.....	<i>Keats</i> 1052
Green grow the rushes, O.....	<i>Burns</i> 360
Had I a heart for falsehood framed.....	<i>Sheridan</i> 387
Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood.....	<i>Bruce</i> 5
Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.....	<i>Scott</i> 959
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!.....	<i>Shelley</i> 572
Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark.....	<i>Scott</i> 1040
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 559
Hatred and vengeance, — my eternal portion.....	<i>Cowper</i> 531
Have you been at Garnavilla?.....	<i>Lysaght</i> 350
Have ye seen the morning sky.....	<i>Philips</i> 32
He is gone on the mountain.....	<i>Scott</i> 1176
He who bends to himself a joy.....	<i>Blake</i> 301
He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel.....	<i>Nairne</i> 496
Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1090
Hear the voice of the Bard.....	<i>Blake</i> 295
Hear what Highland Nora said.....	<i>Scott</i> 682
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling.....	<i>Dibdin</i> 532
Here, ever since you went abroad.....	<i>Landon</i> 741
Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue.....	<i>Cowper</i> 533
Here rests, and let no saucy knave.....	<i>Canning</i> 411
Here, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound....	<i>Landon</i> 583
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.....	<i>Sheridan</i> 416
Here's to the year that's awa'!.....	<i>Dunlop</i> 426
Hie away, hie away.....	<i>Scott</i> 578
Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long..	<i>Collins</i> 99
Hope rules a land for ever green.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 880
How fever'd is the man, who cannot look.....	<i>Keats</i> 1222
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest.....	<i>Collins</i> 171
How sweet I roam'd from field to field.....	<i>Blake</i> 299
How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!.....	<i>Blake</i> 443
How sweet the answer Echo makes.....	<i>Moore</i> 599
How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!.....	<i>Bowles</i> 511
I am monarch of all I survey.....	<i>Cowper</i> 503
I am not one who much or oft delight.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1061
I arise from dreams of thee.....	<i>Shelley</i> 619
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.....	<i>Shelley</i> 853
I come to visit thee again.....	<i>Landon</i> 1125
I cry your mercy — pity — love! — aye, love.....	<i>Keats</i> 783
I dreamed that as I wandered by the way.....	<i>Shelley</i> 610
I dreamt a dream! what can it mean.....	<i>Blake</i> 382
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden.....	<i>Shelley</i> 630
I had a dove and the sweet dove died.....	<i>Keats</i> 758
I ha'e laid a herring in saut.....	<i>Tytler</i> 342
I hate the town and all its ways.....	<i>Fielding</i> 29
I have beheld thee in the morning hour.....	<i>Landon</i> 605
I have had playmates, I have had companions.....	<i>Lamb</i> 1136
I have no name.....	<i>Blake</i> 312
I held her hand the pledge of bliss.....	<i>Landon</i> 746
I know not whether I am proud.....	<i>Landon</i> 748
I leave thee beauteous Italy! no more.....	<i>Landon</i> 1206
I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane.....	<i>Macneil</i> 338
I love the jocund dance.....	<i>Blake</i> 446
I love to rise in a summer morn.....	<i>Blake</i> 317
I loved him not; and yet now he is gone.....	<i>Landon</i> 829

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
I met a traveller from an antique land.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1208
I saw a famous fountain in my dream.....	<i>Lamb</i> 1025
I stood on Brocken's sovran height.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 903
I strove with none; for none was worth my strife....	<i>Landon</i> 1131
I told my nymph, I told her true.....	<i>Shenstone</i> 26
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1124
I travelled among unknown men.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1162
I travelled thro' a land of men.....	<i>Blake</i> 479
I wander thro' each chartered street.....	<i>Blake</i> 453
I wandered lonely as a cloud.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 874
I weep for Adonais—he is dead.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1138
I went to the Garden of Love.....	<i>Blake</i> 509
Ianthe! you are called to cross the sea.....	<i>Landon</i> 627
If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song.....	<i>Collins</i> 287
If doughty deeds my lady please.....	<i>Graham</i> 438
If from the public way you turn your steps.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 858
If Nature, for a favourite child.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1172
If rightly tuneful bards decide.....	<i>Akenside</i> 39
If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking.....	<i>Curran</i> 499
If this great world of joy and pain.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1221
Ilk lassie has a laddie she lo'es abune the rest.....	<i>Pagan</i> 335
I'll know no more:—the heart is torn.....	<i>Crabbe</i> 514
I'll love thee evermore.....	<i>Furlong</i> 620
I'm wearin' awa', John.....	<i>Nairne</i> 551
I've heard them liltin', at our ewe-milking.....	<i>Elliot</i> 497
I've no sheep on the mountain nor boat on the lake.....	<i>J. Baillie</i> 348
I've watched you now a full half-hour.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 590
In a drear-nighted December.....	<i>Keats</i> 1073
In Clementina's artless mien.....	<i>Landon</i> 621
In eddyin' course when leaves began to fly.....	<i>Brydges</i> 452
In July month, ae bonny morn.....	<i>Fergusson</i> 66
In myriad swarms, each summer sun.....	<i>Bishop</i> 21
In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining....	<i>J. Collins</i> 538
In Virginé the sweltry sun 'gan sheene.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 153
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 836
Is it not better at an early hour.....	<i>Landon</i> 1128
Is there for honest poverty.....	<i>Burns</i> 441
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1074
It is an ancient mariner.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 924
It is the first wild day of March.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 567
It is not to be thought of that the flood.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1012
It keeps eternal whisperings around.....	<i>Keats</i> 918
It was a' for our rightfu' king.....	<i>Burns</i> 498
It was a summer evening.....	<i>Southey</i> 969
John Anderson, my Jo, John.....	<i>Burns</i> 379
John Gilpin was a citizen.....	<i>Cowper</i> 398
Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 388
Lately our songsters loiter'd in green lanes.....	<i>Landon</i> 1131
Lesbia hath a beaming eye.....	<i>Moore</i> 625
Let us go, lassie, go.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 357
Life! I know not what thou art.....	<i>Barbauld</i> 512
Like the ghost of a dear friend dead.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1126
Little charm of placid mien.....	<i>Philips</i> 18
Little lamb, who made thee?.....	<i>Blake</i> 316

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Lo! where the four Mimosas blend their shade.....	<i>Landon</i> 1156
Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours.....	<i>Gray</i> 3
Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day.....	<i>Campbell</i> 960
Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale.....	<i>Hogg</i> 956
Long-expected one-and-twenty.....	<i>Johnson</i> 12
Look not thou on beauty's charming.....	<i>Scott</i> 743
Loud roared the dreadful thunder.....	<i>Cherry</i> 500
Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 370
Maid of Athens, ere we part.....	<i>Byron</i> 631
Many a green isle needs must be.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1208
Many love music but not for music's sake.....	<i>Landon</i> 1042
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale.....	<i>Scott</i> 958
Mary! I want a lyre with other strings.....	<i>Cowper</i> 385
May, queen of blossoms.....	<i>Thurlow</i> 569
Memory come hither.....	<i>Blake</i> 508
Merry it is in the good greenwood.....	<i>Scott</i> 822
Mild is the parting year, and sweet.....	<i>Landon</i> 1069
Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night.....	<i>White</i> 545
Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1012
Mine be a cot beside the hill.....	<i>Rogers</i> 447
Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau.....	<i>Blake</i> 478
Moravians their minstrelsy bring.....	<i>Spencer</i> 628
Most sweet it is with unlifted eyes.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 876
Mother, I cannot mind my wheel.....	<i>Landon</i> 817
Mother of Hermes! and still youthful Maia.....	<i>Keats</i> 570
Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold.....	<i>Keats</i> 912
Music, when soft voices die.....	<i>Shelley</i> 681
My birthday! what a different sound.....	<i>Moore</i> 1111
My boat is on the shore.....	<i>Byron</i> 907
My briar that smellest sweet.....	<i>Landon</i> 587
My Damon was the first to wake.....	<i>Crabbe</i> 332
My days among the dead are past.....	<i>Southey</i> 1110
My hair is gray, but not with years.....	<i>Byron</i> 980
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains.....	<i>Keats</i> 1083
My heart leaps up when I behold.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 845
My hopes retire; my wishes as before.....	<i>Landon</i> 1125
My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!.....	<i>Burns</i> 463
My love she's but a lassie yet.....	<i>Hogg</i> 738
My love, still I think that I see her once more.....	<i>Reynolds</i> 1166
My mother bids me bind my hair.....	<i>Hunter</i> 392
My mother bore me in the southern wild.....	<i>Blake</i> 320
My mother groan'd, my father wept.....	<i>Blake</i> 313
My Peggy is a young thing.....	<i>Ramsay</i> 23
My silks and fine array.....	<i>Blake</i> 395
My Sister! my sweet sister! if a name.....	<i>Byron</i> 1197
My soul is like an enchanted boat.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1015
My Spectre around me night and day.....	<i>Blake</i> 476
My spirit is too weak — mortality.....	<i>Keats</i> 836
Nae shoon to hide her tinv taes.....	<i>Miller</i> 730
Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going.....	<i>Canning</i> 413
Never seek to tell thy love.....	<i>Blake</i> 330
Night closed around the conqueror's way.....	<i>Moore</i> 976
No cloud, no relique of the sunken day.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1086
No eye beheld when William plunged.....	<i>Southey</i> 838
No, my own love of other years.....	<i>Landon</i> 744

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist.....	Keats 1095
No, not more welcome the fairy numbers.....	Moore 1042
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.....	Southey 949
No! those days are gone away.....	Keats 914
Nor can I not believe but that hereby.....	Wordsworth 1062
Not beauty which men gaze on with a smile.....	De Vere 921
Nought loves another as itself.....	Blake 322
Now mirk December's dowie face.....	Fergusson 73
Now the bright sun, and the soft simmer showers.....	Nairne 494
Now the golden moon aloft.....	Gray 151
Now the last day of many days.....	Shelley 850
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen.....	Ramsay 25
Nuns fret not at their Convent's narrow room....	Wordsworth 1052
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie.....	Tannahill 365
O blithe new-comer! I have heard.....	Wordsworth 582
O, Brignall banks are wild and fair.....	Scott 683
O Friend! I know not which way I must look....	Wordsworth 1013
O Goddess hear these tuneful numbers, wrung.....	Keats 599
O happy shades! to me unblest.....	Cowper 451
O leave this barren spot to me!.....	Campbell 579
O listen, listen, ladies gay!.....	Scott 764
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird.....	Halket 144
O, lovers' eyes are sharp to see.....	Scott 818
O Mary at thy window be.....	Burns 337
O melancholy Bird, a winter's day.....	Thurlow 591
O memory! thou fond deceiver.....	Goldsmith 34
O merry may the maid be.....	Clerk 31
O my luv'e's like a red, red rose.....	Burns 330
O Nightingale! thou surely art.....	Wordsworth 591
O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see.....	Southey 1071
O Rose, thou art sick!.....	Blake 536
O rowan tree, O rowan tree! thou'll aye be dear to me!..	Nairne 308
O saw ye bonnie Lesley.....	Burns 343
O send Lewie Gordon hame.....	Geddes 495
O sing unto my roundelay.....	Chatterton 58
O soft embalmer of the still midnight.....	Keats 1092
O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell.....	Keats 875
O Sorrow.....	Keats 766
O thou, by Nature taught.....	Collins 161
O thou, that sitt'st upon a throne.....	Smart 202
O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang.....	Keats 593
O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down.....	Blake 296
O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay.....	Bowles 530
O weel may the boatie row.....	Ewen 380
O were my love yon lilac fair.....	Burns 331
O wert thou in the cauld blast.....	Burns 339
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms.....	Keats 807
O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being....	Shelley 1064
O Willie brewed a peck o' maut.....	Burns 415
O world! O life! O time.....	Shelley 1127
O you, who mark what flowrets gay.....	Loribond 147
Obscurest night involved the sky.....	Cowper 505
O'er desert plains, and rushy meres.....	Shenstone 45
O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule..	Coleridge 735
Of a' the airts the wind can blow.....	Burns 341
Of a' the festivals we hear.....	Mayne 408

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Of late, in one of those most weary hours.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 908
Of Nelson and the North.....	<i>Campbell</i> 965
Of old, when Scarron his companions invited.....	<i>Goldsmith</i> 128
Of I had heard of Lucy Gray.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1181
Of in danger, yet alive.....	<i>Johnson</i> 13
Of in the stilly night.....	<i>Moore</i> 1093
Of I've implored the Gods in vain.....	<i>Greville</i> 113
Of you have asked me, Graville, why.....	<i>Canning</i> 362
Oh, come to me when daylight sets.....	<i>Moore</i> 1077
Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee.....	<i>Dunlop</i> 343
Oh! forbear to bid me slight her.....	<i>Hill</i> 52
Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?.....	<i>Macneil</i> 334
Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom.....	<i>Byron</i> 826
Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story.....	<i>Byron</i> 749
Oh! that the Chemist's magic art.....	<i>Rogers</i> 437
Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed.....	<i>Cowper</i> 470
Oh, the auld house, the auld house.....	<i>Nairne</i> 448
Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright.....	<i>Moore</i> 606
Oh thou, or what remains of thee.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 137
Oh, will ye walk the wood, lady?.....	<i>Hogg</i> 813
Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west.....	<i>Scott</i> 710
Old Meg she was a Gipsy.....	<i>Keats</i> 912
On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest.....	<i>Scott</i> 812
On Levin's banks, while free to rove.....	<i>Smollett</i> 20
On Linden, when the sun was low.....	<i>Campbell</i> 972
On parent knees, a naked new-born child.....	<i>Jones</i> 172
On Rudborne bank two pining maidens sat.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 62
On Scotia's plains, in days of yore.....	<i>Fergusson</i> 80
On the blithe Beltane, as I went.....	<i>Pinkerton</i> 66
On the green hill-top.....	<i>Lamb</i> 1135
On the wide level of a mountain's head.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1110
On the smooth brow and clustering hair.....	<i>Landon</i> 628
Once a dream did weave a shade.....	<i>Blake</i> 324
Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1013
Once—I remember well the day.....	<i>Whitehead</i> 9
Once, in the flight of ages past.....	<i>Montgomery</i> 1225
One morn before me were three figures seen.....	<i>Keats</i> 1193
One word is too often profaned.....	<i>Shelley</i> 749
One year ago my path was green.....	<i>Landon</i> 745
Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered	<i>Campbell</i> 977
Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives.....	<i>Landon</i> 747
Perhaps it is not love, said I.....	<i>Shenstone</i> 22
Phoebus, sair cow'd wi' simmer's hight.....	<i>Fergusson</i> 86
Pibroch of Donald Dhu.....	<i>Scott</i> 952
Piping down the valleys wild.....	<i>Blake</i> 311
Pleasure! why thus desert the heart.....	<i>Landon</i> 744
Proud Maisie is in the woods.....	<i>Scott</i> 817
Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak.....	<i>Landon</i> 747
Rarely, rarely, comest thou.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1223
Remain, ah not in youth alone.....	<i>Landon</i> 745
Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom.....	<i>Landon</i> 648
Robin is my ain gudeman.....	<i>Nairne</i> 376
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch!.....	<i>Grant of Carron</i> 378

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze.....	<i>De Vere</i> 921
Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!.....	<i>Gray</i> 123
Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie?.....	<i>Nairne</i> 389
Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she.....	<i>J. Baillie</i> 373
Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd...	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1053
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.....	<i>Burns</i> 489
Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness!.....	<i>Keats</i> 1067
See those cheeks of beauteous dye.....	<i>Leapor</i> 22
She dwelt among the untrodden ways.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1161
She walks in beauty, like the night.....	<i>Byron</i> 609
She was a phantom of delight.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 643
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.....	<i>Burns</i> 427
Sir, when I flew to seize the bird.....	<i>Cowper</i> 434
Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile.....	<i>Rogers</i> 364
So, we'll go no more a-roving.....	<i>Byron</i> 758
Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er.....	<i>Scott</i> 978
Soon, Ianthe! life is o'er.....	<i>Landor</i> 627
Souls of Poets dead and gone.....	<i>Keats</i> 917
Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife.....	<i>Scott</i> 952
St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!.....	<i>Keats</i> 712
Stand close around, ye Stygian set.....	<i>Landor</i> 1130
Standing aloof in giant ignorance.....	<i>Keats</i> 906
Star that bringest home the bee.....	<i>Campbell</i> 1079
Stately stept he east the wa'.....	<i>Wardlaw</i> 174
Stay near me — do not take thy flight.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 589
Stern Daughter of the voice of God.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1030
Strange fits of passion have I known.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1160
Structures, raised by morning dreams.....	<i>E. Moore</i> 290
Sun of the Soul! whose cheerful ray.....	<i>Langhorne</i> 291
Surprised by joy — impatient as the wind.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1157
Surrounded wi' bent and wi' heather.....	<i>A. Scott</i> 486
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.....	<i>Goldsmith</i> 222
Sweet dreams form a shade.....	<i>Blake</i> 313
Sweet Highland girl, a very shower.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 646
Sweet spirit, sister of that orphan one.....	<i>Shelley</i> 661
Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade.....	<i>Cowper</i> 386
Swiftly walk over the western wave.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1075
Tanagra! think not I forget.....	<i>Landor</i> 904
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1051
Tell me not what too well I know.....	<i>Landor</i> 912
Tell me, thou soul of her I love.....	<i>Thomson</i> 25
Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1126
Tender-handed stroke a nettle.....	<i>Hill</i> 160
That day of wrath, that dreadful day.....	<i>Scott</i> 1177
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.....	<i>Byron</i> 975
The awful shadow of some unseen power.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1016
The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day.....	<i>Scott</i> 774
The bride cam' out o' the byre.....	<i>Ross</i> 46
The bride she is winsome and bonny.....	<i>J. Baillie</i> 374
The butterfly the ancient Grecians made.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1137
The castle crag of Drachenfels.....	<i>Byron</i> 754
The chough and crow to roost are gone.....	<i>J. Baillie</i> 440
The cock is crowing.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 566
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.....	<i>Gray</i> 163
The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!.....	<i>Keats</i> 1075

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
The day returns, my natal day.....	<i>Landon</i> 1115
The dews of summer night did fail.....	<i>Mickle</i> 186
The door of death is made of gold.....	<i>Blake</i> 537
The evening sun's gaen down the west.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 542
The ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'enin' and morn....	<i>G. Baillie</i> 54
The feathered songster chaunticleer.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 235
The flower that smiles to-day.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1134
The fountains mingle with the River.....	<i>Shelley</i> 605
The frost performs its secret ministry.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 847
The gallant Youth, who may have gained.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 890
The groves of Blarney.....	<i>Millikin</i> 304
The harp that once through Tara's halls.....	<i>Moore</i> 1044
The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!.....	<i>Byron</i> 1000
The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great.....	<i>Nairne</i> 367
The lapse of time and rivers is the same.....	<i>Cowper</i> 385
The leaves are falling; so am I.....	<i>Landon</i> 1129
The little boy lost in the lonely glen.....	<i>Blake</i> 324
The lovely lass o' Inverness.....	<i>Burns</i> 390
The maiden caught me in the wild.....	<i>Blake</i> 483
The man, whose days of youth and ease.....	<i>Whitehead</i> 201
The midges dance aboon the burn.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 544
The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone.....	<i>Moore</i> 976
The more we live, more brief appear.....	<i>Campbell</i> 1104
The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen.....	<i>Nairne</i> 490
The noon was shady, and soft airs.....	<i>Cowper</i> 435
The Nymph must lose her female friend.....	<i>Cowper</i> 301
The odour from the flower is gone.....	<i>Shelley</i> 578
The poetry of earth is never dead.....	<i>Keats</i> 592
The poplars are felled: farewell to the shade.....	<i>Cowper</i> 450
The Rose had been washed, just washed in a shower....	<i>Cowper</i> 303
The season comes when first we met.....	<i>Hunter</i> 393
The silver moon's enamoured beam.....	<i>Cunningham</i> 40
The sun descending in the west.....	<i>Blake</i> 539
The Sun does arise.....	<i>Blake</i> 299
The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond....	<i>Tannahill</i> 344
The sun is warm, the sky is clear.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1096
The sun upon the lake is low.....	<i>Scott</i> 1078
The sun upon the Weirclaw Hill.....	<i>Scott</i> 1207
The tongue of England, that which myriads.....	<i>Landon</i> 907
The twentieth year is well-nigh past.....	<i>Cowper</i> 383
The violet in her green-wood bower.....	<i>Scott</i> 816
The waters — O the waters! wild and glooming.....	<i>De Vere</i> 919
The whistling boy that holds the plough.....	<i>Crabbe</i> 510
The world is too much with us; late and soon....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1049
The world's great age begins anew.....	<i>Shelley</i> 1019
The young May moon is beaming, love.....	<i>Moore</i> 608
Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed.....	<i>Bishop</i> 48
There be none of Beauty's daughters.....	<i>Byron</i> 608
There is a flower I wish to wear.....	<i>Landon</i> 611
There is a flower, the lesser Celandine.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 586
There is a mountain and a wood between us.....	<i>Landon</i> 743
There is delight in singing, tho' none hear.....	<i>Landon</i> 906
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet.....	<i>Moore</i> 923
There is strange music in the stirring wind.....	<i>Bowles</i> 534
There our murdered brother lies.....	<i>Drennan</i> 1174
There was a roaring in the wind all night.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1035
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1186

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
There was ance a may, and she lo'ed na men.....	<i>G. Baillie</i> 64
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen.....	<i>Gordon</i> 397
There's high and low, there's rich and poor.....	<i>Nairne</i> 444
There's not a joy in all the world can give like that it takes away	<i>Byron</i> 1108
There's not a nook within this solemn pass.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 875
Therefore when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine alms.....	<i>De Vere</i> 1024
They dreamt not of a perishable home.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1051
They say that hope is happiness.....	<i>Byron</i> 782
They shot him dead on the Nine-Stone rig.....	<i>Surtees</i> 1170
They who may tell love's wistful tale.....	<i>J. Baillie</i> 329
This was the ruler of the land.....	<i>Croly</i> 1010
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea!.....	<i>Tannahill</i> 452
Thou canst not boast of Fortune's store.....	<i>Sheridan</i> 333
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray.....	<i>Burns</i> 396
Thou still unravished bride of quietness.....	<i>Keats</i> 834
Though the day of my destiny's over.....	<i>Byron</i> 1195
Three years she grew in sun and shower.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1162
Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way	<i>Moore</i> 756
Through the hall the bell hath sound.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 160
Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream.....	<i>Logan</i> 173
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright.....	<i>Blake</i> 508
Time was when I was free as air.....	<i>Cowper</i> 433
Time's sea hath been five years at its slow ebb.....	<i>Keats</i> 612
Timely blossom, Infant fair.....	<i>Philips</i> 15
'Tis done — but yesterday a King!.....	<i>Byron</i> 1004
'Tis gone with its thorns and its roses.....	<i>Spencer</i> 1115
'Tis gone with old belief and dream.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 882
'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage.....	<i>Bruce</i> 168
'Tis said that some have died for love.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 827
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like.....	<i>Gillilan</i> 819
'Tis the last rose of summer.....	<i>Moore</i> 1063
'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 783
'Tis time this heart should be unmoved.....	<i>Byron</i> 1113
Titan! to whose immortal eyes.....	<i>Byron</i> 1021
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb.....	<i>Collins</i> 61
To fix her, — 'twere a task as vain.....	<i>Smollett</i> 53
To him is reared no marble tomb.....	<i>Bowles</i> 537
To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love.....	<i>Blake</i> 553
To my ninth decade I have totter'd on.....	<i>Landon</i> 1130
To-night retir'd the queen of heaven.....	<i>Akenside</i> 284
To one who has been long in city pent.....	<i>Keats</i> 844
To see the world in a grain of sand.....	<i>Blake</i> 325
To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke....	<i>Scott</i> 953
To thee, fair freedom! I retire.....	<i>Shenstone</i> 148
Toll for the brave.....	<i>Cowper</i> 501
Too late I stay'd! forgive the crime.....	<i>Spencer</i> 622
Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes.....	<i>Jenyns</i> 44
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1014
Tranquillity! thou better name.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1048
True-love, an thou be true.....	<i>Scott</i> 607
Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside.....	<i>Gisborne</i> 456
'Twas at the silent, solemn hour.....	<i>Mallet</i> 196
'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean....	<i>Blake</i> 321
'Twas on a lofty vase's side.....	<i>Gray</i> 200
'Twas on a Monday morning.....	<i>Nairne</i> 492

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
'Twas on a simmer's afternoon.....	<i>Nairne</i> 352
Twenty lost years have stolen their hours away.....	<i>Hill</i> 199
Twenty years hence my eyes may grow.....	<i>Landor</i> 746
Twist ye, twine ye! even so.....	<i>Scott</i> 1124
Up amang yon clifly rocks.....	<i>Dudgeon</i> 340
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 576
Up, up, my friend and quit your books.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 896
Upon a Sabbath day it fell.....	<i>Keats</i> 830
Vainly for us the sunbeams shine.....	<i>Moir</i> 1167
Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1121
Waken, lords and ladies gay.....	<i>Scott</i> 565
Wanton droll, whose harmless play.....	<i>J. Baillie</i> 429
Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing.....	<i>Fergusson</i> 106
Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword....	<i>Byron</i> 974
Wasted, weary, wherefore stay.....	<i>Scott</i> 1107
We are what suns and winds and waters make us.....	<i>Landor</i> 996
We mind not how the sun in the mid-sky.....	<i>Landor</i> 1120
We talked with open heart and tongue.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 877
We walked along, while bright and red.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 732
We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side..	<i>Tannahill</i> 354
We've trod the maze of error round.....	<i>Crabbe</i> 511
Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r.....	<i>Burns</i> 457
Wee, sleekit, cowrie, tim'rous beastie.....	<i>Burns</i> 454
Welcome, old friend! These many years.....	<i>Landor</i> 1132
Well I remember how you smiled.....	<i>Landor</i> 747
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 1099
Well, they are gone, and here must I remain.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 856
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?.....	<i>Nairne</i> 442
Whan father Adie first pat spade in.....	<i>Ferguson</i> 91
What beauties does Flora disclose.....	<i>Crawford</i> 42
What constitutes a State?.....	<i>Jones</i> 289
When Britain first, at Heaven's command.....	<i>Thomson</i> 139
When chapman billies leave the street.....	<i>Burns</i> 418
When Delia on the plain appears.....	<i>Lyttelton</i> 37
When England smoking from her deadly wound....	<i>Chatterton</i> 250
When first the fiery mantled sun.....	<i>Campbell</i> 1069
When freedom, dressed in bloodstained vest.....	<i>Chatterton</i> 138
When he who adores thee has left but the name.....	<i>Moore</i> 757
When Helen first saw wrinkles in her face.....	<i>Landor</i> 1133
When I have borne in memory what has tamed....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1011
When I have fears that I may cease to be.....	<i>Keats</i> 1054
When I upon thy bosom lean.....	<i>Lapraik</i> 41
When Israel of the Lord beloved.....	<i>Scott</i> 1023
When in the woods I wander all alone.....	<i>Thurlow</i> 593
When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes....	<i>Johnson</i> 133
When lovely woman stoops to folly.....	<i>Goldsmith</i> 34
When Maggie and I were acquaint.....	<i>Yester</i> 60
When maidens such as Hester die.....	<i>Lamb</i> 1164
When marshalled on the nightly plain.....	<i>White</i> 548
When midnight o'er the moonless skies.....	<i>Spencer</i> 1128
When Music, heavenly maid, was young.....	<i>Collins</i> 109
When my Mother died I was very young.....	<i>Blake</i> 319
When my o'erlay was white as the foam o' the rin....	<i>J. Baillie</i> 459
When silent time, wi' lightly foot.....	<i>Blamire</i> 474



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

This book is **DUE** on the last date stamped below

PR

1173 Braithwaite -
B73 The book of
1909 Georgian verse.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 306 330 2

PR
1173
B73
1909

CALIFORNIA

SELES
RY

